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LITERATURE

SOUTH DAKOTA

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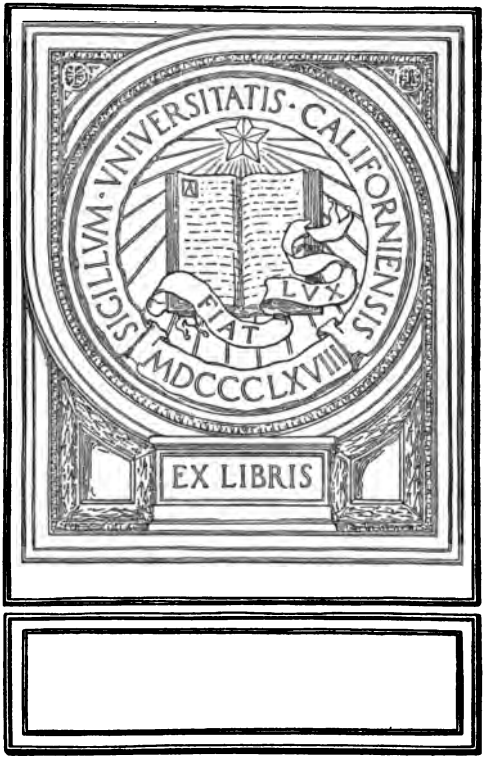
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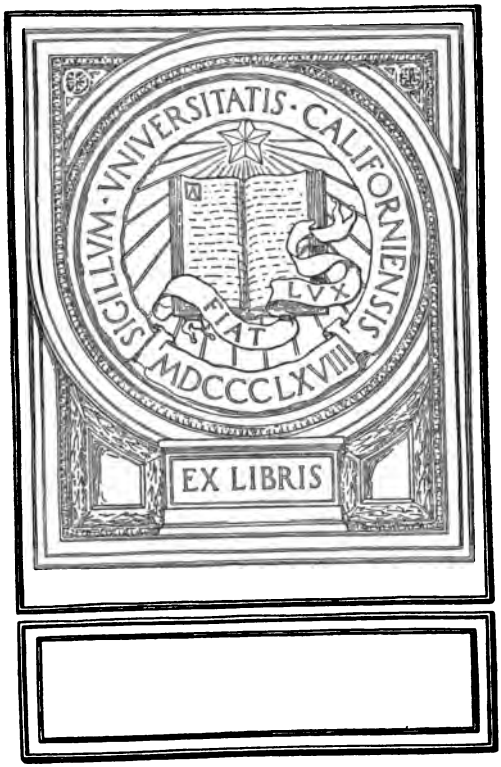
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WHO'S WHO IN SOUTH DAKOTA, VOL. II.

HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

LITERATURE OF SOUTH DAKOTA

By O. W. COURSEY

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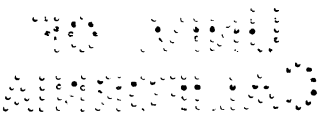

Dedicated to
MY THREE SONS

Dwight

Lawton

William

May you often go into the Library, and there, with Mr. Longfellow:

"Read from some humble poet
Whose songs gush from his heart
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start.
Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer."

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PREFACE

The History of South Dakota has been written, at various times, during the past twenty years, separately, by Armstrong, Robinson, Kerr, Bachelder, Foster, Ransom, Kingsbury and Smith; the Civics, by Smith and Young, Ross, Johnson, and Ransom; the Geology, by Todd, O'Harra, and Perisho; the Geography, by Beadle, Perisho and Visher; a History, by titles, of the published books of the state has been made by Robinson in Historical Reports, and a similar list has been compiled by Kerr. But the Literature, proper, of the state has never been written. The nearest approach to it is a book of "Dakota Rhymes," compiled by Wenzlaff and Burleigh; but, as suggested by the title, their book contains verse only, while, as a matter of fact, much of our best literature and many of our ablest writers are found wholly in the field of prose. However, they deserve great credit for collecting the material for their book, otherwise many of our best poetical productions might have been lost forever.

The compilation of this book has necessitated hundreds of written communications and thousands of miles of travel. It covers a period of thirty-five years, and it took eleven years to collect it. In the First Edition of a work of this kind, there will, of necessity, be errors of ommission and errors of commission; however, patience and tolerance are invoked. The next Edition will be perfected, as far as possible.

Many of our pioneer writers are dead; others have scattered across the continent; few remain. To collect their photographs, their biographies and their literary productions; and then to classify this material and decide what is really worth preserving as Literature—for Literature, proper, presupposes merit—has entailed an amount of work that the reader of this volume can never know. Over 2,000 poems were read and rejected, in addition to those that have been herein preserved. About 100 speeches, covering a great variety of subjects, were collected from old newspaper files and other sources. These were read and carefully sifted in selecting the material for the last chapter of the book. What has been kept herein of both poetry and prose has been retained to show the author's *style* or else because it seemed to have some special *value.*

However, if the book, itself, merits consideration at the hands of the public, my efforts will not have been in vain. To all those who assisted me, I hereby acknowledge my profoundest gratitude; but more especially to Mrs. J. W. McCarter, of Bowdle; Mrs. Helen D. Potter, of Canning; Miss Edla Laurson, City Librarian of Mitchell; Mrs. Demah Flavin, of Sturgis; Professor Clyde Tull, Instructor in English at Dakota Wesleyan University, and Dr. George H. Durand, Instructor in English at Yankton College.

—O. W. Coursey.

Note.—For a list of South Dakota authors' books, still in print, see Catalog of Publications in the back part of this book.

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IN A LIBRARY

Here ages wait to speak and dream with thee
  Of ancient pomp and pride forever gone,
And harps are hung, whose silver strings can free
  The souls of those who sang at song's first dawn.

Here paths await the pressure of thy feet,
  And seas of thought the shadow of thy sail,
Whereon thy distant voyaging may meet
  Thought's farthest night where stars and pilot fail.

Here wait the guides of ages for thy call;
  With Dante, walk the white abyss of hell;
With Shakespeare, watch in Macbeth's banquet hall;
  With Milton, hear the voice of Gabriel.

Here may the burdens of thy daily life,
  As at a minster gate, be laid aside;
Thy soul be shut from sounds of human strife,
  Thy mind and heart be charmed and beautified.

Arthur Wallace Peach.

CHAPTER I

POETS AND POETRY

The Territory of Dakota was not formally organized until 1861. It was eleven years later before the first railroad entered the region. A lack of railroads, and the fact that numerous bands of hostile Indians still roamed the plains, made development slow. The Territory was divided into North and South Dakota and statehood established in 1889.

Inasmuch as the early pioneers were fraught with excessive hardships, early songs of the Dakota plains are not numerous; yet, during this formative period, a few writers gained recognition. The stronger part of our literature has, however, been produced during statehood.

For so young a state, South Dakota has produced an abnormally large number of literary people. Historically, its authors divide themselves naturally into two classes, to-wit: territorial writers and statehood writers. Then these two classes divide themselves into poets and prose writers. But this historical division could not be maintained in the preparation of this volume, because the works of several of our best territorial writers lap over into our statehood. Then, too, many of them might very properly be classified either as poets or as prose writers, for they have excelled in both fields of literary endeavor.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Mortimer Crane Brown

Biographical—Born, Westmoreland, N. Y., September 11, 1857. Educated in the rural schools of New York and Iowa. Went to Iowa in 1867. Came to Dakota in 1879. Settled in Lincoln county. Married Miss Elma Cleveland, of Waterloo, Iowa, September 18, 1884. Father of three children—one girl and two boys. Farmed and taught school until 1892. Sold out; bought White Lake Wave, a weekly newspaper at White Lake, this state. Sold out in 1902. Moved to Sioux Falls. Associated with the Commercial News, a monthly trade journal, for one year. Identified with Sioux Falls Daily Press, 1903-08. Purchased Spearfish Enterprise. Editor of same to date.

MORTIMER CRANE BROWN

As a poet, Mortimer Crane Brown takes high rank among the writers of our state. He belongs to both literary epochs—territorial and state—for his pen has been active for a third of a century, and his new poems are continually being published and republished by the leading papers of the West.

The meter of his verse is most perfect, and his prairie songs possess a music that is delightful. His vocabulary is broad; and, with singular ease, he invariably selects from it the right word with which to complete his rhymes.

Although Brown's musings cover a wide range of thought and varying sentiment, he is, nevertheless, first of all, a descriptive poet. The coloring of his description is very artistic, and he weaves into it a lofty sentiment that is inspirational in the extreme. What could be prettier as descriptive poetry than his two following selections?

SYLVAN LAKE

Calm, placid mirror of the skies,
  Safe guarded by thy rocky walls,
In tranquil sleep thy bosom lies,
  Or, sighing, gently heaves and falls.

The stern gray rocks that grandly lift
  Their furrowed faces high in air
To where the sun-kissed vapors drift,
  Smile down upon thee, sleeping there.

The tall, dark pines, thy henchmen good,
Close to thy dancing ripples press,
Or bow their heads in pensive mood
To whisper of thy loveliness.

Fair Sylvan Lake! No tempests sweep
Across thy doubly-guarded breast;
In calm content thy beauties sleep,
A haven of untrammeled rest.

BEAUTIFUL BIG STONE

When from the burdens and toil of the day
Mortals, aweary, would wander away,
Shake from their spirits the mantle of care,
Seeking for freedom, as birds in the air,
Gladly they turn to thy restful retreat,
Where sister states in sweet unity meet,
Bathe in thy waters and float on thy breast,
Beautiful Big Stone, the Gem of the West!

Light on thy bosom the water-fowl glides,
Deep in thy waters the finny shoal hides,
Tempting the sportsman his skill to employ,
Crowning each day with its measure of joy;
Softly re-echo from forest and shore
Puff of the steamer and plash of the oar,
Bearing glad hearts on a pleasure-bound quest—
Beautiful Big Stone, the Gem of the West!

Here gentle Nature communes with the soul,
Murmuring low in the billows that roll,
Singing sweet songs in the whispering trees,
Lisp of the ripple and sigh of the breeze,
Smoothing the wrinkle and bringing again
Sunshine and youth to the spirits of men;
All who are weary thou givest them rest,
Beautiful Big Stone, the Gem of the West!

Poets differ as to the season of the year in which they sing. Some awaken with the hum of the bees and confine themselves to spring-time melodies. Others find their inspiration in the green hues of June. A few of them chant only in harvest time. Many begin to sing when "The melancholy days have come." Occasionally one of them finds his only enchantment in the falling of the soft, downy snow-flakes of mid-winter.

From this standpoint, Brown is a noted exception. He finds poetic cheer from January on throughout the seasons to January again. Equally at home in all seasons of the year, his inspiration seems to be continuous. The various moods of seasonable poets are all combined in him. His is the heart universal; his, the poetic genius complete.

One's viewpoint of Brown becomes more comprehensive when he clusters together the poet's several selections that pertain to the seasons of the year, arranges them in a logical sequence, and then reviews them collectively.

FARMIN' IN DAKOTA

When old Winter gets his back broke an' begins ter lose his grip,
An' the north end of airth's axle toward the sun begins ter tip;
When the butter-ducks go whizzin' to their summer feedin' grounds,
An' the medder-lark salutes us with the old familiar sounds;

When the grass begins ter nestle at the news the breezes bring,
An' the prairie all around us wakens at the touch o' Spring,
O, it's then I like ter hustle, when the day begins ter crack,
An' go farmin' in Dakota—when the birds come back.

In the hush of airly mornin', when the stars are still in sight,
An' the fleecy mists sail upward in the dim uncertain light,
Every sound that breaks the quiet seems ter let a feller know
That the seed-time is a-comin' an' it's time ter make things go.
The honk o' north-bound ganders comes a-floatin' from the blue,
An' the grouse fill in the chorus with a lusty "bim-bum-boo!"
An' the bullfrogs tease a feller with their everlastin' clack,
To go farmin' in Dakota—when the birds come back.

When the pussies on the willers er a-swellin' fit ter bust,
An' th' win' flowers poke their bunnits through the hillock's dingy crust;
When the smell o' burnin' strawstacks is a-floatin' in the air,
An' the prairie fire its beacons is a-lightin' everywhere;
Then the instinct prods a feller ter prepare for time o' need,
An' he longs ter tear the ground up an' fling wide the golden seed;
So he hooks his team tergether, o'er his shoulder slings a sack,
An' goes farmin' in Dakota—when the birds come back.

In the winter time a feller kinder seems ter lose his hold,
An' his blood gits thick an' sluggish, till he 'lows he's gettin' old.
He'll poke round among his cattle, from the haystack to the barn,
With a feelin' that he'd kinder like ter jump the whole consarn;

But when his lazy nostrils git a sniff o' comin' spring,
An' his eyes light on the shadder of a wild goose on the wing,
O, it sets his blood a-prancin', an' he longs ter leave his shack
An' go farmin' in Dakota—when the birds come back.

O, the independent feelin' every pioneer hez known,
When he sets his plow a-diggin' in the ground that's all his own!
'Tis the way ter Nature's store-house, all her treasures ter unfold,
An' the man that keeps it punchin' never fails ter git the gold;
So while many er a-kickin' at the way the world is run,
I'll plod onward in the furrow, through the shadder an' the sun,
Quite content ter trust the Giver, at whose hand we never lack,
An' keep farmin' in Dakota—when the birds come back.

SPRING

Oh Spring! Ethereal Spring!
Whose praise all poets sing.
To thee I wake the tuneful lyre
And smite its chords till I perspire
As wallowing through thy wealth of mire,
I drink thy beauty in,
While earth reviving drops descend
And drench me to the skin.

Best season of the year.
When heaven seems ever near.
When geese and poets plume their wings,
And soar above terrestrial things,

When the small boy his mud ball flings,
  Against my Sunday coat,
When navigation is played out,
  Unless you own a boat.

* * * * *

  Sweet time of bud and bloom,
  Dispelling all our gloom.
When Spring begins her gentle reign,
  When birds are in the trees again,
And back to the schoolhouse in the lane
  The schoolma'am comes, God bless her!
And the glib-tongued tree man takes you in
  And likewise the assessor.

APRIL

The robins have come back again,
  The meadow-larks are here,
And bashful little wind-flowers
  In every nook appear.
The frogs have been thawed out three times,
  They now are "in the swim,"
And wake the evening echoes
  With their old accustomed vim.

The sun shines bright at nine o'clock,
  High winds prevail at noon,
Then on the roof the raindrops play
  Ere night, a merry tune.
From out the dingy last year's growth
  Young grass begins to peep,
And soon the prairies' emerald slopes
  Will swarm with frisking sheep.

There's health and strength and deep content
In every breath we draw.
Fresh life and vigor come with spring,
For this is nature's law.
Though ears and toes have long been cold,
Yet now with joy we sing:
"'Tis worth the whole of winter time
To get a taste of spring."

MAY

Month of flowers! We smile to see
Warmth and light return with thee;
Trees that leafless were and sere,
Now in emerald robes appear;
Birds we missed the winter long,
Thrill thy praise in joyous song.
From the carpet of the grass
Nodding at us as we pass,
Flowers we oft have known before,
Smile upon us as of yore.
Overhead the skies are blue
E'en as when the earth was new;
White above the swaying tree
Fleecy clouds float lazily;
All things cold and dead appear
Quickened, as thy steps draw near,
From the dullness of the tomb
Into sudden life and bloom.
And into the hearts of men
Creeps the warmth of youth again;
Calling back the blossoms fair
Crowded out by toil and care.
All the joys of other years,
Shrouded by a mist of tears
Brightly o'er our memories play
At the coming of the May.

AFTER HARVEST

The binder now is silent
And the trim stacks dot the plain,
The thresher, through the hazy air,
Drones forth a soft refrain;
Like golden sands the winnowed wheat
O'erleaps the measure's rim,
While stack-bound crickets murmur sweet
To swell the harvest hymn.

Upon the slowly ripening grass
The sleepy cattle feed,
While lazy zephyrs wander past
To stir the tumble-weed.
Among the glinting stubble spears
The skulking chickens run,
Or—where no hunters rouse their fears—
Lie basking in the sun.

Content and plenty seem to brood
O'er hamlet, field and farm;
Brown autumn, with her stores of food
Imparts an added charm.
And as our garners overflow
Our hearts are turned above
To Him who sends to all below
Rich tokens of His love.

ON THE HAY

Oh, very far back in the pathway of life
In the days yet untarnished by trouble and strife,
There are scenes that shine bright in my memory yet,
There are pleasures and pains I never forget.

I remember the days when a boy, on the farm,
When all things were touched by youth's magical charm,
When I wandered at will 'neath the whispering trees,
And at pleasure communed with the birds and the bees.

Yet e'en in those bright days some sorrows I knew,
Some dark tints to soften life's radiant hue;
Some hope unfulfilled, some desire unattained,
Oft would darken my eyes to the joys that remained,
And then, when the world seemed to mock at my grief,
To seclusion I turned in my quest for relief,
From the source of my sorrow stole softly away,
To crawl up in the barn and lie down on the hay.

There, safe from derision, unseen and unheard,
New thoughts and ambitions my youthful heart stirred,
As prone 'neath the long, sagging rafters I lay
And drank in the scent of the fresh-garnered hay,
While through the wide door came the stir of the leaves,
And the swallows' quick notes as they toiled 'neath the eaves,
A balm from above seemed to fall on my heart,
And a feeling of infinite peace to impart.

And now, 'mid the toils and temptations of life,
When every new day with its danger is rife,
When with each seeming pleasure some sorrow is found,
And the snares of the spoiler lie thickly around,
My spirit turns backward in memory sweet
To those blessed hours spent in peaceful retreat;
And I long from earth's battles to scurry away,
Crawl up in the barn and lie down on the hay.

AUTUMN DREAMS

When the maples turn to crimson
'Neath the fingers of the frost,
When the gardens and the meadows
All their summer bloom have lost,
When from off the lowland marshes
Blue, etherel vapors rise,
And a dreamy haze is flooding,
Through the mellow, sunlit skies,

Then I know the year is dying,
Soon the summer will be dead;
I can trace it in the flying
Of the black crows overhead.
I can hear it in the rustle
Of the dead leaves as I pass,
And the south wind's plaintive sighing
Through the dry and withered grass.

Oh, 'tis then I love to wander,
Wander idly and alone;
Listening to the solemn music
Of sweet nature's undertone;
Rapt in thoughts I cannot utter,
Dreams my tongue cannot express,
Dreams that match the autumn's sadness
In their longing tenderness.

Thoughts of friends my heart hath cherished
In the summer days gone by;
Hopes that all too soon must perish,
E'en as summer blossoms die.
Luckless plans and vain ambitions,
Stranded, long ere summer's prime,
Buried, as will be the flowers,
'Neath the winter snows of time.

Yet, although my thoughts are sadder
Than in summer's wealth of bloom,
'Tis a sadness that makes better,
And is not akin to gloom.
Oh, the human heart seems purer,
Much of earth's defilement lost,
When the maple turns to crimson
'Neath the fingers of the frost.

SEPTEMBER

Oh! balmy and blue are the skies of September
And cool are her breezes through forest and dell.
Her calm, mellow days are a thing to remember,
All nature seems wrapped in her magical spell.
But lose not the thought that the summer is ended,
And fast on its footsteps stern winter will stride,
For in dreamy September 'tis well to remember
A season draws nigh for which all must provide.

This life is a year, with its various seasons.
Gay youth is its springtime, its summer our prime,
While softly aslant fall sunbeams of autumn
On paths that slope down on the hillside of time;
But the mildness of fall cannot linger forever,
The boughs will be stirred with a frostier breath.
Oh! heed the bright days as they hurry us onward,
And wisely prepare for the winter of death.

OCTOBER

The woodland is ablaze
With the glory of dying leaves,
And over the sun-browned ways
Come homeward the ripened sheaves.
The amber sunset gates
By the ruddy orb are kissed,
While the harvest moon, as a bride who waits,
Beams soft through the rising mist.

O saddened, yet sacred days,
When the harvest of life is done!
How sweet, through the soft'ning haze,
Smiles backward the sinking sun!
The glory of days well spent
Shines forth on the dying leaves,
As the chariot of God is sent
To garner life's ripened sheaves.

INDIAN SUMMER

November brings the mellow haze
Of smoky Indian summer days,
The last warm throb of Nature's heart
Ere Winter, with his ice-tipped dart,
Cuts short the life of bud and bloom
And weaves his ermine o'er her tomb.

Aslant, yet kind, the sunbeams fall,
In vain endeavor to recall
The rose's smile, the wild bird's lay
And all that made the summer day
A time to revel and rejoice
In sympathy with Nature's voice.

Above the brook the willows lean
To drop their robes of faded green
And watch each cast-off vestment float
As lightly as a fairy boat
Out to the far and unknown sea
That symbols our eternity.

The squirrel in his winter den
Feels the warm touch of life again,
The field-mouse nestles in her cell
And dreams of Spring's enchanted spell
When through the torpor of her sleep
A wakening voice shall softly creep.

Glad respite from a tyrant's sway,
All hail, however brief thy stay!
And when the last bright day is done
And wintry clouds obscure the sun
Thy smile shall still remain to cheer—
A sweet remembrance through the year.

FALL

After the heat of Summer
Come the cool, sweet days of Fall,
When field and wood re-echo,
With the gathering wild-birds' call;
The bloom of the Spring is faded
But beauty is with us still
For purple and gold and crimson
Blaze forth from each vale and hill.

The purple of smiling asters,
The plumes of the golden-rod,
And the frost-touched leaves of Autumn
Seem to mirror the smiles of God;
And our hearts bow down in homage
To Him who is over all,
For the sense of His love vouchsafed us
In the beauties of the Fall.

WHEN THE SNOW IS ON THE PRAIRIE

When the snow is on the prairie
N' the drift is in the cut,
An' life gets a trifle dreary
Joggin' in the same ole rut,
Nothin' like a good ole fiddle
Takes the wrinkles out o' things.
There's the chirp o' larks an' robins
In the twitter of the strings.

When the whizzin', roarin' blizzard
Is a shuttin' out the day,
An' the balmy breath o' summer
Seems a thousand years away,
You kin start the eaves a drippin'
With the tinklin' of 'er strings.
You kin hear the water bubblin'
From a dozen different springs.

Rub the bow across the resin,
Twist the pegs an' sound your A,
There'll be bobolinks a clinkin'
When you once begin ter play.
Bees'll waller in the clover,
Blossoms whisper in the sun,
All the world a runnin' over
With the sunshine an' the fun.

Git the gals and boys together,
Partners all for a quadrille:
Cheeks aglow with frosty weather,
Hearts that never felt a chill,
Youth an' music never weary—
Though they meet in hall or hut—
When the snow is on the prairie
An' the drift is in the cut.

"Sashy by an' s'lute yer pardners,
Sashy back an' how d'ye do!"
Everybody's feelin' funny
An' the fiddle feels it too.
Out o' doors the storm may sputter,
But within the skies are bright,
Pansies peekin' out, an' butter-
Cups a bobbin' in the light.

O, the joy ov healthful pleasure!
O, the trip ov tireless feet!
While the fiddle fills each measure
With its music soft and sweet;
Glints ov sun the shadows vary,
Though from out the world we're shut,
When the snow is on the prairie
An' the drift is in the cut.

ANOTHER CHANCE

When the winter closes round us
And the skies are cold and gray,
Oft' a sense of desolation
Fills the spirit with dismay,
But when earth to life is waking
In the joy of springing plants
Nature, kind, indulgent mother,
Offers us another chance.

Oft' we toil throughout the summer
And our work seems all in vain,
Autumn brings us empty garners
When we hoped for golden grain,
And the world seems all against us
As the winter days advance,
Yet we know the spring is coming
When we'll have another chance.

Courage, then, be ever with us,
As in hope we labor on,
Looking forward to the harvest
When our better day shall dawn,
Knowing that, although our castles
Fall before Misfortune's lance,
When the Spring in beauty wakens
We shall have another chance.

Anna E. Bagstad

Biographical—Born on farm near Yankton, Feb. 27, 1879. Parents, pioneers. They came to Dakota in 1867. She attended country school, and Yankton Academy. Began teaching when quite young. Spent 1900-01, Chicago, doing university work. Taught, Northland college, Ashland, Wis., 1901-02. Next year attended Yankton college. Was graduated in 1903 from the department of elocution and oratory, and won the state and inter-state oratorical contests, Took B. A. degree, Yankton, 1905. Principal Vermillion high school, 1905-06. Insturctor history and German, Northland college, 1906. Went abroad, 1908. Toured Europe. Spent 1910-11 Emerson College of Oratory, Boston. Instructor Aberdeen, S. D., Normal, three years. In 1915, removed to state of Oregon.

ANNA E. BAGSTAD

Miss Bagstad has written a number of good poems that have been published at various times. Among these are "Greeting and Farewell," a tribute to Dr. G. W. Nash; "Magic," "Bought and Paid For," and "Voltaire." Her place in the literature of the state will, however, rest largely on two poems, "What is Life," and "A Fragment;" and upon her translation from the German of "The Sistine Chapel." The two poems and the first two stanzas of the translation are herein given:

WHAT IS LIFE

A poet asked the question of a rose,
As one fair day drew lingering to a close.
Breathing the incense of her heart above
She answered blushing: "Life—ah, life is love!"

A songbird from his deep embowered nest
Sang to the glories of the purpling west
A song of gladness, pure, without alloy.
The poet heard: "This life is only joy."

"And what say ye?"—this to the ants that low
Beside his feet on busy errands go.
A thousand-voiced reply from out the soil—
And myriads caught the echo: "Life is toil."

Into the twilight wood the poet strayed
And found within the solitude a maid;
Waiting a skiff approaching o'er the stream,
She murmured: "Life—oh, happy, happy dream!"

Softly the darkness settles, and on high
  Myriads of stars begem the dusky sky.
Faint whispers breathe 'twixt heaven and earth and sea,
  "Life is an everlasting mystery."

Now to the hermit's cave the wanderer hied.
  He to the question wearily replied,
Sighing, as low his wavering taper burned:
  "Life is a school where nothing can be learned."

The penitent—the midnight long since sped—
  Upon the wayside stones reclined his head.
"How long," he said, "how full of strife appears
  The pilgrimage through this dim vale of tears!"

Celestial artists change from somber gray
  To rainbow tints the curtains of the day,
Till at God's bidding these are upward rolled
  And mortals view the morning's court of gold.

From each unfolding bud the shadows flee;
  Earth echoes with a living melody,
And through the anthems of exulting birds
  There thrills a voice—the poet hears the words:

"If even comes, O man, to find thee more
  Like to the great Ideal than before;
If thou art nobler when this day is spent,
  Then hast thou lived: life is development."

A FRAGMENT

Daylight that came upon the hills of Rome—
Looking upon the city's majesty
And on the country's loveliness without,—
Saw hanging, pierced and bleeding on the cross

A dying saint; the first pale sun-ray smiled
On youthful Julia's face where agony
Since yesternoon had held its cruel sway;
Beamed on the form that once had burned with life,
And burned with love for one that hung before
Upon the cross; and for this love she died.

A Roman youth returning from a scene
Of nightly revel, wandering o'er the hills
To cool his heated brow—where rested still
The wild voluptuary's laurel crown—
Found himself face to face with her that hung
Upon the cross. No more her countenance
Bore trace of pain. The spirit as it rose
To him she loved and died for, left a look
Of triumph, holiness and joy and peace.
And the young Roman gazed upon the face
In its transfigured beauty till there rose
Within his soul a high and holy fear,
Thoughts of unknown and of eternal things—
And underneath the pierced and bleeding feet
In reverence he laid his withered crown.

O holy Truth, the morning surely comes
When Error, issuing from his nightly haunt,
Crowned from the revel meets thee face to face.
He finds thee bleeding, dying, crucified
And yet immortal. And thou shalt not be
As some crushed martyr, but a conqueror,
Through suffering made strong and sanctified.
And when the glory of the dawning day
Shines on thy face, God's fear shall smite his heart
And he shall lay his laurels at thy feet.

IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL

(Translated from the German.)

In the dim and lofty chamber of the Sistine Chapel grand
Sits the sculptor with the Bible clasped within his nervous hand;
Michael Angelo the mighty, lost as in a waking dream;
Near him one small lamp suspended sheds abroad a feeble gleam.

He is speaking! Through the arches loud and long his words resound.
Are these friends to listen to him by the midnight wrapped around?
Now he speaks as if almighty powers hearkened at his word;
Softly now, as if by human ears the saddened tones were heard.

H. Howard Biggar

Biographical—Born, Aurora, S. D. Graduated, Brookings high school, 1905; South Dakota State College, 1910. Assistant Agronomist, S. D. S. C. Experiment Station, two years. Postgraduate work, Oregon Agricultural College, one year. Instructor in Agriculture, Northern Normal and Industrial School, Aberdeen, S. D., two years. At present (1916) identified with Bureau of Plant Industry, Washington, D. C.

H. HOWARD BIGGAR

One of our young poets who suddenly found himself and began to write with an inviting rhythm is H. Howard Biggar, a native born South Dakotan. Almost before his friends realized it he produced enough poems for a whole volume. They cover a wide range of subjects. Five of his shorter ones are herein given:

HARNEY PEAK

When yer feeling' sad and lonely,
And the days just drag along,
When you'd give most all yer pleasure
Fer a bit of laugh and song.
When the clouds are hangin' heavy,
In the sky no brilliant streak,
Mount a Rocky Mountain burro;
Hit the trail fer Harney Peak.

When the friend you thought sincerest,
Like a traitor proves untrue,
When the shadows quickly gather,
Hiding ev'ry tint and hue,
Seek the trail that's winding upward
Where old Nature seems to speak,
Mount a Rocky Mountain burro,
Hit the trail fer Harney Peak.

And you'll canter through the gulches
Where the streams reflect the blue,
And you'll wander through the forest
Where the sun is hid from view;

Through the pine-clad peaks a trailin'
Where old Nature seems to speak,
Mount a Rocky Mountain burro
Hit the trail fer Harney Peak.

THE SUNSET LAND

Have you ever dreamed in your fondest dreams
Of the land where the sunsets die?
Where you catch the gleams of the silv'ry streams
'Neath the blue of a cloudless sky?
Where the waters leap to the canyons deep
And the pines in their splendor stand,
Then I know for you, 'twas a vision true
For you dreamed of the Sunset Land.

Have you ever sighed at the close of day,
As you gazed from the open door,
For a glimpse of the peaks where Nature speaks
For the sound of the ocean's roar?
Have you ever thought of a blissful spot
With the touch of an artist's hand?
Then I know for you, 'twas a longing true
For you longed for the Sunset Land.

Have you ever paused at the dawn of day
When the old world floods with light?
And sighed for the place where the geysers play
And the eagle wings its flight?
Where the ice-fields glare in the cooling air
And the tide-wave sweeps the sand.
Then I know your quest was the golden west
And you sighed for the Sunset Land.

THE WORLD'S OUT-OF-DOORS

'Tis joy to ride o'er the grassy plains
And follow the wild stampede,
To rest at night 'neath the star's pale light
By the side of your faithful steed;
There's health in the chase for the wily game
And joy in the sport that thrills,
As you listen at morn for the huntsman's horn
And canter away to the hills.

There are forests vast where I fain would roam,
There are mountains with caps of snow,
There are canyons steep where the waters leap
To the chasms so far below;
And whether we ride o'er the billowy plains
Or sail o'er the surging sea,
There's joy in the quest for the life that's best,
The life that is wild and free;

I love the scent of the towering pines,
The gleam of the heaving seas,
The tints that glow when the sun is low,
The life that is wild and free,
I love to stand by the cascade's brink
Where the water in splendor pours,
And catch the spell of the throbs that swell
From the heart of the world's outdoors.

THE CALL OF THE WEST

I see in my dreams oftentimes as I rest,
The peaks where the snow-caps are glowing,
And I hear the dull roar of the waters that pour
In the land where the rivers are flowing.
I list and I hear the clear beckoning call
Of the woods and the mountains—and then
I am gripped by the spell—there's a feeling of—well
I just wish I were out West again.

I sit by the hearth where the embers are bright
And they crackle a message so cheery,
There's a hush in the street and there's no one to greet,
And the world seems so lonely and dreary.
But I drift far away, where the cataracts play,
I am lost in the grandeur—and then
There's a spell I can't tell or express very well,
But I wish I were out West again.

I hear in my dreaming, the sound of the sea,
Where the breakers are roaring and crashing,
In the midst of the deep, where the ships proudly sweep,
And the waters are foaming and dashing.
On the hurricane deck, we are off—soon a speck
We are lost in the distance—and then
I am gripped by the spell, there's a feeling of—well
I just wish I were out West again.

THE CALL OF THE RANGE

I have played my part in the bustling mart
Where the restless thousands dwell,
I've been swept aside by the restless tide
Where they barter and buy and sell.
I have fought my fight as I saw the right,
In the battle with knavish men,
And I cease my quest in the great unrest
For the call of the range again.

I have taken heed of the lust and greed
Where the masters wrest the spoil,
I have spent my time 'mid the dust and grime,
In the ranks where the minions toil;
And I loathe the glare and the strife and care
And the surge of the human sea.
So I've slung my pack and I'm going back,
For the range is a-calling me.

I can feel the thrill of the stampede still,
As it swept o'er the prairies wide,
I have caught the spell of the tales they tell
At the close of the long day's ride.
I have known the zest of the boundless West
Of the region of fearless men,
So I cease my life in the city's strife
For the call of the range again.

Men may spend their time 'mid the dust and grime
Where the great steel structures rise,
But in sweet content, I will pitch my tent
'Neath the blue of the rangeland skies;
For there's health I know where the sunsets glow,
There's a life that is wild and free,
So I've slung my pack and I'm going back
Where the range is a-calling me.

Daisy Dean-Carr

Biographical—Born in Mower county, Minnesota. Came to Dakota in 1883. Educated in the rural schools of Minnesota and South Dakota; under a private tutor at Jackson, Mich; in the Flandreau, S. D., public schools and at the Madison, S. D., state normal; also took special training, Chicago University. Taught school at Bethel, Michigan; in the rural schools of South Dakota and in the village of Egan. Elected superintendent of Moody county in 1902. Refused re-election in 1904. Married Frank W. Carr in 1905. Husband died February 3, 1910. Mother of one child—a girl. Re-elected superintendent of Moody county in 1908, and elected again in 1910. At present, critic teacher in the Madison state normal.

MRS. DAISY DEAN-CARR

Mrs. Carr writes both prose and poetry, with equal skill and grace. But her reputation as a writer will, in all probability, rest upon her poetical productions. She sings with a melody that is distinctly feminine, and her musings revel in nature and immortality.

While yet a mere girl, at the time of her graduation, she was chosen poetess of her class. In 1896 she wrote many poems—the best of which is her "Education's Everest." However, in 1898, her poetical instinct began to give expression to more mature poems, as is evidenced by her "Hidden Beauties." The next year her "Good Night" appeared, and then nine years passed by. Training children in the schoolroom has given way to her own babe, standing at its mother's knee. Maternal responsibilities, grief and patient thought, wean our poetess from the rambling verses of childhood, which bordered on poetastry, so that, in 1908, we find her in deeper reflection; and from her poetical meditations of that year we have selected the following poems which illustrate most acceptably her easy style:

TREASURES

Covered now by dust and cobwebs,
In an attic chamber bare,
Are some treasures far more precious
Than much gold or jewels rare.

Would you view these treasures with me?—
  Come and I will gladly show—
None but I could tell you rightly—
  None but I their value know.

See you this most ancient rocker;
  Sit you down—'twas once my sires';
His descended from his father's,
  Formerly from Devonshire.

Note the richness of the carving—
  Quaint the beauty of design;
Massive—strong—a fitting relic
  Of the Brittons of that time.

See this heavy oaken cradle;
  This for generations three
Rocked my mother's mother's kindred—
  Finally it served for me.

Here's a spinning wheel much valued
  As a relic of the day
When we as a puny nation
  Dared defy King George's sway.

And my grandma often told me
  Of the spinning night and day,
Done by mothers, wives and sisters
  For their heroes far away.

As this very wheel did service
  In that cause so just and right,
You'll not wonder at the value
  It acquires in my sight.

Over 'gainst the wall you notice
Hang a rusty sword and gun;
Those my great grandsire carried
Through the war from Lexington.

Right beneath these hangs a musket
Much more modern in its make;
This my father bravely carried
In the war between the states.

These and many other relics
It would take too long to show;—
I'll not tax your patience further
With my tales of "long ago."

You are young, and in the present
Live your thought and hopes so dear;
Mine, as ever do the ageds'
Oft revert to by-gone years.

Here within this dusty attic
With my treasures worn and old,
Happy mem'ries hover round me
Bringing peace and joy untold.

SPRINGTIME IN DAKOTA

Winter's reign is nearly over—
Many signs portend;
Jack Frost's frolicsome adventures
Very soon must end.
Broken are the icy fetters
Of the lakes and streams;
Feathered emigrants already
Flying north are seen.

Ducks and geese by scores and hundreds
  Flock to pond and lake,
Where the mink and muskrat early
  Winter haunts forsake.
Meadow larks and robin redbreasts
  Whistle loud, and sing,
Telling that the winter's over
  And again 'tis spring.

Soon the cotton-wood and maple
  And box-elder trees
Put forth buds beneath whose cov'ring
  Lie the germs of leaves;
Pussy willow soft and downy
  Hangs its tasseled head;
Apple trees are gay and fragrant,
  Decked in pink and red.

And upon the sunny hillsides,
  Pale anemones
Meekly lift their starry faces
  To the kindly breeze;
Soon the sturdy crocus follows
  Dressed in royal hue;
Tulips clad in gorgeous raiment
  Southern breezes woo.

Violets and johnny-jump-ups
  In the meadows hide;
Also buttercups so golden
  Nestle side by side,
Almost hidden by the grasses—
  There content to grow,
Sweetly fragrant, in their corner
  Snugly sheltered so.

Thus, the growing time advancing
All God's laws obey;
Germ and bud and early blossom—
For as night and day
Follow each in perfect order
Likewise follow they,
Bringing hope and joy in living
Now, and too, alway.

OUR SUNSHINE STATE

Not many years ago our state
Lay unexplored prairie lands;
To boundless areas, the gate;
The home of nomad Indian bands,
Who with each other fought to gain
Supreme dominion of the plain.

The herds of giant buffaloes—
A common foe or prey they fought
Through summers' heat and winters' snows—
Supremacy as ever sought.
'Till from the East, a greater came
To conquer, vanquish, rule and reign.

The white man from the eastern shore,
Had forged ahead o'er mount and plain,
In quest eternal—wanting more
Of pow'r, adventure, riches, fame.
He reached our land—all else gave way—
The Anglo-Saxon held full sway.

But those who for adventure came,
Or whom the craze for gold had won,
Passed onward, seeking e'er the same
In lands far toward the setting sun.
Dakota's commonwealth was formed
By those who never labor scorned.

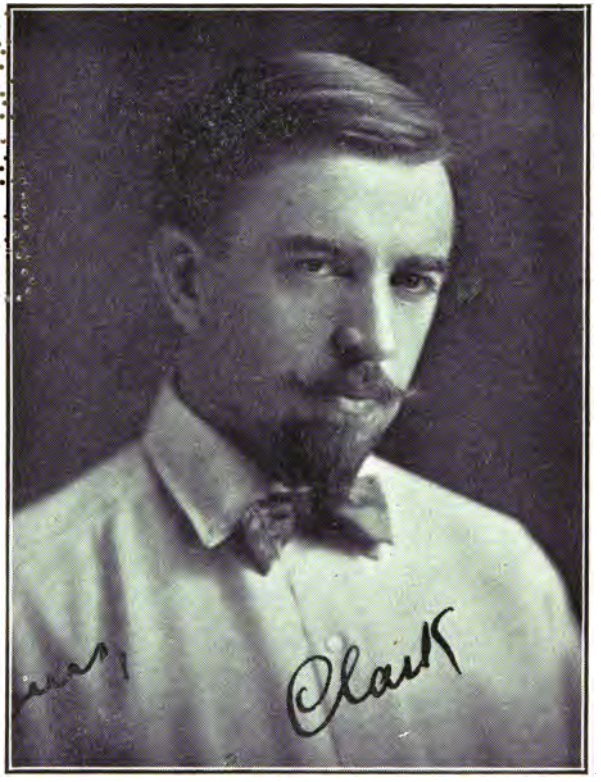
The honest settler came to stay,
And from the soil a living wrest;
Unflinching facing night and day
Those grimmest terrors of the west—
The redskins with their stoic might
And real or fancied wrongs to right.

But soon through treaty, peace was gained,
The tomahawk no more was seen,
And where most deadly war once reigned,
The dove of Peace then slept serene,
Dakota's sons, too, side by side
In fellowship secure abide.

Neat homes, now dot the prairie wide—
The forts of sturdy sons of toil,
With wife and children at their side,
Staunch through the years of weary moil.
Aye, proudly may we claim to be
Descendents of Nobility.

Dakota, won through warfare grim,
Despite climatic terrors too,
Of drought and blizzard—hail and wind,
With confidence we look to you,
For peace and plenty—aye, and more
Are always found within thy door.

Hurrah! then for the pioneers
Who lead the way across the plain!
Let ev'ry hill resound with cheers,
Reverberating yet again,
"Our Sunshine State"—"Thy Builders true"—
All honor, praise, we give to you.



Charles Badger Clark

Biographical—Born, Albia, Iowa, Jan. 1, 1883. Brought to Dakota by his parents at three months of age. Educated in the public schools of Mitchell, Huron and Deadwood, and at Dakota Wesleyan University. At nineteen, went to Cuba. Remained two years. Came back and spent one year at Deadwood. Went to Arizona for four years. Employed on a cattle ranch twenty miles from Mexican border. During this experience wrote his cowboy lyrics. Returned to Hot Springs, S. D., in 1910.

CHARLES BADGER CLARK

Conspicuous among Black Hills' writers is Charles Badger Clark—known in literary circles as "Badger Clark." Educated in the public schools of the state and at Dakota Wesleyan, Clark had a good foundation for his literary work. To this he added that widening influence that comes from travel, by sojourning for a year in Cuba and by spending four years as a cow-boy in Arizona. His poems, therefore, while dealing largely with local affairs, have, nevertheless, a wide horizon.

His cow-boy lyrics were first published by the old Pacific Monthly and other magazines. Later, twenty-two of them were collected and published in book form by the Richard G. Badger Co., Boston, under the caption "Sun And Saddle Leather." From this volume two poems have been selected for republication. The first one, entitled "A Cowboy's Prayer," is Clark's best production. A weird piece of poetic imagery is his "Legend of Boastful Bill." These two lyrics give one a general idea of his style.

A COWBOY'S PRAYER

(Written for Mother.)

Oh Lord. I've never lived where churches grow.
I love creation better as it stood
That day You finished it so long ago
And looked upon Your work and called it good.

I know that others find You in the light
That's sifted down through tinted window panes,
And yet I seem to feel You near tonight
In this dim, quiet starlight on the plains.

I thank You, Lord, that I am placed so well,
That You have made my freedom so complete;
That I'm no slave of whistle, clock or bell,
Nor weak-eyed prisoner of wall and street.
Just let me live my life as I've begun
And give me work that's open to the sky
Make me a partner of the wind and sun,
And I won't ask a life that's soft or high.

Let me be easy on the man that's down;
Let me be square and generous with all.
I'm careless sometimes, Lord, when I'm in town,
But never let 'em say I'm mean or small!
Make me as big and open as the plains,
As honest as the hawse between my knees,
Clean as the wind that blows behind the rains,
Free as the hawk that circles down the breeze!

Forgive me, Lord, if sometimes I forget.
You know about the reasons that are hid.
You understand the things that gall and fret;
You know me better than my mother did.
Just keep an eye on all that's done and said
And right me, sometimes, when I turn aside,
And guide me on the long, dim trail ahead
That stretches upward toward the Great Divide.

THE LEGEND OF BOASTFUL BILL

At a roundup on the Gily,
One sweet mornin' long ago,
Ten of us was throwed right freely
By a hawse from Idaho.

And we thought he'd go a-beggin'
For a man to break his pride
Till, a-hitchin' up one leggin',
Boastful Bill cut loose and cried—

"I'm a on'ry proposition for to hurt;
I fulfill my earthly mission with a quirt;
I kin ride the highest liver
'Tween the Gulf and Powder River,
And I'll break this thing as easy as I'd flirt."

So Bill climbed the Northern Fury
And they mangled up the air
Till a native of Missouri
Would have owned his brag was fair.
Though the plunges kep' him reelin'
And the wind it flapped his shirt,
Loud above the hawse's squealin'
We could hear our friend assert

"I'm the one to take such rakin's as a joke.
Some one hand me up the makin's of a smoke!
If you think my fame needs bright'nin'
W'y, I'll rope a streak of lightnin'
And I'll cinch 'im up and spur 'im till he's broke."

Then one caper of repulsion
Broke that hawse's back in two.
Cinches snapped in the convulsion;
Skyward man and saddle flew.
Up he mounted, never laggin',
While we watched him through our tears,
And his last thin bit of braggin'
Came a-droppin' to our ears.

"If you'd ever watched my habits very close
You would know I've broke such rabbits by the gross.
I have kep' my talent hidin';
I'm too good for earthly ridin'
And I'm off to bust the lightnin's—Adios!

Years have gone since that ascension.
Boastful Bill aint never lit,
So we reckon that he's wrenchin'
Some celestial outlaw's bit.
When the night rain beats our slickers
And the wind is swift and stout
And the lightning' flares anl flickers,
We kin sometimes hear him shout—

"I'm a bronco-twistin' wonder on the fly;
I'm the ridin' son-of-thunder of the sky.
Hi! you earthlin's shut your winders
While we're rippin' clouds to flinders.
If this blue-eyed darlin' kicks at you, you die!

Star dust on his chaps and saddle,
Scornful still of jar and jolt,
He'll come back some day, astraddle
Of a bald-faced thunderbolt.
And the thin-skinned generation
Of that dim and distant day
Sure will stare with admiration
When they hear old Boastful say—

"I was first, as old rawhiders all confessed.
Now I'm last of all rough riders, and the best.
Huh! you soft and dainty floaters,
With your a'roplanes and motors—
Huh! are you the great grandchildren of the West!"

A dainty little lullaby of Clark's is his "longing" to return to Dakota, which appeared in an old issue of the Deadwood Pioneer-Times. It follows:

Though a restless man may wander from Johannesburg to Nome,
There is always some one country that he dreams about as "home."
Here and there I camp and sojourn in my roamings back and forth
But my dreams are always drifting to the Black Hills of the north.

Now, while western skies are glowing like an open furnace mouth
And the soft, gray shadows gather on these deserts of the south
And the coyote's first weird night-cry down the dim arroyo shrills,
Like a sinner's dream of Heaven come my visions of the Hills.

In addition to the foregoing poems, it has been deemed wise, in order to give the reader a broader view of Clark, to reproduce two of his more recent poems which were not included in his book:

THE SPRINGTIME PLAINS

(From Scribner's Magazine, 1915.)

Heart of me, are you hearing
The drum of hoofs in the rains?
Over the Springtime plains I ride,
Knee to knee with Spring
And glad as the summering sun that comes

Galloping north through the zodiac.
Heart of me, let's forget
The plains death white and still,
When lonely love through the stillness called
Like a smothered stream that sings of Summer
Under the snow on a Winter night.
Now the frost is blown from the sky
And the plains are living again.
Lark lovers sing on the sunrise trail,
Wild horses call to me out of the noon,
Watching me pass with impish eyes,
Gray coyotes laugh in the quiet dusk
And the plains are glad all day with me.
Heart of me, all the way
My heart and the hoofs keep time
And the wide, sweet winds from the greening world
Shout in my ears a glory song,
For nearer, nearer, mile and mile,
Over the quivering rim of the plains
Is the valley that Spring and I love best
And the waiting eyes of you!

THE MEDICINE MAN

(From "The Bellman," Minneapolis, 1915.)

(The following is taken from an actual occurrence described by Parkman, which happened in what is now western South Dakota, in the year 1844.)

"The trail is long to the bison herd,
The prairie rotten with rain,
And look! the wings of the thunder bird
Blacken the Hills again.
A medicine man the gods may balk—
Go fight for us with the thunder hawk!"

The medicine man flung wide his arms.
"I am weary of woman talk
And cook-fire witching and childish charms.
I fight you the thunder hawk!"
So he took his arrows and climbed the butte
While the warriors watched him, scared and mute.

A wind from the wings began to blow
And arrows of rain to shoot
As the medicine man raised high his bow,
Standing alone on the butte,
And the day went dark to the cowering band
As the arrow leaped from his steady hand.

For the thunder hawk swooped down to fight
And who in his way could stand?
The flash of his eye was blinding bright
And his wing-clap stunned the land.
The braves yelled terror and loosed the rein
And scattered far on the drowning plain.

And after the thunder hawk swept by
They found him, scorched and slain,
Yet—fighting with gods, "who fears to die?"—
He smiled with a light disdain.
That smile was a glory to all his clan
But none dared touch the medicine man.

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER

(Compliments of Chicago Evening Post.)

Biographical—Born, London, England, August 13, 1859. Academic education. Began newspaper career in 1880. Made trip around the world. Associated with Dakota newspapers five years. Staff correspondent Chicago Herald. Reported Indian Uprising of 1890 and Messiah Outbreak of 1891. Last white man who saw the famous Indian chief, Sitting Bull, alive. Managing editor Chicago Evening Post, 1894. Now (1916) editor Los Angeles Graphic. Married Mabel Hitt, Oregon, Ill., April 3, 1884. Author of five books and of numerous poems and sketches of the west.

SAM T. CLOVER

No literature of South Dakota could be complete without some space in it being given to the writings of Sam T. Clover. Although foreign born, his sympathies are essentially American and his style is typically western. There is a keenness and a breadth in his prose that excites wonder, while his poetry is universal; that is, it touches all humanity. For this reason some of his better poems are destined to live. The universality of his "Sublimity" would entitle it to a place in any literature. It touches on heart strings that tingle with memory as well as imagination.

SUBLIMITY

I asked a maiden in the blush of youth,
In whose gray eyes there shone the germs of truth,
Whose soft red lips were parted in a smile,
Whose lovely face was innocent of guile:
"What do you hold the dearest thing in life?"
"To be," she answer made, "a happy wife!"

I asked the mother, as she softly pressed,
With tender care, an infant to her breast,
Whose gentle glances hovered o'er the child—
Which, sleeping, of the angels dreamed and smiled—
"What is the sweetest pain there is on earth?"
She bent and kissed the babe: "In giving birth!"

I asked the matron, who with loving pride
Beheld the children clustered by her side;
Who in the wicker chair rocked to and fro—
Just as she rocked and crooned in years ago—
"What is the greatest blessing God can send?"
"A home where love and sweet contentment blend!"

I asked a wrinkled woman, o'er whose head
The snows of many a winter had been shed,
Whose children from the roof-tree far had strayed—
Whose husband in his grave had long been laid—
"What is the dearest memory of your life?"
"The day that I was made a happy wife!"

From this poem we pass to one of his beautifully painted evening sketches. In a level prairie country on top of the North American divide where the plains are swept alternately and almost continually by the tireless winds, it is but natural, in case he were going to picture a scene of sunset, that he should, in opening each of the first two stanzas, allude to the "breeze" and the "wind."

EVENING IN DAKOTA

The breeze dies down,
The air is fresh and fragrant. The budding trees
Exhausted by the long unbroken pressure,
Uplift their drooping leaves and drink the dew
Which gives them nourishment and sustenance.

The boisterous wind
Is stilled at last, as though worn out
By its own turbulence. The flagging heart revives;
The tensioned nerves relax their rigorous strain,
Easing the fevered brow and throbbing pulse.

The placid stars
In far-off azure heights, peep shyly out
And to the tired eyes bring soothing sleep.
A sense of rest pervades the atmosphere—
Nature seems hushed in quiet thankfulness.

His perfect contentment with his changed life from the busy streets of London to the plains of western Dakota is cozily set forth in the following poem:

CONTENT

One seeks in vain
A fairer country than this broad domain—
Where freedom dwells on coteau, hill, and plain—
And fertile prairies, rich with growing grain,
Invite the men of courage, brawn, and brain.

Hither on breezy wing
Far from the pampered east a-wandering—
All gilded customs to the winds I fling;
Why should my heart to city pleasures cling?
My shack's a castle! and I reign its king.

Then come what may,
Here, in this cabin rude, content I'll stay;
Here, at my cabin door, I'll whiff away
The cares and troubles of a yesterday:—
Why should I change my lot? Why farther stray?

In addition to his poetry and his newspaper work, Clover also wrote five charming volumes of prose. These are his "Paul Travers' Adventures,"

"Glimpses Across the Sea," "Rose Reef to Buluwayo," "On Special Assignment" and "Kathrine Howard." As these books came from press, they were widely read, but like other works of fiction, even though they may have a firm historical setting, they soon must give way for newer works along the same line.

But Clover must also be associated with the newspaper life of the state. For some time he and Hayden Carruth, former publisher of the Estelline (S. D.) Bell, published the Dakota Bell, at Sioux Falls. Their clever sayings and ready poems made the Bell, for the time being, one of the strongest literary weeklies in the state. Their original matter was quoted far and wide by the leading dailies of the west, and by the magazines of the whole country. They finally sold out: Clover became identified with the Chicago Herald and Carruth joined the staff of Harper's Weekly.

Conal Cearnach (Mary Martin)

Biographical—Born, Illinois, 1881. Came to Dakota, 1888. Finished Eighth Grade, Tripp, S. D. schools. Attended high school, Joliet, Ill., 1897-98; St. Mary's Academy, same city, 1901-02. Passed Teachers' Examination, but never taught. Returned to South Dakota. At home with parents on farm near Tripp, S. D. Furnishes poems regularly to newspapers.

CONAL CEARNACK

A dainty little volume of verse is one printed locally, entitled "The Wind Song and Other Poems," by Conal Cearnack (Mary Martin), of Hutchinson county. Miss Martin whose nom de plume, "Conal Cearnack," is taken from one of the old Irish Kings, sings with a touch that is very artistic. She is philosophical, historical, prolific; yet, withal, she apparently does her best work in dialect.

"The Wind Song" is a production of considerable length, containing an Introduction, a Response, and forty-five stanzas ranging from eight to sixteen lines each. One of her best dialect poems is herein given in its entirety:

"COME PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MORNIN'."

Whisht! me eyes are dim wid tear-drops
Come wid lonesomeness the day.
An' me heart is sore wid achin'
For a time that's far away.
An' I'm dreamin', dreamin', dreamin',
An' forever do I see
The holy hills of Ireland,
Lifted from the shinin' sea.

Sure 'tis fifty years come May-day
Since I left the dear ol' land.
Wid Shane O'Neil beside me
An' his gold ring on me hand.
We were little more than children
But God blessed us man an' wife,
An' sint us out brave-hearted
To face the great world's strife.

Faith the years were long for strivin',
  An' for keepin' back the tear,
Sure meself is nearer cryin'
  Thin I've been in many a year.
An' the lonesomeness that's on me
  Come on in a sudden way,
From a tune a b'y was whistlin'
  In the street this Patrick's Day.

He waked me up this mornin'
  Wid his whistle sweet an' shrill,
That tuck me back in fancy
  To the bog-land an' the hill.
An' I see me brother smilin'
  As he waves his hand to me,
An' his whistle, "Whisht, God's blessin',
  It is Patrick's Day ma chree."

Patrick's Day in Holy Ireland,
  Wid the frost white on the bog,
Wid the golden sun-beams glintin'
  Through the faintest wreath in fog.
Wid the whole world's jewelled beauty
  Spread our eager eyes before,
An' Croaghpatrick's holy shadow
  Reachin' to me father's door.

We were up before 'twas daylight,
  Hughie, H'deen, Maeve, an' I,
Stealin' softly through the boreen
  While the stars were in the sky.
Up Croaghpatrick's windin' footpaths
  For it ever was our way,
To pluck the leaves of Shamrock,
  Just as dawn turned to day.

There's a thrill of music liltin'
  Through the dawn-light grey an' dim,
Hughie's whistle, sure the thrushes
  Learnt their melody of him.
An' the golden sunrise never
  Shone on fairer heart than he
An' his whistle—"Whisht, God's blessin',
  It is Patrick's Day ma chree."

Each with precious treasure laden
  Home we'd turn our foot-steps then,
Past the forge of Lantie Rogan
  At the bottom of the glen.
An' we'd linger long beside the forge
  (Despite our mother's warn'n'),
In hopes of hearin' Lantie sing
  "Come Patrick's Day in the mornin'."

Lantie's v'ice, sure 'twas the invy
  In the parish far an' near,
Sure the likes av it in Dublin
  At the Castle ye'd not hear.
An' I've heard my father tell it—
  (Be God's mercy on his head)—
Lantie's singin' "Faugh-a-Ballah"
  Sure was fit to wake the dead.

O me heart, the long years lyin'
  'Twixt the times that were an' this,
'Tis no wonder that the ol' days
  From America I miss.
Thrue me childer love ol' Erin,
  (Sure they learnt it at me knee)
But the sunrise on Croaghpatrick
  Is a sight they never see.

But there's hearts here just as eager,
  An' there's blood that beats as high,
Sure I hear the music liltin'
  An' I see thim marchin' by—
Each one wearin' the green ribbon,
  An' their banners proudly wave,
An' it takes me back to Erin.
  Hugh, Dileen, an' bonny Maeve.

Whisht, me eyes are dim wid tear-drops
  Come from lonesomeness the day,
An' the heart of me is achin'
  For a time that's far away.
An' the lonesomeness that's on me
  Come on sudden, without warnin',
Whin a b'y came by me whistlin'
  'Come Patrick's Day in the morning'."

Three other excellent poems of hers are: "The First Mistletoe," "The Tryst at Bethlehem" and "Wasted Arrows." A recent one, published in the Tripp Ledger, gained wide recognition. One of the largest dailies in the west asked permission to reproduce it. This poem follows:

PEDLAR DAN

It's me is the wan has the welkim sweet
From ind to ind o' the year,
I am niver wantin' a bite or sup
Or a kindly word o' cheer.
It is—"Yerra, but where have you bin the while"—
An'—"Be takin' life aisy man,"
Shure niver a cottage door is shut
In the face iv Pedlar Dan.

Through the lin'th an' bre'th o' Wicklow
Sthravin' day by day,
An' the pedlar's pack upon me back
Is paying me honest way.
It's not for the bit o' gold I aim
That I choose to be roving' free,
But the kindly welkim I niver lack
Is betther nor gold to me.

"If ye would go to Dublin city"—
Says sthrangers, now an' then,
"Ye'ed have more of gold an' comfort
Thin ye get here in the glen."
Mayhap of gold would be plinty
But I am not needn'f more
Whin I know there's a kindly welkim
Waitin' at ivery doyr.

An' I'm thinkin' 'twould be a cold comfort
The city's sthreets would yield,
An' me achin' the childhern
Come romping' acrost the field.
I am well contint to spind me days
Where the kindly people love me,
An' sleep at last in the Wicklow hills
Wid the daisy quilt above me.

Through the lin'th and bre'th o' Wicklow
Sthravagin' from year to year,
Aitin' the bread i' kindness,
An' sharin' a hearty cheer.
I wouldn't give place to the king, no less,
Whin the summer skies are o'er me,
Whin I've an ould clay cutly bechune me teeth
An the lin'th o' the day afore me.

Robert V. Carr

Biographical—Born, Illinois, 1880. Came to Dakota with parents in 1890. Settled at Rapid City. Attended public schools at Rapid City, also the State School of Mines located at that place. Served with South Dakota Infantry in the Philippines. Upon return home became engaged in editorial work, being associated at various times with the St. Paul Dispatch, the Chicago Evening Post and the Denver Times. Later became editor of the Whitewood (S. D.) Plaindealer. Sold out. Identified with the International Livestock Exposition Company, Chicago. Resigned. Married. Lives in Pasedena, Cal.

ROBERT V. CARR

The W. B. Conkey Company, of Chicago, in 1908, brought out a neat volume of South Dakota poems, entitled "Cow Boy Lyrics," written by Robert V. Carr. It contains 110 poems, classified under four heads—"Ranch and Range," "On the Trail of Love," "Where the Chinook Blows," and "On the Trail of Yesterday." The editorial reviews of this book were exceptionally flattering far and wide. Said Byron Williams in the Western Publisher:

"Fresh with the tang and the incense of the prairie breeze, jingling with the rhythmic spur and the clacking bit of the plains, redolent of the romance of the open country and as true to the pulsing heart of the great-hearted west as the needle to the poles, comes Robert V. Carr's new book of verse, 'Cowboy Lyrics.'

"Gentleness, friendship, hospitality, truth! These are the beautiful chests of treasure in the heart of Carr—Carr, who as a lad was a part of the free life of the prairie, breathing in the atmosphere and the color of the cowboy life. He rode among the men and became one of them in spirit and thought—except that in him there burned the light of genius, the power to weave into song the poetry of the range. And so he has given us 'Cow-boy Lyrics', told from the gentleness and the truth of his

heart, that we may see what he saw as he lay upon his back on the prairie and gazing far o'erhead into the heaven's blue, roped the beauties and the secrets of plain and camp, morning and evening, sunset and dawn."

The gifted Helen Marie Bennett, commenting on this volume of verse in the Deadwood Pioneer-Times, said:

"A stranger seeing the picturesque title would soon find himself wandering with this 'Careless Border Cavelier' over the sage brush flats, building campfires with him in the hills, riding the ranges at night, and even pausing with awed breath on the edge of the Bad Lands country, the land 'Where God plays solitaire.' The stranger would be surprised at the wealth of imagery, the touches of real pathos, the flashes of quaint humor, the vivid strokes which place a picture instantly before the eye, and the real poetic feeling that abounds within the covers of 'Cowboy Lyrics.' But the many friends of 'Bob' Carr, both within the Black Hills and out of them are not surprised at the amount of excellent work which he has brought out, for they have believed all along that the day would not be long in coming when his work would be widely known and as widely appreciated."

The following poems, taken from "Cowboy Lyrics," will suffice to give his natural, inviting style:

THE WIDOW'S LOT

Mis' Pike jes' called—the first time fer
A month o' Sundays I've seen her—
She took on scan'luss about me
A-livin' here alone an' she
Jes' upped an' said a ranch was not
A place fer widders, an' she sot
An' harped on that one string 'til I
Jes' shut her mouth with tea an' pie.

Poor William's dead nigh on a year,
But I can't say I'm pinin' here;
An' law me! what's a soul to do,
What's goin' onto forty-two?
Fer who'll dispoot a real live man
Around a ranch is handy, an'
Jack Plummer says to me last night—
He jes' stopped in to get a bite
O' chicken pie—he says, says he:
"You ain't a day o'er twenty-three."
But Jack is such a josher that
He's allers talkin' thro' his hat.

The other day Bill Howe drove by,
An' said the cricks were jes' bank high,
An' he'd a four-hoss load an' he
Declared he'd leave some truck with me,
A sack o' flour an' some corn,
A sack o' sugar which was torn,
Which Bill jes' vowed would go to waste
Unless sweet things was to my taste.

A week ago John Nye drove in—
His heart is big if he is thin—
He said he'd butchered an' he thought
A side o' beef an' bacon ought
To nohow meet with my refuse,
Since he had more than he could use.

An' there's Hank Dalley, ev'ry day
He sort o' drops in that-o-way,
To see if there's a chore to do,
An' then jes' stays the whole day thro';
An' jes' flares up when I talk "pay,"
Fer Hank's right touchy, an' he'll say:
"I haven't got a thing to do,
It's exercise to work fer you."

An' so between them all, you see,
There's lots that's worser off than me;
The ranch is clear, an' eggs an' truck
Bring prices high, an' then I've luck
With all my stock, that's bound to grow—
But yet there's one thing which I know,
An' might as well say to your face,
A man's most handy 'round a place;
But William's gone an' there's no more—
Land sakes! There's Dalley at the door!

THE TRYST

I've ridden since the day throwed back
  The trailers of the night,
An' what fer, shall I tell you,
  In a stampede o' delight?
To wait out by the cottonwoods,
  An' dove-call softly to
A girl I know will answer:
  "I'm a-comin', boy, to you."

'Twas no time to spare my bronco;
His breathin' spells were brief;
He's white with foam an' shakin'
Like the Chinook shakes the leaf.
Fer I've splashed through muddy rivers,
An' loped across divides,
An' ridden where no puncher
In his reason ever rides.

Thro' walkers caked with gumbo,
The buffalo once knew;
Thro' water holes an' washouts,
An' a-boggin' in the slew.
O'er alkali an' sage brush flats
I cut the whistlin' breeze,
An' come straight as the eagle
When his lady bird's to please.

I'm a-watchin' an' I'm waitin'
With heart as light as air,
As happy as they make 'em,
Either here or anywhere.
Jes' to listen fer her footfall,
An' hear her sweet voice thro'
The prairie silence murmur,
"I'm a-comin', boy, to you."

THE BAD LANDS

Bluffs of ochre and brown and red,
In varied glory flare,
For here is the land of mystery,
Where God plays solitaire.

A gray plain and a soft mirage,
In the blue haze over there,
For here is the land of lonesomeness,
Where God plays solitaire.

A muddy butte and shapes that come
And at the sunset stare,
For here is the land of forgotten pasts,
Where God plays solitaire.

A silence that dwarfs the soul of man,
Oh, the silence everywhere!
For here is the land of things unsolved,
Where God plays solitaire.

One more poem of Carr's, entitled "The Dead Magdalene," published during 1915 in a standard magazine, is herein also preserved, because of its truthful portrayal of an unfortunate life.

THE DEAD MAGDALENE

Death has claimed thee for his own,
Woman, thou dost grace that stone—
The morgue's cold stone.

Silent are those lips that drew
Pleasure-seeking youth to you;
And those hands that lovers pressed
Lie like lilies on thy breast.
Thy face looks old; there Sin's own sign
Is traced in cunning, cruel line;
Altho' a score would span thy years,
Those eyes hath known an age of tears.

A suicide, the good pass by
With close-drawn robes, as tho' the cry
That lepers whine, "Unclean! Unclean!"
Was voiced by thee. The canting, lean-
Souled egotist doth draw full well

The moral he dear loves to tell.
And they who live a life of shame
In every way, except in name,
Look on thy white, stark body there
With pious self-esteeming stare.

Scarlet one, the night is done,
The wearing race with Fate is run;
The lights are dead, the dancers gone,
Comes now the gray, funeral dawn.
Dream horrid visions of the end,
And black dispair to tear and rend
Thy weary heart; then dost thou call:
"There is no hope—Death stilleth all!"

Like some sad bird with broken wing
Thou welcomest the adder sting
Of Death—kind Death.

Fallen one, there was a day
When thou wert pure, no shadow lay
Across thy path; there came to thee
No blinding, tinseled mockery.
In Eden thou didst walk alone,
To thee the serpent was unknown—
When lo! the shining coils arise!
The baleful orbs hold fast thine eyes!
And under their satanic spell
An angel treads the path to hell.

Who hath the right to loud proclaim
Eternal judgment on thy shame?
Who hath the right to judge of thee
When thou hast paid the penalty?
For yet to heights thou may arise,
And walk again in paradise.

Another earlier volume of Carr's poems was his "Black Hills' Ballads."

Since the publication of his last book of poems in 1908, Carr has laid aside that style of composition to a large extent and has given considerable of his time to prose. His short story, entitled "Triplets Triumphant," which appeared in the September, 1914, issue of Everybody's Magazine, is regarded by all who read it as one of the strongest short stories which appeared that year.

Will Chamberlain

Biographical—Born, Bradford county, Pa., July 6, 1865. Removed to Dakota in 1871. Raised on a farm in the Sioux Valley. Educated in the village schools of Union county; later studied at the University of South Dakota. In 1891, married Miss Mattie Ericson. Father of two children—a boy and a girl. Farmer; also a teacher. Held principalships at Jefferson, Avon, and Lesterville.

WILL CHAMBERLAIN

Will Chamberlain is a free thinker—an original writer. His prose and his poetry each possess a strong individuality. He has written short stories, sketches and poetry for The National Magazine, The Springfield (S. D) Republican, and the Literary Magazine. He has also written dozens (it might be more proper to say, hundreds) of special articles for the Dakota Republican of Vermillion, for the Elk Point Courier and for the Aberdeen Daily American. For several years he has been furnishing a set of "Wayside Notes" each week for the Sioux City Journal. These notes are very original and are intensely interesting. Many of his best poems have appeared in them. Following is one that is somewhat unique:

THE GOSSIPER

Now let us pause to consider
  The gossip a little while,
Think of her tattle bitter,
  Measure her knowing smile;
Gauge her by rule and level,
  Mete out her proper place—
Whether she be of the devil
  Or almost an angel of grace;
Whether she be an evil
  Of consummate design,
Or a type of half evangel,
  A self-called priestess, in fine.

Well, first of all, as a talker
She's rather clever you say,
A dealer in tales, a shocker
Of preconceived notions, a gay
And heart to heart coming neighbor,
That meets you across the fence
With a tongue as keen as a saber
And a mind for the present tense.
Her sins—they doubtless are scarlet,
And yet I sometimes believe
That many a maid and varlet,
Whose standing she seems to grieve,
Are kept from deeper scandal,
From more impious plot
Because this female vandal
Has a tongue that is quick and hot.
And tho' she if often harmful,
A virago of unrest,
A tattler and vixen shameful,
Whose orbit is most unblest,
I still have a nebulous notion
That her sphere is misunderstood,
That the yarns she sets in motion
May turn to be gems of good,
That even some stars of glory
Upon her head may dwell,
When heaven reveals the story
Of mortals she scared from hell.

Chamberlain is, first of all, a philosopher. His poetry is minus the wit of Holmes', the jingle of Mrs. Tatro's, the fervor of Lawton's and the poetic diction of Wenzlaff's. It is just plain philosophy all the while. One has to labor to read it; however, the more you read it the better you like it.

He was reared in the Big Sioux Valley. Like all true poets he loves nature. "How dear to (his) heart are the scenes of (his) childhood." He was fascinated with the old river. In the spring and fall, he hunted ducks on it; in the summer, he swam in it, sat on its grass-laden banks and caught fish out of it; while in the winter his steel skates were made to ring on its icy bosom. It is, therefore, natural, when he first began to write poetry, that this old stream, along whose banks he had spent so many happy hours, should have suggested itself to him as his constant theme. His "Down by the Sioux," his "Night on the Sioux" and his "in the Valley of the Sioux" are rich heritages of his reflections over his childhood days. The first two of these poems follow:

DOWN BY THE SIOUX

Down by the old Sioux in spring!
  When the bottom land is spongy-like and damp
And ruined haystacks give a moment's rest
  From the long, swinging tramp
And vantage ground to wait the clattering ducks,
  That storm across the timber belt and swing,
On dropping wings above the water-splashed prairie,
  Till 'frighted by the grim repeater's ring.

Along the Sioux! how oft these feet have strolled,
  Unmindful of the striving thoughts of those
Who give their footsteps to the sounding pave,
  Nor pause to see the morning's spreading rose

Slip down the bluffy swales to greet
The sentinel cottonwoods and willowy hedge
That hold in sacred guard the rude survey,
Where Titan marked the river's winding edge.

NIGHT ON THE SIOUX

Softly the darkness falls, and such mild dark!
The stars have scarce a need their veils to lift
That they may smile upon the bended mark
Of sinking Luna. The thicket's festooned rift.
Mellows, the major of the thrush's cry.
While the dim quaver of the home dove's sigh,
Waiting the coming of her lover true,
Broods like enchantment o're the fading Sioux.

Silver and purple now the river drifts; so calm
The skies that hover o'er! I fain would lie
Here by myself and know the stealing balm
Of that intrepid mood that would defy
The clustered memories of care, and put aside
The iron law which doth our joy divide
With rudest glee. Find thou, my heart,
The solace this dear moment doth impart.

The following poem, entitled, "To A Tiny Sleeper," is among Chamberlain's best. It is beautifully conceived and tastily expressed. In it one cannot fail to see the little sleeper lying before him with closed eyes and with its tiny hands clutched gently in the lace of its baby night robe. Then the poet causes the reader to lift his own eyes and look penitently into the future.

TO A TINY SLEEPER

Dear little one, thy eyelids sweet
  Are closed in sleep, in holy calm,
No worldly waves of trouble beat
  Upon thy dreaming's Gilead balm
The fingers of the summer breeze
  Most softly toy with thy lips,
But bear no taint of sorrow's lees
  To crown thy hour with dark eclipse.

I know that I have wandered far
  'Mid vain illusions of the world,
The dust of sin has left its mar
  Upon my hands, but thine are curled
Twin lillies on thy bosom's nest,
  Pink tendrils clutching dainty lace,
Frail blossoms folded into rest
  Beside the beauty of thy face.

Oh, when the time of endless sleep
  Shall hail me in the worldly throng
From out Eternity's vast deep,
  Not manhood's efforts bold and strong
May be my guidon most sure,—
  Fair Christ, forget my later ills,
And make me as this wee one pure,
  When Death my heart forever stills.

No doubt Chamberlain's strongest poem, and the one on which his reputation as a poet, must ultimately rest, is his "Reflections In A Prairie Cemetery." This poem was written for the Dakota Republican. Later it was reproduced by the Big Stone Headlight. Mr. Aldrich, editor of the latter paper,

himself a graduate of the State College at Brookings and a fine literary critic, in reproducing the poem, said editorially: "We publish at the head of the editorial column a poem by Will Chamberlain, which, in thought and diction, approaches Gray's 'Elegy In A Country Churchyard.' "

REFLECTIONS IN A PRAIRIE CEMETERY

I saw a rustic train wind solemnly
  Along a way where harvest whispers stole
Some spirit lorn had claimed its liberty,
  Another heart had doffed its gift of dole.

The circled mourners stood in awkward grace
  The sturdy men uncovered in the sun,
The sallow preacher found his studied place
  And plaintively the final rite begun:

"Dust unto dust! we here for aye consign
  Within the bosom of our mother earth."
The frail cup falls and spills the scarlet wine,
  Lost for distillment in a crystal birth.

"Dust unto dust" and lo! the shocking cold
  Rings darkly down an orphaned cry replies,
"Dust unto dust"—a soul leaps up to God—
  The ultimatum of its life's emprise.

I saw the simple folk with sighing flee,
  To labor's calls they hurried here or there.
Their echoed going smote the upland lea,
  And busy tales hummed on the pearly air.

Careless of wealth or crinkling sheaves I stayed,
Idly to trace the streets of carven stone—
Telling where those eternally delayed
Slept on and on forevermore alone.

Slept on and on, where never breaking morn
Peeps thro' the curtains, or the dawn beams fall:
Of ev'ry hope and mem'ry mutely shorn,
Save only Love's immortal-wafted call.

Hours into ages here shall slowly creep,
E'en dimpled flesh be changed to thinnest dust,
While o'er this nameless, awful nook of sleep,
Man's lips still frame a wordless prayer of trust.

A faith, a hope that when a dear one sinks
From mother arms that clasped and fondled so
To drift beyond those vast, uncharted brinks,
A Father's care will with the jewel go.

A faith that not a pilgrim hither dares,
Tho' life's span be a tiny day or years.
But there's a watchful Pilot knows how fares,
And thence a lifting Canaan sweetly cheers.

Out of the fields the reapers' voices came,
The lance-like shuttles of the harvest gleamed
The stubble bent beneath the clanking game,
The sable cricket in his straw-cot dreamed.

As rosy even bathed each quiet tomb,
Changing to crimson wreath or angel form
I left this Home of Peace to gentle gloom,
Perchance the wild caprice of hinted storm.

Yet did I know that pelt of sheeted rain,
Nor whirl of blast could ever taunt or wake
The tenants of those chambers where no pain,
Lie tortured tides in foamy spoil, may break.

From distant climes they journeyed to this spot
Or braved the seas 'neath soft grass here to lie,—
A western sky above the little plot
And springtime blossoms lifting forth to die.

It seems best to preserve in our state literature a few more of the many dozens of Chamberlain's poems. These follow:

TO A BABY ASLEEP

O little one in sleep's embrace,
How peaceful is thy rounded face,
How softly droops each pearly lid
O'er eyes from any sorrow hid,
How like a rosebud are the lips
Where love, a greedy bee, oft sips!
Beneath a film of lace I spy
The fingers' chubby witchery.

Before thee, dear heart, lies a world
Where envy's arrows oft are hurled,
Where grief and pain cry for redress
From unseen loads that grimly press,
And where the proud at times appear
To win, while those who by faith steer
Battle with tide or fog or surf,
The scorned and buffeted of earth.

I tremble, sweetheart, when I think
That thou, too, art a tiny link
Of this vast chain of human life,
A wee strand in the braid of strife,
And that, ere long, from honeyed dream
Thou must awake and on the stream
Of time that boils and flings its foam
Sink 'neath the surge or find a home.

AN OLD FIREPLACE

Here gathered in the vanished days
A household circle glad,
Whose faces, brightened by the blaze,
With added smiles were clad;
And when the embers dimly glowed,
As western sunlight pales,
Like wine of accents gently flowed
The stream of fireside tales.

Old hearth of buried memories
And shrine of silent forms,
On recollection's scented breeze,
Through years of sun and storms,
Comes back to me, as here I stand,
The gold of precious nights—
Content and joy. O genial band
Of sacred home delights.

JUST BE THANKFUL

If you cannot see that blessings
Have been scattered at your door,
If for others bloomed the harvest
While your lot was scant and sore,
Try to trust that skies will open
To dispel your dark dismay—
Keep a brave soul, O, my fellow!
Just be thankful anyway.

If your friendship met betrayal
And your eyes bent to the sod
And you turn to throne the cynic
In your heart instead of God,
Hesitate, a laughing sunbeam
Soon may flash across your day,
But if still the clouds do hover
Just be thankful anyway.

Just be thankful! Just be thankful!
Be unselfish, lend a hand,
It was faith that crowned the angels,
Faith gave every promised land.
Tho' your neighbor lolls in honey
While your life is far from gay,
Chant your prayers and meet the battle,
Just be thankful anyway.

NO POCKETS IN A SHROUD

Great is your endless struggle
And deep are your plans, O men,
Catching at scheme and bubble
Or plotting with brain and pen
To win from nature's garner,
By pilfering means or proud,
A golden smile, but remember
No pockets are in a shroud.

In many a crag-set mountain
Are silver and gold good store,
Which, like a steaming fountain,
Vast riches brightly pour
Into clutching hands and greedy,
Yet, at last, such gifts becloud,
For, be it rare or seedy,
No pockets bedeck a shroud.

O, as you sow, my brother,
The same, God's time, you'll reap,
Tho' the spirit you rudely smother,
Or with lullabies bid it sleep,
The voice of the soul will haunt you
And its pleadings be reproduced,
When the sunset's glow reminds you
That chickens come home to roost.

Live not then for the glimmer
Of treasures which but debase,
For beyond death's misty river
When you meet Christ face to face,
You cannot buy one favor;
Yea, in all that motley crowd
There'll be naught to even savor
Of a pocket in a shroud.

THE CHARITY OF BLOSSOMS

I saw a lily blooming
Within a prison cell,
And though the pure hearts' emblem,
As poets love to tell,
Its sweetness was untainted,
Its splendor undefiled,
Nor did it blush nor tremble,
But kindly, meekly smiled.

I saw a blossom growing
Beside the simple mound
Of one men called a failure,
Whom wealth had never found,
But it was nodding gently
And less inclined to fade
Than if its tender beauty
Had graced some towering shade.

In a dim place where hunger
Oft pinched a human brood,
I saw a calm-faced worker,
Sped by a Christy mood,
Put down a mission's bounty,
While, caught amidst the fare,
A knot of dewy roses
Scented the hovel's air.

THE BROKEN CIRCLE

Oh, that home was but a cottage
Where a happy streamlet played,
Laughing o'er the golden pebbles,
Singing in the sylvan shade;
Ah, how careless of the future
Was each tanned and childish brow,
But alas! those days are vanished
And the circle's broken now.

How deep scented were the meadows,
And how breezy were the lanes
That we followed with the cattle,
Days of sunshine or of rains!
Yet 'tis all in recollection,
Time required a sterner vow
Than was made beheading bluebells,
And the circle's broken now.

There are vacant chairs and corners,
There are little mounds and slabs,
There are dewy wedding blossoms,
There are rosy hues and drabs.
While life's strange and mystic records
Eyes bedim or hearts endow,
As we linger o'er the mem'ry
Of a circle broken now.

Broken, broken! cries the spirit,
  Never here to be repaired
By the cunning of a workman
  Or by one who in it shared;
But we look beyond the sunset,
  Hoping sometime and somehow
We may murmur of that circle
  That it isn't broken now.

THE OLD HOME FOLKS

Not on the chance acquaintance,
  Nor yet on the new found friend,
When the storms about us gather
  For comfort may we depend.

If I should be permitted,
  Aside from all light jokes,
To choose for you the truest,
  I would pick the old home folks.

From them I would name a husband
  For the dimpled, would-be bride;
A childhood mate or sweetheart,
  In whom she might confide.

The old home folks are surest
  To notice if we succeed,
And they are the first to sorrow
  With us when our hearts do bleed.

So do not be quick in forsaking
  The faithfully tried for the new,
Who may seem so apt and clever
  When the skies are soft and blue.

For tho' it is said the prophet
  Has honor except at home,
Love blossoms there for the masses—
  The prophet afar may roam.

And when in the fading twilight
  We put off life's stern yokes,
Those who will stand to us closest
  Will be the old home folks.

While away on shiny hilltops,
  By Elysian breezes fanned,
God's own home folks will greet us
  With a smile and outstretched hand.

Mrs. Almira J. Dickinson

Biographical—Almira J. Dickinson (nee Patterson), born Fishkill, Dutchess county, N. Y., 1832. Removed to Ontario, LaGrange county, Ind., 1847. Attended LaGrange Institute. Began teaching in 1848. Taught six years, carrying some studies in meantime. Married Eugene Dickinson, 1854. Mother of four sons. Prominent member Christian Science church. Correspondent for many years for numerous magazines and leading newspapers. Author of five books and booklets. Removed to Dakota, 1888. Settled at Chamberlain. Husband died in 1890. She filed on claim in Brule county. Still resides on homestead. Direct descendant of Israel Putnam, of Revolutionary fame.

MRS. ALMIRA J. DICKINSON

Mrs. Dickinson's poetry is of that scholarly, finished character which appeals to the mature mind. It is deeply imbedded in natural, in moral, and in psychic philosophy. Her vocabulary is replete with poesy, and her diction is most perfect. She, too, like Clover and others, is a writer of prose as well as poetry; she was formerly a newspaper correspondent. For several years she wrote for the Toledo Blade, Loch's National Monthly, the Po'Keepsie Telegraph, Omaha Bee and the Boston Transcript, as well as furnishing poems for the Home Magazine and other publications.

Her first booklet, "Voices of the Wind," met with a ready sale. She followed it with "A Souvenir of Dakota—The Artesian Wells," illustrated in colors. The edition was so quickly exhausted that she promptly brought forth her "Voices From the Wheat Fields." It made a charming impression. Real estate men bought the books by the hundreds to send to their customers for Christmas presents. Her reputation as a popular author was rapidly becoming established. When the Christian Science church was dedicated in Boston, Mrs. Dickinson wrote the dedicatory poem entitled "Dedication of the Mother Church in Boston." This strong poem was later published in book form, with handsomely illustrated

covers in colors, and it has been sold all over the United States.

In the course of time it was suggested by her admiring readers that she collect and publish her best poems all in one volume. This she did in 1907, giving to it the title "Ocean and Other Poems." It is illustrated in colors, and is by far the finest piece of mechanical work that has appeared in a book of poems within the state. It is from the presses of the Ware Brothers' Company, Philadelphia.

In it the author starts out with a charming descriptive poem on the ocean, proper, and then follows it with these poetic theses as corroborative of her general theme: "A Calm," "A Storm," "In the Depths," "Influence of the Moon," "Influence of Gravity," "Influence of the Sun."

Mrs. Dickinson's poems, in general, are very lengthy, making reproduction of them herein quite impractical. For instance, her "Evelyne" consists of thirty-nine eight-line stanzas. Its language is so chaste and its coloring so rich and beautiful that the first three stanzas are reproduced, to give the reader an idea of its charming style throughout.

EVELYNE

A rosy robe the sunset hung
Along the western skies,
And clouds of flame and purple flung
To earth their gorgeous dyes,

Until the lakelet's quiet breast
Was buttoned in a crimson vest,
  And hill and vale and village spire
  Seemed glowing with celestial fire.

But, like the phases of a dream,
  Those tintings passed away,
And deep'ning twilight only wore
  A robe of sober gray.
And twilight dews, like angel tears,
Shed for the gathered crime of years,
  And prompted by a holy love,
  Fell from the pitying heavens above.

The moon hung in the jeweled sky,
  A radiant orb of light,
Enshrouding all my garden flowers
  In robes of silver white.
And lightly at the open door
Its snowflakes sifted on the floor,
As in the happy days of yore,
  Till quick on memory's bounding track
  Youth's golden hours came thronging back.

The buoyancy with which she approaches some subjects is exhilarating in the extreme. From her melancholly surroundings under "the Maple Tree," wherein she says (evidently as an allusion to her dead husband):

Oh, stern, relentless hand of death!
  Why could ye not have spared
One, only one, who could with me
  Life's wilderness have shared?

she mounts on "Voices of the Wind" to a thrilling cadence of rapture. This poem is also quite lengthy. The first section only of it is therefore given:

VOICES OF THE WIND

Listen to the voices of the wind,
To the thousand changeful voices of the
spirit of the wind.
To the strange, mysterious voices,
To the wild and angry voices,
To the sweet, low, pleading voices of the
spirit of the wind.
When he tunes his harp to sing
For the ever-welcome Spring,
And he pipes a roundelay
To the merry, merry May,
Or he breathes a thrilling tune
In the leafy bowers of June,
How the waving forest answers,
And the glad trees clap their hands!
How their silken plumes and tassels
Bow as his acknowledged vassals,
As they dance a glad attendance
To his softly-breathed commands!
How he whispers, whispers, whispers
To the sleeping infant flowers!
How his matins and his vespers
Carol through their virgin bowers
How he trills, till he fills
All their heart with gentle thrills,
And a loving secret tells
To the swinging lily bells!
And with skillful touch uncloses
All the petals of the roses;
And they lift their starry eyes

In a rapture of surprise,
And, all radiant with blushes,
Spring to meet their ardent lover
Spring to greet their gentle lover,
The sweet spirit of the wind.
Thus, through spring and summer hours,
He, the lover of the flowers,
Is forever singing, dancing
In their leafy, scented bowers.
Listen to the voices of the wind,
To the loud, imperious voices of the
spirit of the wind.
When he boldly rushes forth
From his dwelling in the north,
How he blows his rattling trumpet,
And he beats his noisy drum!
How he shouts and screams in fury
As, without a judge or jury,
He condemns the bloom and verdure in his
pathway to the tomb.

One of her cheeriest short productions is "Pumpkin Pie" which we give in full:

PUMPKIN PIE

When the cool November breezes
Bring to us the northern freezes,
And the prairie verdure ceases,
And departing summer sighs,
Then with what ecstatic rapture
We the golden pumpkins capture,
And we store them in the cellar
For our future pumpkin pies.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

'Twas the magic of a fairy,
With a form so light and airy,
That a golden pumpkin changed in-
To a coach so snug and neat,
And informed Miss Cinderilla
That her tears were vain and silly—
If she wished to join the revels—
In the coach to take a seat.

So our girls—the household fairies—
Each a golden pumpkin carries
In her arms, so plump and snowy,
Quite ignoring weight and size.
And with slaughter almost tragic,
And with skill akin to magic,
They transform those golden spheres in-
To delicious pumpkin pies.

Oh, the crust so crisp and puffy,
With its contents soft and fluffy,
How its fragrant, spicy odors
Lade the "palpitating air!"
How its contents, brown and golden,
Bring to mind Thanksgiving olden,
When this pie, by all assembled,
Was crowned fairest of the fare.

Pies of apple, plum and cherry,
Spicy mince and luscious berry,
Lemon custard, so delicious
That for more you often sigh.
But if you would know perfection
And a pie without objection,
Choose a regular old-fashioned
Yankee country pumpkin pie.

Hamlin Garland

Biographical—Born, West Salem, Wis., Sept. 16, 1860. At seven years of age removed with parents to Winnesheik County, Iowa. Graduated, Cedarville Seminary, Osage, Iowa, 1881. Taught school 1882-83, in Illinois. Came to South Dakota in 1883. Took claim, McPherson county, Went Boston fall of 1884. Studied Literature in Boston public library. Came West again. Wrote short stories and novels. Organized "Cliff Dwellers' Club," of Chicago. Removed to New York in 1915.

HAMLIN GARLAND

South Dakota justly lays claim to an author who has won a national reputation in the Literary world, Hamlin Garland. He is the most popular novelist in the West, aside from Harold Belle Wright; and yet, solely for the purpose of study, we have classified him among the poets.

Although Garland was educated in the East, he is essentially Western—western by birth, western in sympathy and western in style. He was born in Wisconsin; when a young man, he homesteaded in Dakota. The scene of his first novel, "Main-Traveled Roads," is laid in South Dakota. His mother gave him the foundation for the story. He sold it for seventy-five dollars, and promptly gave her one-half of the amount.

Garland's strength rests largely in his unconventionality. He boldly sets a literary style of his own. He makes his characters real instead of ideal and analyzes them as they are. The West was looking for this kind of a writer. He supplied the demand.

It is due Garland to list herein his many wide-read novels, to date: "Main-Traveled Roads," "Jason Edwards," "A Little Norsk," "Prairie Folks," "A Spoil of Office," "A Member of the Third House," "Crumbling Idols," "Rose of Dutcher's Cooley,"

"Wayside Courtships," "Ulysses Grant" (Biographical), "The Spirit of Sweet-Water," "The Eagle's Heart," "Her Mountain Lover," "The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop," "Hesper," "Light of the Star," "The Tyranny of the Dark," "The Long Trail," "Money Magic," "Boy Life on the Prairie," "The Shadow World," "Trail of the Gold-Seekers," "Victor Olnee's Discipline," "Witche's Gold" (a revised edition of "The Spirit of Sweet-Water"), "Cavanaugh," "Moccasin Ranch" (a story of Dakota).

With all of these books to his credit, plus several dozen charming short stories, we must, nevertheless, for our purpose, treat him as a poet and consider a few of his poems.

THE CRY OF THE AGE

(The Outlook, May 6, 1899.)

What shall I do to be just?
  What shall I do for the gain
Of the world—for its sadness?
Teach me, O Seers that I trust!
  Chart me the difficult main
Leading out of my sorrow and madness,
  Preach me the purging of pain.

Shall I wrench from my finger the ring
  To cast to the tramp at my door?
Shall I tear off each luminous thing
  To drop in the palm of the poor?
What shall I do to be just?
  Teach me, O ye in the light,
Whom the poor and the rich alike trust:
  My heart is aflame to be right.

DEATH IN THE DESERT

(Munsey's, June, 1901.)

He died and we buried him there—
  In the sound of an unnamed stream;
The poison plants around him flare,
  And the silence is deep as death.
Where we left him in wordless dream,
  With a "God Speed" spoken underbreath.

I laid a flower on the dead man's breast,
  While the eagles whistled in shrill dismay—
Nothing could then disturb his rest;
  I gave him the rose, and we covered him up
With the cold, black earth, and rode away.
  My heart was bitter—I could not weep.

He was so young to die so soon—
  He was so gay to lie alone
Burned by sun and chilled by moon,
  There where the waters are cold and gray,
There by the slimy ledges of stone—
  But there he must sleep till the sun is gray.

PRAIRIE CHICKENS

(The Independent, October 5, 1893.)

From brown-plowed hillocks
  In early red morning,
They awoke the tardy sower with this cheerful cry;
  A mellow boom and whoop
  That held a warning—
A sound that brought the seed-time very nigh.

  The circling, splendid anthem
  Of their greeting
Ran like the morning beating of a hundred mellow drums—
  Boom, boom, boom!
  Each hillock kept repeating,
Like cannon answering cannon when the golden sunset comes.

They drum no more,
Those splendid springtime pickets;
The sweep of share and sickle has thrust them from the hills,
They have scattered from the meadow
Like partridge in the thickets—
They have perished from the sportsman, who kills, and kills, and kills!

Often now,
When seated at my writing,
I lay my pencil down and fall to dreaming still
Of the stern, hard days,
Of the old-time Iowa seeding,
When the prairie chickens woke me with their war-dance on the hill.

BOY LIFE ON THE PRAIRIE

I saw the field (as trackless then
As wood to Daniel Boone)
Wherein we hunted wolves as men,
And camped and twanged the green bassoon;
Not blither Robin Hood's merry horn
Than pumpkin pie amid the corn.

In central deeps the melons lay,
Slow swelling in the August sun.
I traced again the narrow way,
And joined again the stealthy run—
The jack-o'-lantern's wraith was born
Within shadows of the corn.

O wide, sweet wilderness of leaves!
O playmates far away! Over thee
The slow wind like a mourner grieves,
And stirs the plumed ears fitfully.
Would we could sound the signal horn
And meet once more in walls of corn!

MY CABIN

My cabin cowers in the onward sweep
  Of the terrible northern blast;
Above its roof the wild clouds leap
  And shriek as they hurry past.
The snow-waves hiss along the plain;
  Like hungry wolves they stretch and strain;
They race and ramp with rushing beat;
  Like stealthy tread of myriad feet

They pass the door. Upon the roof
  The icy showers swirl and rattle.
At times the moon, though far aloof,
  Through winds and snows in furious battle
Shines white and wan within the room—
  Then swift clouds dart across the light,
And all the plain is lost to sight;
  The cabin rocks, and on my palm
The sifted snow falls cold and calm.

God! what a power is in the wind!
  I lay my ear to the cabin-side
To feel the weight of his giant hands;
  A speck, a fly in the blasting tide
Of streaming, pitiless icy sands;—
  A single heart with its feeble beat—
A mouse in the lion's throat—
A swimmer at sea—a sunbeam's mote
  In the strength of a tempest of hail and sleet!

COLOR IN THE WHEAT

Like liquid gold the wheat-field lies,
  A marvel of yellow and green,
That ripples and runs, that floats and flies,
  With the subtle shadows, the change, the sheen
That plays in the golden hair of a girl.
    A cloud flies there—
    A ripple of amber—a flare
Of light follows after. A swirl
In the hollows like the twinkling feet
  Of a fairy waltzer; the colors run
  To the westward sun,
Through the deeps of the ripening wheat.

I hear the reapers' far-off hum,
  So faint and far it seems the drone
Of bee or beetle, seems to come
  From far-off, fragrant, fruity zone,
    A land of plenty, where
    Toward the sun, as hasting there,
    The colors run
    Before the wind's feet
    In the wheat.

The wild hawk swoops
  To his prey in the deeps;
The sunflower droops
  To the lazy wave; the wind sleeps;
Then, moving in dazzling links and loops,
  A marvel of shadow and shine,
A glory of olive and amber and wine,
  Runs the color in the wheat.

Joseph Mills Hanson

Biographical—Born, Yankton, S. D., July 20, 1876. Educated Chauncy Hall School, Boston, 1889-90; preparatory department Yankton College, 1890-94; graduate St. John's Military School, Manlius, N. Y., 1897. Married Frances Lee Johnson, of Holden, Mo., June 2, 1909. (She died April 12, 1912). Employed by Otis Elevator Co., St. Louis, Mo., 1900-09. Farming near Yankton since then. Contributor to magazines since 1900. Author of three standards novels, two histories and one book of poems.

JOSEPH MILLS HANSON

One of the younger writers of our state, whose literary work—both prose and poetry—will stand the supremest test of critics, is Joseph Mills Hanson, of Yankton. His writings are all finished productions. He never neglects any of them at any angle.

Hanson is not only a writer of fiction, but he is a good historian as well. One of his widely read books is "With Carrington on the Bozeman Road." In this story of the pioneer journey of a Minnesota merchant and his soldier son to Bozeman City, just after the Civil War, Hanson not only paints a graphic picture of the romance of the invasion of Montana by the whites, with all that it implied of hardship, tragedy, and ultimate triumph, but he brings to the story a notable knowledge of the history of the Western advance. The operations of General Carrington against the Indians are here described with historical fidelity, and the story as a whole is a noble interpretation of one of the most heroic chapters in American life.

Another historical work of Hanson's that has gained wide recognition throughout the northwest, not only in home libraries but as a book for public school use as well, is his "With Sully Into the Sioux Land." It is an account of the campaign of General Sully against the Sioux Indians. The story begins with a scene laid near New Ulm, Minnesota, in 1862,

in which Governor Ramsey, General Sibley, Judge Flandreau, and others, are conspicuously mentioned. It then shifts to North Dakota, South Dakota, and Montana, and fully depicts the hardships and suffering of the pioneers and early settlers resulting from the Indian outbreaks.

One of this author's best books—one showing his widest range of research—is "Pilot Knob, The Thermopylae of the West." In the preparation of this work he had associated with him Dr. Cyrus A. Peterson.

In this book is related from the Union point of view the history of the battle of Pilot Knob, which was fought on September 27, 1864, and which was one of the greatest contests of the tremendous struggle of sixty years ago.

Hanson and Peterson have utilized the accumulated data, notes, memoranda, and correspondence with respect to the great battle, together with the narratives of more than 100 survivors of the conflict at Pilot Knob and have extracted everything bearing on the detail of that battle.

The authors say: "In these days of peace and ease and plenty it is well for us to contemplate now and then—not through the eyes of the trained historian, who winnows and balances all the data of the subject before him—but through the sweat-dimmed and smoke-blinded eyes of actual participants—the exertions and heroisms and sufferings of the men

who made possible our present age of material prosperity."

It is an important addition to the history of the Civil War written with unusual charm.

"The Conquest of Missouri", from the pen of Hanson, excited the admiration of such old Indian fighters as Colonel Cody and General Nelson A. Miles, and many others who were associated with them. Such large dailies as the Chicago Tribune and the New York Sun heralded its praises.

Captain Grant Marsh, who is the chief figure in "The Conquest of the Missouri," commanded the "Far West" which took so prominent a part in the campaign against the Sioux Indians in 1876 which culminated in the destruction of Gen. Geo. A. Custer and several battalions of his command—the 7th U. S. Cavalry. Besides this one notable instance Captain Marsh participated in many government enterprises during the years of struggle between the whites and the hostile Indian tribes. Hanson, in writing "The Conquest of the Missouri," has built up his work around the personality and adventures of Captain Marsh as being representative of the period but he does not confine himself by any means to biographical data, and his work is really a very complete history of the advance of civilization over the vast territory of the Missouri.

Another refreshing story of Hanson's is "The Trail to El Dorado." This is an ideal boy's story, based upon the expedition of emigrants under Cap-

tain James L. Fisk, in 1862, from Minnesota across northern Dakota and Montana to Walla Walla, Washington. It was published serially in 1913 in "Boys' Life," the official organ of the Boy Scouts. That fall McClurg brought it out in book form.

The newly revived art of pageantry will doubtless contribute its quota to literature in the form of published texts. The first one published by a South Dakota writer is "The Pageant of Yankton" by Joseph Mills Hanson, which is just now issuing from the press. The subject of the pageant is the history of Yankton, including its romantic Indian beginnings, the coming of the first white men, the picturesque days of steamboating on the Missouri, the pioneer settlement of the town and important features of its development. Main incidents in this history are presented in a series of dramatic episodes, interspersed with music, songs, and dancing. A pageant has been described as a drama in which the community is the hero and its history the plot. Its purpose is to interpret to the people of a community their own life and civic ideals. This Mr. Hanson has done with insight and power in his new book.

But, we must get away from Hanson as a novelist and historian and study him briefly as a poet. The same beautiful literary charm found in his prose is at once noticeable in his poetry. He excels in narration. His periods attain great power, and

one cannot read any of them without feeling the thrill of their inspiration.

One of the very best volumes of poems to appear thus far in the history of the state is his "Frontier Ballads," a volume containing about one-fourth of the poems he has written to date, and which have been published from time to time in miscellaneous magazines. The poems contained in it are however those that are essentially western in flavor.

For both description and narration his "Girl of the Yankton Stockade," taken from "Frontier Ballads," will give us a good example.

THE GIRL OF THE YANKTON STOCKADE

Yes, it's pretty, this town. And it's always been so;
We pioneers picked it for beauty, you know.
See the far-rolling bluffs; mark the trees, how they hide
All its streets, and, beyond, the Missouri, bank-wide,
Swinging down through the bottoms. Up here on the height
Is the college. Eh, sightly location? You're right!

It has grown, you may guess, since I've been here; but still
It is forty-five years since I looked from this hill
One morning, and saw in the stockade down there
Our women and children all gathered at prayer,
While we, their defenders, with muskets in rest
Lay waiting the Sioux coming out of the West.

They had swept Minnesota with bullet and brand
Till her borders lay waste as a desert of sand,
When we in Dakota awakened to find
That the red flood had risen and left us behind.
Then we rallied to fight them,—Sioux, Sissetons, all
Who had ravaged unchecked to the gates of Saint Paul.

Is it strange, do you think, that the women took fright
That morning, and prayed; that men, even, turned white
When over the ridge where the college now looms
We caught the first glitter of lances and plumes
And heard the dull trample of hoofs drawing nigh,
Like the rumble of thunder low down in the sky?

Such sounds wrench the nerves when there's little to see;
It seemed madness to stay, it was ruin to flee.
But, handsome and fearless as Anthony Wayne,
Our captain, Frank Ziebach, kept hold on the rein,
Like a bugle his voice made us stiffen and thrill—
"Stand steady, boys, steady! And fire to kill!"

So the most of us stayed. But when dangers begin
You will always find some who are yellow within.
We had a few such, who concluded to steer
For the wagon-train, parked in the centre and rear.
They didn't stay long! But you've heard, I dare say,
Of the girl who discouraged their running away.

What, no? Never heard of Miss Edgar? Why, sir,
Dakota went wild with the praise of her!
As sweet as a hollyhock, slender and tall,
And brave as the sturdiest man of us all.
By George, sir, a heroine, that's what she made,
When her spirit blazed out in the Yankton stockade!

The women were sobbing, for every one knew
She must blow out her brains if the redskins broke through,
When into their midst, fairly gasping with fright,
Came the panic-struck hounds who had fled from the fight.
They trampled the weak in their blind, brutal stride,
Made straight for the wagons and vanished inside.

Then up rose Miss Edgar in anger and haste
And grasped the revolver that hung at her waist;
She walked to the wagon which nearest her lay,
She wrenched at the back-flap and tore it away,
Then aiming her gun at the fellow beneath
She held it point-blank to his chattering teeth.

"Go back to your duty," she cried, "with the men!
Go back, or you'll never see sunrise again!
Do you think, because only the women are here,
You can skulk behind skirts with your dastardly fear?
Get out on the ground. Take your gun. About, face!
And don't look around till you're back in your place!"

Well, he minded; what's more, all the others did, too.
That girl cleared the camp of the whole scurvy crew,
For a pistol-point, hovering under his nose,
Was an argument none of them cared to oppose.
Yet so modest she was that she colored with shame
When the boys on the line began cheering her name!

Well, that's all; just an echo of old border strife
When the sights on your gun were the guide-posts of life.
Harsh times breed strong souls, by eternal decree,
Who can breast them and win—but it's always struck me
That the Lord did an extra good job when He made
Miss Edgar, the girl of the Yankton stockade.

Likewise, two of his selections, "The Missouri" and "The 'Pauline' ", taken from his "River Songs," which constitute the last section of his "Frontier Ballads," are worthy of a place in the literature of any state or nation. "The Missouri" is too lengthy

for reproduction in its entirety, but a few stanzas culled therefrom will give to us an appreciation of its beautiful imagery as well as its artistic style of execution. The first two stanzas read:

When the hollow void of Chaos
By the sun's first flame was lit,
And morning kissed the new earth's leaden sky,
When the hand of God reached downward
To the ocean's utmost pit
And reared the ragged continents on high,

From the naked, dripping ranges
Of the Rocky's granite sweep,
In a pathway through the quaking mud-plains torn,
Surged a waste of briny waters
Roaring backward to the deep,
And the great Missouri, king of floods, was born.

After tracing it through the glacial period; on up to the time the Indians first sat upon its banks and later when the white man was checked by its floods, he concludes the poem as follows:

But splendid though the epic
Of the river's wondrous past
As Homer e'er could sing or Milton pen,
It will know its grandest numbers
In the ages yet uncast
When its worth shall yield full measure unto men.

In this storehouse of the nations,
Where but thousands prosper now,
The homes of teeming millions soon shall be;
On this noble waste of waters,
Untouched by steamer's prow,
Shall roll a people's commerce toward the sea.

Unto us and to our children
Will be dealt the untold gains
If, shaping Nature's promise into deeds,
We accept the willing service
Of this Titan of the plains
And compel its mighty muscles to our needs,

Till its flood runs deep and constant
To the Mississippi's tide,
And the wedded torrents down the South are hurled.
Pouring forth their fleets of plenty
O'er oceans far and wide
To bear our country's riches to the world.

"The 'Pauline'" is so closely woven together throughout that it would spoil the narrative to strike from it a single stanza, so we give it in full:

THE "PAULINE"

A Missouri tramp was the boat "Pauline"
An' she ran in '78;
She was warped in the hull an' broad o' beam,
An' her engines sizzled with wastin' steam,
An' a three-mile jog against the stream
Was her average runnin' gait.
Sing ho! fer the rickety "Pauline" maid,
The rottenest raft in the Bismarck trade,
An' her captain an' her mate.

The new "North Queen" come up in June,
Fresh launched from the Saint Joe ways,
As speedy a craft as the river'd float—
She could buck the bends like a big-horn goat—
An' she hauled astern o' that "Pauline" boat

On one o' them nice spring days.
Sing ho! fer the "Pauline," puffin' hard,
With her captain up on the starboard guard,
A-watchin' the "North Queen" raise.

The "Queen," she drew to the "Pauline's" wheel
An' her captain come a-bow;
"I'll give yeh three miles the lead," says he,
"An' beat yeh at that into Old Santee."
"Come on," says the "Pauline's" chief, "an' see!
I'm a-waitin' fer yeh now."
Sing ho! fer the captains, grim an' white
With the smothered hate of an old-time fight
An' the chance fer a new-time row.

So the sassy "Queen" strung out behind
An' let the distance spread,
Till the "Pauline" headed Ackley's Bend
An' herself come in at the lower end;
Then her slow-bell speed begun to mend
Fer the space that the old boat led.
Sing ho! fer the clerk's an' the engineers
A-swabbin' the grease on the runnin' gears
An' settin' the stroke ahead.

Puff-puff! they went by the flat sand-bars,
Chug-chug! where the currents spun,
An' the "Pauline's" stokers were not to blame
Fer her tall, black stacks were spoutin' flame,
But the "Queen" crawled up on her, just the same,
Two miles to the "Pauline's" one.
Sing ho! fer the steam-chest's poundin' cough,
A-shakin' the nuts o' the guy-rods off
To the beat o' the piston's run.

The "Queen" pulled up on the old boat's beam
At the mouth o' Chouteau Creek,
An' the "Pauline's" captain stamped an' swore,
Fer the wood bulged out o' the furnace door,
An' the steam-gauge hissed with the load it bore,
But she couldn't do the trick.
Sing ho! fer the pilot at the wheel
A-shavin' the shoals on a twelve-inch keel,
Enough to scare yeh sick.

The "Queen" was doin' her level best
An' she wasn't leadin' far—
Fer the "Pauline" stuck like a barber's leech—
But she let her siren whistle screech
When she led the way into Dodson's Reach,
Three miles from Santee Bar.
Sing ho! fer the "Pauline's" roust about
A-rollin' the Bismarck cargo out,
Big barrels o' black pine tar.

The "Pauline's" chief was a sight to see
As he stood on the swingin' stage.
"I'll beat that pop-eyed levee-rat
If he banks his fires with bacon fat;
Pile in that tar an' let her scat
An' never mind the gauge!"
Sing ho! fer the boilers singein' red
An' the black smoke vomitin' overhead
From the furnace' flamin' rage.

An' she gained, that rattle-trap mud-scow did,
While her wake got white with spray,
An' forty rods from the landin'-plank
Her bow was a-beam o' the "North Queen's" flank
An' her pilot rushin' her fer the bank

To block the "North Queen's" way.
Sing ho! fer the boilers' burstin' roar
As they hurl them loose from the splittin' floor,
An' tear the decks away.

But the captain bold of the ex-"Pauline,"
He didn't stop a bit,
Fer he flew with the wreckage through the air
An' fell on the landin', fair an' square,
An' the "Queen" run in an' found him there,
R'ared up from where he'd lit.
An' he yelled: "You rouster, I've won the race!
Go git a boat that can keep my pace,
Yer 'North Queen' doesn't fit!"

Other charming poems of Hanson's, published as yet only in various magazines, but not preserved in book form, are: "Recessional," a tribute to Bishop Biller; "Memory," a longing for the Jim river; "Ballads of Visions," a psychic treatise on the soul; "Ballad of the Fleet," a description of the world cruise made by the United States' battleship fleet in 1908; "Christmas Eve," "Festival Hall," "Flag Day," "Love Beckoned On," "Vesper," "Prairie Chicken Time," "My Pal and I," and "The Cavalry Veteran."

Charles Elmer Holmes

Biographical—Born, North Stonington, Conn., Feb. 2, 1868. Educated at Yale (A. B. 1884). Admitted Nebraska bar, 1887. V-P State Bank of Harrison, Neb., 1890-93. Teacher, South Dakota schools, 1894-99. Identified with N. Y. Mutual Life Insurance Co. since that time. Married Josephine C. Etter, June 15, 1903. Lecturer. Author of two volumes of poetry and one of prose. Present address, Columbus, Ohio.

CHARLES ELMER HOLMES

The most prolific writer (with the exception of Judge Van Dalsem) that the state has produced thus far—by birth within her borders or by adoption, either temporary or permanently—is the accomplished Charles E. Holmes. He has excelled in both fields of literary endeavor—prose and poetry—and in addition thereto, he is one of the most versatile public speakers that have graced the platform of the state.

Holmes is a typical literary genius. Most writers are not successful public speakers. The thoughtful, considerate rigid-moving mind found in the writer, is usually at variance with the dash, the keenness, the sarcasm, the wit and the ready speech of the orator. Not so with Holmes. He embodies the fundamental requisites of both, happily intermingled, and strengthened by an inviting personality, and a pleasing voice. These give him a complete mastery of the lecture field as well.

The production on which his reputation must rest as a prose writer is his "Birds of the West." In this book he plainly forsook the prose style of the average writer and launched boldly into a style of his own. These articles on birds were first published in serial form in the Sioux Falls Daily Argus-Leader. They struck such a responsive chord in the western

heart that hundreds of people wrote their author to preserve them in book form. This he did. In his Introduction to the book he says: "Many a time I have asked my friends, 'What is life?'" Then the writer himself concludes in the language of Whittier, that life is to know:

> "'Of the wild bee's morning chase,
> Of the wild flower's time and place,
> Flight of fowl, and habitude
> Of the tenants of the wood;
> How the tortoise bears his shell,
> How the woodchuck digs his cell,
> And the ground-mole sinks his well;
> How the robin feeds her young,
> How the oriole's nest is hung.'"

He says:

"We shall learn something of the skunk cabbage when we see the dapper little yellow throat building her home within it, choosing to endure its horrid odor for the protection that it gives to her helpless little babies.

"We shall learn that snakes crawl out of their skins when we find the crested flycatcher working a cast-off skin into her nest to scare her enemies away.

"We shall get a genuine pleasure in knowing that the little bird we call a petrel was named after Saint Peter, because it walks upon the water.

"When we are afield, we shall learn of the trees in which the birds spread their tiny couches and swing their airy cradles.

* * * * *

"When we begin to appreciate the worth of things rather than their values, we begin to live. Then a frog means more than a pair of edible legs; and I have seen the very human little fellows put their hands over their faces to ward off the

blows that were to send them to the market. Is not a quail on its nest better than a "quail on toast?' Does it not bear the same relation to birds that the trout does to fishes—just a little dearer than most of the others? Neither was made to lie in the market; and if they must be taken, let it be where the feathered choir is chanting a requiem and the heather bells are tolling."

For use in making up his book the American Audubon Society loaned to the publishers the color-plates of all the birds contained therein. This makes it an unusually attractive volume, as well as an instructive one.

But it is as a poet that we desire to discuss Holmes. He is a master of all kinds of styles. He seems to pass through a multiplicity of moods, and while in each of them, to be easily at his best. He lowers you into a pit of dismal grief and then carries you on wings of imaginative fantasy to the siren heights of rapturous ecstasy. Vacillating between these two extremes he paints in musical rhythm every phase of life. As a descriptive poet his works have a fine coloring; but it is due to him to say that his strongest traits lie in his power of implied suggestion. This power is abundantly set forth in the following dainty love scene:

LOVE'S STORY

Down in the shade of a leafy nook,
In the bend of a winding, woodland brook,
The sunshine lighted our little book,
As we both read the same sweet story.

And as we came to the closing line
Of a dainty love-song, half-divine,
I glanced, and her wistful eyes met mine
And we both read the same sweet story.

Holmes lives close to nature. He does not "see through a glass darkly," but he sees things as they are. Wandering casually along the sunny slopes of the Sioux hills his keen eye never fails to catch the bending nod of the daisy (day's eye) as it obeys the spring zephyr and expresses its, "How do you do?" Neither does he miss the perfect coloring of the leaves; the birds' nests on the forked limbs nor the varied insects creeping about in the trees. Holmes hears. He listens to the voice of Dame Nature; and in his soul he feels a quickening response to the unfolding bud, the healing wound on the tree, and the crackling of the grasses round about as they rise from their winter's bed to resume their green hue as of old. He reveals this trait of himself beautifully in the following lines:

NATURE

Nature, devoted priestess, ever finds
Some new-born wonder in the meanest clod;
And feasts our eyes on beauty and our minds
On truths that bear the autograph of God.

Who keeps in touch with nature and adores
The faultless working of her plans prepense,
Is more than nature's child, for he explores
The widest range of soul intelligence.

Holmes' delicate sentiment, his poetic diction and his artistic touch are nowhere more plainly revealed in his writings than in his charming little two stanza lullaby:

LULLABY

Sleep, sleep, little ones, sleep;
Under the waves of your fairy-like curls;
Little eyes weighted with baby-bright blisses,
Little cheeks freighted with lily-light kisses;
Sleep, little girls.

Dream, dream, little ones, dream;
Sail far away from the region of tears;
Little eyes weary of constant surprise,
Little cheeks teary from weary-worn eyes;
Dream, little dears.

Again, much of his literary strength lies in his sympathetic nature. He possesses all the finer attributes of a poet's heart. His sympathy finds beautiful expression in the following selection:

ON BROKEN WING

In a dark highway, flitting in the snow,
A little bird lay chilled and suffering;
Chirping unheard, unseen in pain it fell
On broken wing.

There have been souls, children of heavenly song,
That have stayed in their wild, dreamy flight,
And fall'n unseen, unknown, as silently
In the dark night.

Yet someone pities them and someone loves
Them, for the simple tribute that they bring
To Him that marketh e'en the sparrow's fall
On broken wing.

Note the difference between the preceding poem and the one that follows. Observe the change of mood, the vacillation. Although not a father himself, he has the deepest possible appreciation of childhood. This appreciation is tastily set forth in the following poem:

TO A LITTLE FRIEND

It's astonishing, yet statisticians say,
There are born a million babies every day;
There are brownies, blacks and yellows,
Mighty cunning little fellows,
Teenty-taunty little heathen far away.

I am singing of the babes of fairer hue,
The dimpled little darlings such as you;
When you left your home above,
A tiny messenger of love—
A little star came peeping through the blue.

Oh, these baby lumps of freshness from on high,
Little chest-expanding crooners from the sky—
Bright and happy angel-faces
Sent to occupy the places
Of little people such as Pa and I.

Little minstrels of the stilly, chilly night,
Making papa promenade the stage in white,
Singing rasping lullabys
That would ope your dreamy eyes,
No matter if old Somnus glued 'em tight.

But you're worth the weary hours of toil and pain;
And your baby-song is never sung in vain;
For it makes the home-life dearer
And it draws your papa nearer,
And it makes him like a little child again.

From the happy jingle of the last poem we are dropped into a chasm of grief and sadness in the following lines:

THOU DOST NOT KNOW

Hast thou a friend in sickness lying,
Though but a simple ailment lay her low—
Do not forget! Fate names the dying.
Thou shalt not know

How soon a friend may pass from thee
Without a knowledge of thy love for her.
Love always thinks. A little flower may be
Thy silent messenger.

Pluck them I say. Stern are the laws of fate;
Hold it not lightly that thy friendship show
Only a name. It may be too late.
Thou dost not know.

As a descriptive poet, Holmes is very much at his ease. His description of the Bad Lands attests his proficiency in this line. It has been used repeatedly by trained elocutionists in their recitals.

THE BAD LANDS

A stillness sleeps on the broken plain
And the sun beats down with a fiery rain
On the crust that covers the sand that is rife
With the bleaching bones of the old world life.

'Tis a sea of sand and over the waves
Are the wind-blown tops of the Cyclops' caves;
And the mountain sheep and the antelopes
Graze cautiously over the sun-burnt slopes.

And here in the sport of the wild wind's play,
A thousand years are as yesterday;
And a million more in these barren lands
Have run themselves in the shifting sands.

Oh, the struggle and strife and the passion and pain
Since the bones lay bleached on the sandy plain,
And a stillness fell on the shifting sea,
And a silence that tells of eternity!

Holmes' best poems are found in his little volume entitled "Happy Days." Among them are "The Cowboy's Sweetheart," and "The Cake Walk," two selections that are general favorites with public readers: also "The Hymn of the Prairie," "Uncle Sam," "A Song of Dakota" and many other pieces worth one's time to study.

Among the hit-and-miss poems of this gifted writer is one that savors of melancholy or regret, and it is the only one of his poems that does. To read it gives one another view-point of Holmes.

SUBMISSION

Sweet, thou hast trod on a heart;
Pass, there's a world full of men,
And women as fair as thou art
Must do such things now and then.

True, only the heart of a friend
  Thou hast trod upon, unaware
Of aught but thy halcyon tread;
  But why should a heart have been there?

Forbid that in after years,
  When the bloom and the dimples are gone,
Thine eyes look to God through the tears
  Of thy sorrow for what thou hast done.

Forbid that in silence apart,
  Thy soul the sad prayer shall know,
"Would God I had only the heart
  That I trod upon ages ago."

In 1905, Holmes suddenly thrust upon the market an entire volume of poems, all centering about the divorce evil, which at that time was at high tide in Sioux Falls. The title of this little book, "From Court to Court," is very suggestive of its contents.

One, only, of these poems is sufficient to give the reader an insight into the real character of the volume:

WHAT COULD THE POOR GIRL DO?

They married, as so many do,
Before they were acquainted,
When Bill discovered Geraldine
Was not as she was painted:
And she discovered Bill was not
The boy to blush unseen,
And so they had their quarrels;
Poor little Geraldine!
  What could the poor girl do?

In books and art they disagreed:
She read the best they made:
Such stuff as James and Browning;
Bill always read George Ade:
He was very fond of Dooley;
She leaned a bit to Ibsen;
He loved the comic supplement;
She loved the girls of Gibson.
What could the poor girl do?

On music and the theatre
They quarreled every day:
He liked the Cherry sisters;
She doted on Duse:
She played Chopin and Schuman
And denounced it as a crime
When Bill sang "Hiawatha"
And "The Good Old Summer Time."
What could the poor girl do?

Her dog she named De Peyster,
Bill had a fighting pup:
One day Fitz got excited,
And he ate De Peyster up:
She named the baby Reginald
He wanted it named Chawles;
That settled it: He went his way:
She visited Sioux Falls.
What could the poor girl do?

Charles Bracy Lawton

Biographical—Born in Ohio, June 27, 1887. During babyhood removed with parents to South Bend, Indiana. Educated in the public schools of that place. During his latter 'teens, the family removed to South Dakota and settled on a farm six miles east of Scotland. Later, they removed to Scotland. Married Marie Wenzlaff in 1894. Settled on his parents' old farm on the James River, east of Scotland. Father of two children—a boy and a girl. Killed by an accident, January 20, 1899.

CHARLES BRACY LAWTON

We are now to consider another poet with a poet's heart—one whose songs emanated not alone from the mind but also from that hidden something in the inward being, which we are wont to style the human soul. The full roundness of his literary conception, the delicacy of his sentiments, the choice selection of his words, and, in general, his literary execution—all combine to give his writings an artistic finish and a high rank. His poems are nearly all written in a minor key—death, fate, contemplation.

It is indeed regrettable that one of such great literary promise should have been stricken down at so young an age when the realization of his literary aspirations had but scarcely begun. And yet, during this brief career, he gave to us a complete volume of poems, entitled "Lest You Forget," published by his mother after his death, which bespeaks uncompromisingly the great literary future that awaited him. All who have read his literary productions agree that he takes high rank among South Dakota poets.

The preface to "Lest You Forget" was written by Miss Flora Louise Stanfield, of South Bend, Ind., one of his boyhood friends. It is exceedingly touching and beautiful. Among other cherished things she says: "There are some lives which cannot be

judged or measured by the petty rules with which we mete out praise or blame to the ordinary individual. His was such a life. * * * He was so true a friend that one's pen falters when it dares to measure the height and depth and extent of his faithfulness. * * * He was a poet, with a poet's heart, and we who knew him did not guess it until he had woven words into verse that stern critics stopped to praise. And then, with many songs unsung, he went away."

One would almost think that Lawton predicted his own fate, for in the opening lines of "God's Plan," he says:

We fill a place in God's own plan, divine this life we live,
The mystery pervading it a charm to life doth give,
While we seek through the unstarred night the solving of our state,
Omnipotent, an unseen hand doth build for each his fate.

To his happy marriage two children were born. The girl died in infancy. His first inspiration to write poetry came to him on the first anniversary of her death. With a heart reeking with sorrow—he dipped his inspired pen into the heart of a tomb and left to the world this touching echo of his own soul:

A LITTLE MOUND

I stood one day beside a little mound
I knew so well that lies upon the hill.
And wondered long, as one grief-stricken will—
Had agony before reached depths profound
As these? Had yet one known such pain or found
A life as spiritless, a heart as chill

As mine had been since nature subtly still
Enwrapped the mystery of death around
That little form of hers, my first-born child?
This punishment seemed all that I could bear,
But now, when I another hopeless find,
Weeping for one grown nameless and defiled,
I think of my own dear one lying there,
And feel that death to me was almost kind.

As his life-blood ebbed away, after his unfortunate accident, he left behind on his desk an unpublished poem, "A Prayer"—it was his last. In it he seems to feel intuitively that something extraordinary is about to happen, but instead of fastening the suspicion upon himself his longings turn toward his baby boy.

A PRAYER

Make me to bow, to bend, to break,
To lose my pride and if needs be
Tear thou my breast for thy name's sake,
But leave, O God, these things to me:

Leave thou the little face of trust,
The chubby arms that faithful creep
About my neck—O, if thou must
Take all; but these, God, let me keep.

Were those lips dumb I could not hear,
Were those eyes set, I could not see;
Take what thou wilt, though priceless, dear,
But leave, O God these things to me.

His depth of love and solicitude for the welfare of his baby boy is admirably set forth in one of his earliest poems entitled, "Dear Little Face."

DEAR LITTLE FACE

Dear little face, so full of trust
That now is all believing;
Dear little face that some day must
Find life filled with deceiving;
Dear little face, that draws to mine,
Nor dreams of dreaded danger,
Would I could keep you to the end
To disappointment stranger!

Dear little face, that asks to know
The mystery of living;
Dear little face, that years will show
That life was made for giving;
Dear little face, where lines will grow
And deepen with life's sadness,
Would I could keep you from the low,
Replacing grief with gladness!

Dear little face, how can you meet
A world, strong men defying?
Dear little one, why must you hear
The sorrowing and crying?
Dear little face—I dare not dream
But, praying here above you,
I draw you closer in my arms—
God knows how well I love you!

The thought of death seems ever to have been on his mind when writing. Every poem reveals it. The following are only a few of the many sad ones that he wrote:

SWEET DEATH

Ah, now I know that you who seemed so cold,
That you of whom I felt the deepest awe
And dread, year after year; in whom I saw
A foe to bear me to a tomb where mould,
Decay, and dampened clods would me infold,
Are, after all, my friend. There is no flaw
Today I would amend in nature's law
Which put me in your strange and subtle hold.
With faith grown out of hope, I place my hand
Thus willingly in yours, with no regret
That you have come. To gain the unknown land
Which you conceal, I gladly pay the debt;
For this weak, flagging clay no more is manned
To brave life's way, and timely we have met.

WHEN ONE FAR MORNING COMES

When one far morning comes and I must lie
Unheeding word or prayer; when to convey
Unto the tomb my tired, unshriven clay
Some strangers wait and, looking, haply sigh;
Then when you doubting stand and wonder why
These things are so and grieving turn away
Lest tears and suffering at last betray
The love which you no longer will deny;

Then when to judge e'en false men will forbear;
Then when to you I have turned cold, severe,
And on my features grimly death's mask wear.
Remember as you speak to me how dear
Belated words will be that lying there
So still, so deaf, I, listening, shall hear.

SOMEWHERE

We stand, some silent friends, around a bier;
We knew him in those years when hoyden heart
Found relish keen, and something counterpart
In supercilious life, before the fear
Of captious middle age, before the tear
Of penitence adown the cheek did start.
Dear death, if thou art only sleep, thou art
The amaranthine friend of failure here!
Though it is proved he was not born to lead
His fellow men in any wondrous way,
To those who throw the lance amiss and bleed,
He gave such words of cheer as he could say;
For this alone, from all its fetters freed,
Somewhere that soul may find its peace today.

THE END

I hear the dripping from the eaves,
The eddying of fallen leaves,
I hear the creaking of a door,
The snapping of the drying floor;
In all, I hear you coming, dear,
I think each moment that I hear
Your step, your words of greeting sound,
But you are in the death-shroud wound.

I hear them say that you are dead,
I to an open grave am led,—
I hear a coffin lowering now,
And, too, some words, and then somehow,
The falling earth upon the lid
Beneath which your dear face is hid.
The hour has come, poor heart, to break,
To ache, to ache, to ache, to ache.

WHO IS DEAD

She is buried on the hill in the sand,
Art and nature have been there, and have planned
Well to keep around her bed
Lilies white and roses red;
She was pure and too hath bled,
Who is dead.

So in life it was for her all along,
Sweetest modulations filled out her song;
Why need, then, poor words be said?
Why should tears for her be shed?
Let heartsease for her be spread,
Who is dead.

There we left her all alone in the sand,
Art and nature understood, and have planned
Well to keep around her bed
Lilies white and roses red,
She was pure and too hath bled
Who is dead.

It would be unfair to the young poet not to publish in full "God's Plan," a verse of which was quoted at the beginning of this review.

GOD'S PLAN

We fill a place in God's own plan, divine this life we live,
The mystery pervading it a charm to life doth give.
While we seek through the unstarred night the solving of our state,
Omnipotent, an unseen hand doth build for each his fate.

We do not fret when autumn shades are growing on the leaves,
Nor that a scheming spider for his prey a network weaves,
We know the summer foliage has served its useful days,
We know the plan of insect life is just in all its ways.

More wonderful is HOW we live than that we have an end,
And whence we came, life's mystery doth all these things transcend;
But yet we stand and ask to know the working of the plan
Which God alone is justly, surely working out for man.

As children do we stand and weep beside a mother's knee,
And let a soft caress dispel the fear we cannot see,
We give each day to human hands our confidence and trust,
But hesitate to give to His, which only can be just.

We shape our deeds by mortal signs and trust a human tongue,
While He hath in a key divine through endless ages rung
The music of the wandering wind, the listless wave of sea,
And sung for man's discordant ear harmonious symphony.

The power which placed the fixed stars above the oceans blue,
Which keeps the fieldmouse through the snow and wets the flowers with dew
Which grows the wee-faced daisy where it guides the planets true,
Will shape for you and me, my lad, our course, and truly, too.

Another poem of his that is worthy of preservation is the following:

LIFE IS A LITTLE THING

Life is a little thing; what, no one knows,
The mystery unbidden comes and goes.
Birtheries are met and stifled in the air
By wailings for the dead arising there.
We do not know we live before we find
The end is near. Life is a little thing,
why should we mind?

Life is a little thing; a bending reed,
No seeming mission but to break and bleed;
Assiduous care may make the weed a flower,
Yet it must have at last its fateful hour,
When bruised it hangs upon a broken stem,
But weep not for the flowers. Life is a little thing
to them.

Life is a little thing of days and years
Filled in with morning suns and raining tears,
Some furrows deep and some unbroken sod,
The plowing deep or shallow lies with God.
What matters it to us how days shall be
Of sun or rain? Life is a little thing to you and
me.

Life is a little thing; then bid it go—
Why do men cling to that which hurts them so?
If life is fight, and death the battle won,
Lay down your arms, let mystery be undone.
If heaven is gained with but a single leap,
Why all this fear? Life is a little thing to nurse
and keep.

Life is a little thing; then why this dread
Of some few weary miles that stretch ahead?
Speed on today—take life at its best worth,
Tomorrow's sun may find you lost to earth.
Tomorrow of today is but the test.
Do what you can. Life is a little thing to live at best.

Life is a little thing that lies between
A world we know and worlds that are unseen.
A modulation in a minor key,
From what was once to that which yet must be;
The ages keep the harmony complete,
And in the plan, life is a little thing that we must meet.

Other equally charming selections of Lawton's are: "Together"—a dainty little touch of disappointment in love: "You Went Away"—a sister piece to the former; "Failure"—a ringing command to duty; "Limits," "Apart," "Ambition," "After Glow," "November," "Sorrow's Weed," "Point Me the Way," "The Fireplace," "Winter," "Triolet," "A Little Ring," "That Day," and "May Apple Blossoms."

Mrs. Flora Shufelt-Rivola

Biographical—Born, Toledo, Ohio, Dec. 1, 1881. Came to Dakota, 1884. Educated, rural schools, Yankton high school and Yankton College Academy. Married Charles E. Rivola July 22, 1903. Mother of three children—two girls and one boy.

MRS. FLORA SHUFELT-RIVOLA

A new poetess who appeared above the literary horizon at the opening of the year, 1915, and who found immediate recognition, is Mrs. Flora Shufelt-Rivola, of Yankton. Her poems, although semi-confessional of her own personal experiences, are, nevertheless, general in their application; so much so that she has found a ready sale for them among the leading publishers of the United States. Only a few of the many she has written during the past year, are herein given.

ELUSIVE

(Springfield, Mass., Republican.)

I may not bind the Muse and hold her fast
At will, as gracefully she flutters past:
I may not lure her to my hold and catch
Her tresses, when the moon is on the thatch;

But on a vagrant wind there comes to me
A fancy, sweet and glad and fine and free;
And in a trice I catch the luring thought
And pinion it, and lo! a poem's wrought.

TARRYING

(From the Minneapolis Journal.)

I looked toward the celestial shore;
Cried, "Let me go."
Accoutrements of earthly life
Do bind me so.

My soul would soar in wond'rous flight,
And I should be
So happy, having His own light
Ashine on me.

And then, I heard a soft, sweet voice
Which whispers still,
"Could ye not tarry with Me, here
If 'tis My will?"
Then, taking up my cross, I walked
Upon the road;
Praying the while, for worthiness
To share His load.

LITTLE MAN OF YESTERDAY

(Springfield, Mass., Republican.)

Little, little lad of mine,
With your show of courage fine;
Oh! 'tis brave I'd have you be.
But your mother's eyes can see
Deep inside, all hid away,
Things your lips may never say.

Little man of yesterday,
Singing as you march away;
The good God who knows all things
Knows the hearts of men and kings;
God and mother see the ache,
Though so brave a part you take.

Little man of yesterday,
Common folks have had to pay
In the coin of pain and tears,
For the wars, all through the years.
Still our lips will smile today,
Smile, the while you march away.

Oh! I wonder, does the king
Know how great, how grave a thing
'Tis to take my little lad;
All the child your mother had,
Must you go the long, long way?
Little man of yesterday.

THE TYRO

(Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Republican.)

I'm but a tyro and I cannot say
The things I feel in an artistic way,
But when the first rose blooms beside my door
And when spring's sunshine flecks with gold my floor,
Then, do I feel the selfsame urge as they
Who have "arrived" in an artistic way.

And when my baby boy, sweet, cuddles up
I know what David meant about the cup
That runneth over; when in John's dear eye
I see love's soft light gleaming, why then, I
Know, too, "Home keeping hearts are happiest,"
When with love's light I thus am soft caressed.

When in my ears the age-old world pain moans
I feel a call to utter it in tones
That may not be so carelessly laid by,
But spur men's hearts to action; when I try
The wizardry of words quite fails me; I may yet
Depict the woes my heart cannot forget.

To be a tyro ever—fail to say
The things I feel in an artistic way,
May hold more possibilities of pain
Than hope of any sweet that I may gain;
Yet deep within I share the wonder part
Of that which every poet holds within his heart.

TREASURES

(Sioux City Journal.)

I once had a friend whom I thought to the end
Must needs cleave to my soul;
She went away from me one day
To reach a higher goal;
Oh! it isn't the flowers and it isn't the showers
Of tears that fall so fast;
But the message fraught with our love we brought
To our dear ones in the past.

I had one nearer, to me far dearer
Than other loved things are,
But one sad night he took his flight
To some ethereal star.
Oh! it isn't the pain and it isn't the rain
Of tears on a coffin lid;
But the spirit we showed, the love we bestowed,
The kindly thing we did.

Kind deeds are treasure, but One can measure
To store within the breast;
A healing balm to bring hearts calm,
When dear ones are at rest.
For the stinging scorch of remorse's torch
When through long hours we weep
Is the bitt'rest woe that hearts e'er know
When silently they sleep.

Then let us give, while yet they live,
Our love in fullest measure;
'Twill ease our pain when hot tears rain
And be our lasting treasure.
For it isn't the pain and it isn't the rain
Of tears on a coffin lid,
But the spirit we showed, the love we bestowed,
The kindly thing we did.

IN THE AFTERGLOW

(The Christian Herald.)

Mother o' mine, in the afterglow
Of mothering years, I love you so;
For loving me e'er life I knew,
When next your heart a new life grew;
Loving me on into fair childhood,
When I so little understood
The long, hard way we all must go,
Mother o' mine, I love you so.

Loving me, too, when life so sweet
Tempted my wayward, girlish feet
Away from paths of truth and right
To paths that lead to sin's dark night;
Winning me back with loving tone
To ways that you had made your own
By struggle and stress and pain and prayer,
By love's own cords you held me there.

Mother o' mine, 'tis mine to take
The burdensome load, the stress, the ache,
That come in motherhood's fair years,
The joy, the pain, the love, the tears;
'Tis mine to give what you gave me.
Mother o' mine, I would faithful be
To the highest note in the song you taught
My girlish lips, the music fraught
With all the mother hopes and fears,
That fill to the brim the mothering years.

Mother o' mine, in the afterglow
Of motherhood's years, I thank you so
For gifts to me from out your heart.
At thoughts that rise my hot tears start;
God give me ways to make you know

How great is my love before you go
Away to rest from your mothering;
I would remove life's every sting,
And give you rest in the afterglow,
For, mother o' mine, I love you so.

LIFE'S LARGESS

(Sioux City Journal.)

Whatever life may have withheld,
It, yet, has offered this:
Unto my thirsty lips it gave
A woman's cup of bliss;
To stand upon the mountain crags
Where heaven's winds blow free,
Up climbing to these wonder heights,
Dear, hand in hand with thee.

There have been nights when solemn stars
Marched up the milky way
Which have been rivaled only by
The splendor of the day;
And little sheltered nooks where we
Have rested at the noon
In chill of cold December and
In glories of sweet June.

And thrice into our lives has crept
A little breath of God,
Each breath but adding fragrance sweet
Unto the way we trod;
And in the hush before the dawn
That ushers in age's morn
I stand me, grateful for life's rose,
Forgetful of its thorn.

Whatever life may have withheld,
It, yet, has offered this:
Unto my thirsty lips it gave
A woman's cup of bliss;
And from these heights I reach my arms
To heaven in thankfulness
That I have, here, been clothed upon
With its own perfect dress,

And recognize its pricelessness
The while I wore the gown;
The golden, glowing stuff of it
Has never seemed dull brown;
So far and free I stand me forth
Here on the mountain heights,
A-singing songs of gladness for
Life's gift and its delights.

Why need we question of those things
Which life may have withheld,
Since, from the primer of the world
Our grateful lips have spelled
One word, which made life's meaning clear,
Its mystery and charm
Wrapped in that word which wards our souls
From any dire alarm.

IF WHEN I PASS

(Sioux City Journal.)

If when I pass, these things of me be said:
She soothed an ache, she stanched a wound that bled;
Her heart was ever open to the day,
She went in humble service on her way,
Giving to this worn one a cheery smile,
That threatened more than one lone heart could bear;
With those that hungered, she her bread did share.

In withered bloom beheld the seeds of life;
Her faith reached out unto the end of strife.
She held high courage in Despair's own face,
And to her Father whispered daily grace
For life and love, for trials that make strong:
Unto the morning sunshine added song.
She planted flowers and, then, shared the bloom;
Within her home she ever could find room
For such as needed succor for the night.
Within her window kept a beacon light,
That spoke of hope to those who walk the dusk.
She made a feast for him, who, eating husk,
Came to himself and turned again back home;
And sent a prayer out after those that roam:
If when I pass, these things of me be said
I shall not need more flowers for my bed.

E'en while I write the human heart denies
The citadel whereto I lift my eyes;
Yet do I know a fount of strength awaits
The heart with courage strong to storm the gates.

PROGRESS

(From "The Masses" Magazine, New York.)

I was a mountain girl,
I know, now, they call us poor mountain whites:
There is a school in the valley, a college, where my little sister goes;
I was twelve years old when she was born
And in four more years I was married,
Married—but I had no courtship—no romance:
I must have had beauty once,
They say I looked like Sue does now.

I could read a little and Sue has brought me books,
Books that have interpreted to me the unsatisfied, longing ache of the years.
I married a bloke, like my father and my brother;
When he asked me to mate up with him it was only that—
As an animal might seek his kind—
The birds and flowers and youth and love and spring
Meant nothing to him;
And I, unknowing, answered the call of our animal selves and married him;
Now, when I am coming to know through books and Sue,
How it all might have been, I am faded and old and coarse;
My teeth are yellow and my hands hard with callous;
My cheeks have brown patches where once the roses of spring bloomed.

Sue has a follower, a young Professor of the school,
Who has taught her with his fine manner and easy grace to be a lady;
He reads poetry to her and brings her roses with dew on them,
And pictures—one a madonna and child—
I look and look at it and then I look at my own daughter,
And think of the mother I might have been
And the father I might have given her.

Tonight I shall tell her of my late awakening
And my dreams for her;
The callous on these hands shall grow thicker with toil,
That she may go to the college in the valley,
And learn to be a lady.

Doane Robinson

Biographical—Born, near Sparta, Wis., Oct. 19, 1856. Attended country school. Migrated to Minnesota. Taught school for five winters. Read law. Graduated, Wisconsin Law school, 1883. Established himself in practice of law at Watertown, S. D. Gave up law for editorial work. Published "Monthly South Dakotan" for a number of years. Married Jennie Austin, of Leon, Wis., in 1884. Father of two sons. Author of a number of prose works and of one volume of poems. State Historian for South Dakota since January 23, 1901. Also author and editor of (to date—1916) seven large volumes of State Historical reports.

DOANE ROBINSON

Hon. Doane Robinson must be dealt with in the field of poetry and prose, as he has been prolific in both. As a poet his work is confined mostly to dialect verse. His early poetry was first published in the Century Magazine, the Arena Magazine, the Great Divide and other periodicals. Later, these poems were collected and published by the Gazette Printing Company, of Yankton, in a volume of verse entitled "Midst The Coteaus of Dakota." It contains forty-five of Robinson's poems that were written and published prior to 1900. The book is artistically illustrated by Edwin M. Waterbury. From it have been culled the four following poems as indicative of Robinson's style—two dialect poems and two non-dialect ones. While the first two are somewhat reminiscent and filled with mirth, yet in his "Peace Hymn of The United States," he mounts to considerable power.

IN SOUTH DAKOTA

Takin' an' layin' by all jokes,
We're lots smarter than other folks
In South Dakota.
Had the advantage, plumb from the start,
Bein', that most of us come here smart;
And rubbin' agin the itinerant air
Hez sharpened us up, 'til at last, I swear,
Half of us farmers knows a heap
More of wool-tariffs than raisin' sheep
In South Dakota.

Just about all of us come out here
To run for the senate. It do appear
That them that would take the governorship,
Rather than let opportunities slip,
Ain't more thought of than any scrub
Legislator. But there's one rub—
When there's a seat in the senate to spare,
Most of us always don't git our share
In South Dakota.
But we've got big hearts and open hands
And we never sulks, and we never stands
A tryin' to hinder, by some low muss,
A man that is smarter than any of us,
But all of us hurries to recognize
The boss-smart fellow that wins the prize;
Then we goes on seedin' our black-muck lands
While the buntins sing and the gulls fly low
A watchin' the gophers plunder the corn,
And the nestin' robins come and go
With critters hair, by the barb-fence torn;—
Brown smoke rolls up from the blazin' slough
Where last year's grass chokes back the new,
And the wild cock's rumble fills the air
From the hills where smoky shadows mope,
And out by the barn the stock-hogs swear,
And the spring calf tugs at its picket rope;
While the summer grows 'til the harvest's due
And the wheat turns gold, and the corn is fair,
But our biggest yield is the crop of hope,
In South Dakota.

HERDING

No end of rich green medder land
Spicked out with every kind of poseys.
Es fer as I kin understand
They's nothin' else on earth so grand

Es just a field of prairy roseys,
Mixed up with blue, gold-beaded plumes
Of shoestring flowers and peavey blooms.
Take it a warm, sunshiny day
When prairies stretch so fer away
Ther lost at last in smoky gray,
And hulkin' yoke-worn oxen browse
Around the coteaus with the cows,—
The tipsey, stag'rin' day-old calf
Mumbles a bleat and slabbers a laugh,—
And yearlin' steers so round and slick
Wade in the cool and sparklin' crick,
While cute spring bossies romp and play
With Ponto, in the tall slough hay,
Yeh picket out the gentle Roany,
Yer konwin', faithful, herdin' pony,
And tumblin' down upon yer back
Wher' gay, sweet-smelling beauties bide
In posey beds, three counties wide,
You take a swig of prairie air,
With which old speerits can't compare,
And think, and plan, and twist, and rack
Yer brains, to work some scheme aroun'
To get a week to spend in town.

PEACE HYMN OF THE UNITED STATES

Thou who hast fattened us with wealth and steeled our arms with power,
Choose us thy sentinels, to watch from Freedom's signal tower,
Give us that gentle spirit which ennobles and uplifts.
Teach us to use for righteousness thy fair imperial gifts.

Thou who hast kept a continent for our dominion free,
And builded walls of patriot hearts forfending either sea,
Declare to us that wisdom which shall measure and divide,
Between respect and dignity, and arrogance and pride.

Direct us, Lord, lest through our lapse thy righteous purpose fail,
Let not the strength thou giveth us, for evil power avail,
But let our navies arbitrate, and send our arms and might,
To plead the cause and 'fend the laws of people weak, but right.

Make us, oh God, thy heralds swift to bear thy peace and light
To shores where men in terror writhe beneath oppression's blight,
But Father, never let our shield be stained by grasping lust;
Make thou our grand eulogium, "A nation that is just."

ON THE RETURN OF THE 1st REGIMENT FROM MANILA

Oh, Thou who set the continents to guard old Ocean's isles
And bade us keep our brothers through world-encircling miles,
We come to Thee, Oh Father, with thankful, joyful song—
The hearty praise of hopeful folk in measure full and strong.

From fevered, tropic, sea-girt lands, back to Dakota's plain,
By Thy permission, Father, our brothers sail again;
They bear unsullied banners, heroes of glorious days;
Not vauntingly but humbly we give to Thee the praise.

We fathom not thy purposes; Oh, why should some remain
To sleep in jungle-smothered graves? God make Thy meaning plain;

We know Thou art a tender friend and merciful Thy ways,—
Thy will be done, Oh Father, accept our love and praise.
And, Father, make us worthier of these courageous sons
Whose valor carried liberty to Thy benighted ones,
And when, our greeting over, war's panoply they yield,
Make them as great in peace, Oh God, as on the battlefield.

During the winter of 1915-16, Robinson issued a pamphlet, entitled "Peaks," containing poetic eulogies to ten of the leading citizens of South Dakota—those who tower above their fellowmen, like Harney towers above its fellow peaks in the Black Hills. In it are found several of this author's best efforts. The general introduction to it reads:

THE PEAKS

We passed through the clustering hills that buttress the mountain wall,
And one was the mate of his fellow, and we said, "How alike are all."
But when we had crossed the vale and turned from the opposite height,
Above its mates one hoary peak loomed high in majestic might.

We passed through the busy multitude of earnest, ambitious men,
And one was the mate of his fellow and all were alike to our ken;
But we crossed the valley of Time. From the heights beyond the creek
We measured the men again, and one was a mountain peak.

The first one of the ten "peaks" selected by Robinson is Bishop Hare, founder of All Saints school at Sioux Falls, and who was for thirty-five years a Protestant-Episcopal missionary in the Dakota field. Of him the author says:

THE KINDLING SPLITTER

("The Church is continually using a razor to split kindling," exclaimed a bishop who disapproved calling William Hobart Hare from the general secretaryship of Foreign Missions to make him bishop to the Sioux Indians.)

Darkness and cold held a nation in bond,—
  Cruel and killing the bite of the gyves,
Hopeless and ruthless degenerate men
  Wasted their barren, unprofiting lives.
Came then the splitter of kindling, aglow,—
  Facile his dexter hand; keen was his blade,—
Forests of Paynim to tinder he hewed;
  Food for the match where Faith's fagots were laid.
Flashes the spark where the flint batters steel,—
  Prayer bellows the flame; quick, fervid the heat,—
A people regenerate, hopeful and free,
  Lay bountiful gifts at Elohim's feet.

A BISHOP'S BLESSING

The lodge of The Grass, squat on the drought-burned plain,
Smote by the pitiless sun. The good gray bishop came,
And as he gave his hand in greeting, the blessed rain
Fell unannounced, refreshing, sweet. "Ever the same,"
The old chief gravely said; "this good man always brings
A blessing to this lodge. Today he opens Heaven's spring."

The following poem of Robinson's, taken from the Minneapolis Journal, just as we were going to press (1916), shows him at his best:

THE MISSOURI'S CALL

I love the South Dakota streams,
The singing Rapid, Belle Cheyenne—
I see where silvery Moreau gleams—
The placid Jim; and ever when
I watch the dash of Big Sioux falls,
I'm filled with joy and cheer the race,
But when the great Missouri calls
I turn obedient to my place.
There's something in his voice that grips
My very soul; the master flood
That flings defiance from its lips,
And stirs and fires my fighting blood.
I bravely vow that I will yet,
By some device entangle it,
And on its throat a harness get
To pull it down and strangle it.
Break it, subdue it to my will,
Guide it by bit and bridle,
Serving mankind, nor let it still
A vagrant be and idle.
I feel its mighty pulses throb
With power that's still to measure;
And swear that it shall be my job
Its energy to treasure.
Its nervous force shall cheer the lives
Of millions, hence, forever,
To swell the power of man who strives,
And fructify endeavor.

As a prose writer, Robinson is exceedingly prolific. (See Historians in Chapter II.) He has written two large volumes of the "History of South Dakota," containing 25,000 words. He has also written a "Brief History of South Dakota." His work as secretary and superintendent of the State Historical Society has required him to write and edit seven large volumes of historical reports, including his "History of the Sioux Indians." It is to be regretted that the state has not made sufficient appropriation so that these Historical Reports could have been published in sufficient quantities to place a set in each public library, and in the leading school libraries, of the state. They are the perfected history of South Dakota, given in the minutest detail, for over two centuries.

May Philipps-Tatro

Biographical—Born, Wisconsin, 1853. Left an orphan at two years of age. Married Frank R. Chubb, 1869. Mother of one child—a girl. Later, married George Tatro. Member Author's Club of Minneapolis. Contributor to magazines; also to Minneapolis Times. Wide-read poetess. Died at Bowdle, S. D., April 16, 1901.

MAY PHILLIPS-TATRO

In a grass-covered grave in the village of Bowdle, this state, marked only by a small undated tombstone, bearing the inscription, "To Our Gifted May Phillips-Tatro," lies a woman whose great heart once beat with an exuberance of joy over the richness of Dakota prairie life—the songs of the birds, the melodies of spring, the crackling of the wheat, and the "smell of new-mown hay." As will readily be seen, by comparison, Mrs. Tatro easily takes first rank, to date, among our lady singers.

Mrs. Tatro was on intimate terms with, and was recognized by, the leading authors of the nation. On the back of the old photograph, reproduced herewith, was written the following tribute to her, by the American poet, Walt Whitman:

> In the evening, when everything is quiet, I love to sit with May Phillips-Tatro, and listen to what that beautiful spirit has to tell me of the night, sleep, death, the stars, flowers and all that she knew and so greatly revered; such great love—such rapture of jubilant love of nature—and the good green grass and trees and clouds and sunlight; such aching anguish of love for all that breathes and is sick and sorrowful; such longing to help and mend and comfort that which never can be helped and mended and comforted; such eager looking to delicate death as the one complete and final consolation.

With her, as with Lawton, the state suffered a distinct literary loss through her early demise. She was one of the most inspirational writers, of either

sex, that the state has thus far developed. Many of her best poems are not premeditated, labored efforts, but are rather the result of a sudden impulse—a genuine melodic inspiration springing from the human heart. Such was the manner in which she wrote "In Hayin' Time." Mr. Ed. S. Whittaker, a reader trained at Dakota Wesleyan University, accompanied by a ladies' quartet from that institution, was giving a recital at Bowdle, the home of Mrs. Tatro. In his repertoire he recited James Whitcomb Riley's "Knee Deep In June." Mrs. Tatro was in the audience. She caught the inspiration of the occasion, and, upon going home, seized her pen and dashed off a companion piece to it—"In Hayin' Time"—before she went to bed. It was a splendid achievement, and its delightful rhythm will appeal to lovers of verse for years to come. She dedicated the poem to Mr. Whittaker. The people of Bowdle were so pleased with his readings that they invited him back for a second entertainment. Upon this occasion he read Mrs. Tatro's inspirational poem which follows:

IN HAYIN' TIME

(Dedicated to Mr. Ed. S. Whittaker).

Tell you what I like the best of anything on earth,
An' it's about the last of June it has its natural birth;
It comes a kind o' lazy like an' spreads itself around
An' what ain't floatin' in the air just settles on the ground.
The smell it has, I'm tellin' you, ain't no imported scent,

But just a breath from heaven you think God must have lent.
These perfume chaps have somethin' ther' a callin' "New-mown hay."
But, landy sakes, my hayin' smell discounts it any day.

The codiments that make it up in no way can be beat,
An' if you've never heard it, I'll give you the receipt.
Take twelve long hours brimmin' full and spillin' everywhere
Of the yellerest kind of sunshine an' the softest wafts of air;
Now mix these up with smells that come a wafted to and fro
From pastur' lots an' woods an' fields an' where pond lilies grow,
An' posies from the garden, an' you'll need an extra mess
Of pine, wild rose, an' such as these proportioned more or less,
Then add your clover red an' white an' this receipt of mine
Will furnish you what I shall call the smell in hayin' time.

I'd ruther loaf around the field an' hear the mower hum
Than see the biggest show on earth, that's what I would, by gum.
I like to lop among the hay an' sort a doze an' dream.
Then wake again, then drowse some more till life begins to seem
Like them queer poets tell about, an' then I lay an' think
An' watch the shadders patchin' round an' dodgin' quick-a-wink;
An' wonderin' why I wasn't made so's I could born a rhyme,
I wouldn't write but one a year, jest one—in hayin' time.

I'd tell about the sky-lark with his gladsome soarin' lay,
The crickets song, an' dronin' bees, an' lumberin' loads o' hay;
I'd speak about the spring time when early mornin' light

Trimmed every piled-up haycock with dew-drops blinkin' bright,
Like as though some baby stars forgot to go away
Or night was tired of holdin' 'em, an' dropped 'em into day.
But I can't do it, farthermore, I ain't agoin' to try—
There ain't no poems in some folks, no more 'n a pig can fly.

But there's one chap that's got the knack o' tellin' what he sees,
An' he can understand the whisperin' of the trees
An' what the brook's a sayin', an' about the "Old Swimmin' Hole,"
The garter snakes across your path an' the little medder mole,
The rustling corn, the old rail fence, the mornin' dove's soft call,
The freshness of the spring time an' the colorin' of the fall,
The glimmerin' sheen of summer an' old Winter's blusterin' snow;
In fact, there's nothin' nature claims but what he's sure to know.

An' as you're readin' what he writes you foller him along,
An', durn me, if you don't forget it's just a poet's song,
For you can see them very things, an' almost yell for joy,
For all the years they slip away an' you're a country boy,
A craunchin' young green apples, or a racin' through the brush,
Or over logs a stumblin' into blue-flag bogs ker slush,
Or follerin' 'long the cow-path with your bare feet shufflin' slow
So's to hear the bull frogs' orchestra an' watch the dust aglow

With lightnin' bugs. But there, I jing. I've hit upon a plan.
I'll ast Jim Whitcomb Riley, for you know he's jest the man
I'm talkin' of, an' see if he won't write some sort o' rhyme
With nothin' in it, not a thing, but hayin' time.

Mrs. Tatro belonged to the "Authors' Club" of Minneapolis. She was one of its most gifted members. Her poems were always in demand by the Minneapolis Tribune which published a great many of them. Among these miscellaneous poems is a dainty one called "Ships At Sea;" two poems upon the seasons—one entitled "Spring Upon The Prairie," the other, "Indian Summer;" and three poems on the months—"April," "June," and "October." Two of these poems are here given:

SHIPS AT SEA

There are many castle builders
In this mighty "world on wheels;"
There are many dreamers dreaming
What rich harvest time will yield.
We are waiting, waiting, waiting,
For our ships far out at sea,
Vaguely dreaming, dreaming, dreaming
Of the promised yet to be.

Will our ships sail bravely onward—
Weathering storms and breakers high,
Will the seaman, true and loyal,
Send a thankful song on high?
Will the captain of the life boat—
Brave and dauntless face the storm,
Will our ships gain harbor safely—
At the dawning of the morn?

Eagerly we watch their coming—
Longingly with wishful eyes—
Scan the angry waste of waters,
And the dark and threatening skies.
Heavenly Father, quell the storm king;
Save us from his wrath, we pray!
Let our ships safe gain the harbor
On the shores of endless day.

JUNE

O, peerless June! O, love's own time—
From out thy heart pours nature's rhyme.
Thy lilting songs through waves of light
Beat upward with the skylark's flight;
Thy fragrant breath, with wooing sigh,
Breathes forth where waxen lilies lie,
And as thy languorous spell imparts
Its warmth to their half-dreaming hearts—
They thrill with life! th' buds unfold
To show their calyxes of gold.
O, peerless June! O, love's own time!
From out thy heart pours nature's rhyme.

O, peerless June! O, witching time!
Thy harmonies are all achime.
Thy tilts of color—brilliant—gay—
Thy flower wraiths that droop and sway;
Thy pale moon-tints laced back by stars
That swing from twilight's crimson bars.
Thy butterflies make dots between
The brooklet and the meadow-green;
Thy bumble-bees with threatening drone
Protect thee on thy flower throne.
Rose-kissed—rose-crowned! fair month atune
With nature's grace—O peerless June.

Two of Mrs. Tatro's rhymes entitled, "The Woodland Path," and "Not Yet, Not Yet," are reproduced, so as to give the reader a broader idea of her literary conception:

THE WOODLAND PATH

Through the clover, red and sweet,
Straggling through a field of wheat,
Down across the pasture lot
Where the dandelions dot
With their golden gleaming tint;
Through the brooklet's lush spearmint,
And the bushes by the ditch
Where we cut our hazel switch,
Winding through the orchard trees
Where the droning bumblebees
Swagger by on lazy wings;
Under dropping elm, where swings
Cunningly the hang-bird's nest,
Wherein, cradled 'neath her breast,
Wee ones rock with every sigh
Of the breeze that passes by.
Now along the brookside's brink;
Where the cattle splash and drink;
Through rank bunches of blue flag
Where the children loiter, lag,
When from school they homeward turn,
Walking deep through mint and fern;
Then a sigzag way it takes,
On through mandrake, slough and brakes,
Over fallen logs it leads,
Bramble bush and bending reeds,
Into deeper, darker shade,
Mossy dell and flower-strewn glade;
Climbs a fence with broken rail,

Through the corn field where the quail
Pipes his cry of, "Wet, more wet!"
On it goes, until we let
Down the barnyard bars, and go
Up the lane—how well we know
What dear spot the ending hath
Of this old-time, woodland path.

NOT YET, NOT YET

O weary watcher, not yet, not yet!
You must still work on with dim eyes wet,
And scan the waves with their white-capped foam,
For a sign of a sail that is nearing home.
It will not reach you, dear heart, today,
For your treasure went sailing away, away
Far over the world's great surging main
And this must content you, this sad refrain—
Not yet, not yet!

Not yet! and the years creep slowly by
And we struggle for patience and hush the cry
That comes from the soul as we look in vain
For the swift release from the toil and pain
That forms a part of our daily life,
A part that is mingled with grief and strife;
But no! We must wait for some far-off time,
When our treasures will come, ah, yours and mine!
Not yet, not yet!

Not yet, not yet! O tired heart,
You have drifted so far from your ships apart;
At eventide, when the sun sinks low,
And the twilight shadows toss to and fro,
You may watch till the morning's rosy light

Sweeps over the world, but your eager sight
Will never a glimpse of a white sail see—
O, when will my treasures come back to me?
Not yet, not yet!

Four of her best poem's are all centered about one theme—Thanksgiving. She called them "Companion Poems," and dedicated them "To The Lovers of Home And The Fireside." They really constitute one poem in four parts, and they are herein given in full:

THANKSGIVING DAY

Part 1.

Stir the fire,
And let its light
Put all grief and gloom to flight;
Not a sigh
And not a tear,
On this day of all the year;
Glad are we
Now to greet
Those we love, in friendship sweet;
Merry Voices,
Laughter gay,
On this glad Thanksgiving Day.

WELCOMING HOME THE CHILDREN

Part 2.

'Tis a long, long time since we welcomed them home,
Our children who've gone away,
But we're waiting and ready, so eager and glad,
To welcome them home today.

How each one will smile and talk, and perhaps,
A tear-drop or two will fall;
But not in sorrow, dear wife, ah no—
For today we will see them all.

All, did I say? There'll be one vacant chair;
One sleeps where the daisies are white;
But mother, God knows how our hearts throbbed and ached,
When He beckoned our treasure that night;
So we'll banish sad thoughts, for the children, you know,
Must be merry and glad today;
We'll clasp their dear hands as in "Auld Lang Syne,"
And smile in the old fond way.

There's Jennie, our patient and sweet-tempered girl,
"So like mother," we used to say;
And Millie, our rollicking, roguish one,
And golden-haired, dainty May;
There's Tom, our oldest and tallest boy,
And Will, with his mischief and fun,
And Harry, so dignified, grave and wise—
He is our preacher son.

Ah, wife, it seems but a dream, or a day
Since we rocked our babies here
And laughed at their joy, but when they wept
We kissed away each tear.
They are all coming home, dear wife, today,
Back to the old tree-nest;
To them 'tis the place of all the world,
The dearest, the sweetest and best.
We've decked the house with flowers they love,
And scattered them everywhere,
Old-fashioned sweet peas, and pansies, too,
Wood-bine and maiden-hair.

We've dressed ourselves in the colors they like,
And piled the table high
With good things mother knows how to make,
From doughnuts to pumpkin pie.
Why, the cat, he knows—our old yellow Tom,
And the dog—the children's old Tray,
Both watching so wistfully down by the gate,
They know who is coming today.

How they'll wander around, all over the farm,
And down in the woods by the spring,
I've fixed something just as they used to have—
An old-fashioned, log-chain swing;
Perhaps you are laughing—the children will too,
But each one will swing, I know;
They'll always be children to wife and me,
No matter how old they grow.
But, mother, see Tray; how he's wagging his tail—
Some one is coming this way—
Is it them? Oh, Father, we thank Thee for this!
Our children have come today.

BACK TO THE OLD HOME

Part 3.

We're all at home beneath the roof
Where passed our childhood's days:
Ah, father, mother, though we've strayed
Through life's oft changing ways,
Yet you still live within our hearts
As fondly loved as when
You watched and lead our baby feet—
You made our whole world, then.

How cheery, bright the old home looks—
The flowers we love are here,
All scattered 'round in every room;
The hands to us so dear

Have worked, that we might find our home
Just as it used to be
When we were birdlings in one nest
And knelt at mother's knee.

Ah, Tray, old boy! you're glad we've come—
And hear old Dobbin neigh;
He was a colt when we were young—
We rode him every day;
And there's the field where every Spring
We gathered daisies, sweet,
And "Johny-jump-up's" saucy face
Would slyly at us peep.

And there's the orchard—how the trees
Have grown since we were here;
But the cherry trees we used to climb
Are growing old and sear;
The dove-cot stands upon the post—
We boys built that, you know;
That rustic seat, beneath the trees,
We made long years ago.

There's the meadow bars we used to climb,
And the same old swinging gate.
Through which we drove the cows at night,
And then we'd play, and wait
Until the whippoor will's sad call
Rang through the new-born night,
And the Katydid piped forth her song,
And the twinkling stars shone bright.

There's something else we won't forget,
The dear old bubbling spring;
And what is that? Why, can it be
An old-time, log-chain swing?

We're just the same to father now,
Though years have slipped away,
Since we were toddlers at his side—
We're children here, today.

Do you see those hazel bushes there?
They bring the dear days back
When we used to gather hazelnuts
And fill our cart and sack;
And then we'd spread them out to dry
Upon the granary floor;
Oh! sweet, indeed, it is to come
To the dear old home once more.

But hark! That sounds like mother's voice—
Just as she used to call
When we were scattered "round the farm—
That call was for us all;
And see the table, loaded down
With everything that's good;
Mother has fixed each dish we like—
Her children knew she would;
And now, with heads bowed low, we ask
A blessing from above;
And may we, next Thanksgiving day,
Meet here with those we love.

OUR CHILDREN HAVE GONE AWAY

Part 4.

They've come and gone, dear wife, and now
We are left alone once more;
How quiet and silent the old home seems;
Our children's visit is o'er

And they've all gone back to their homes and work—
But that is the way of life;
Our birdlings plume their wings and fly,
But we have each other, wife;

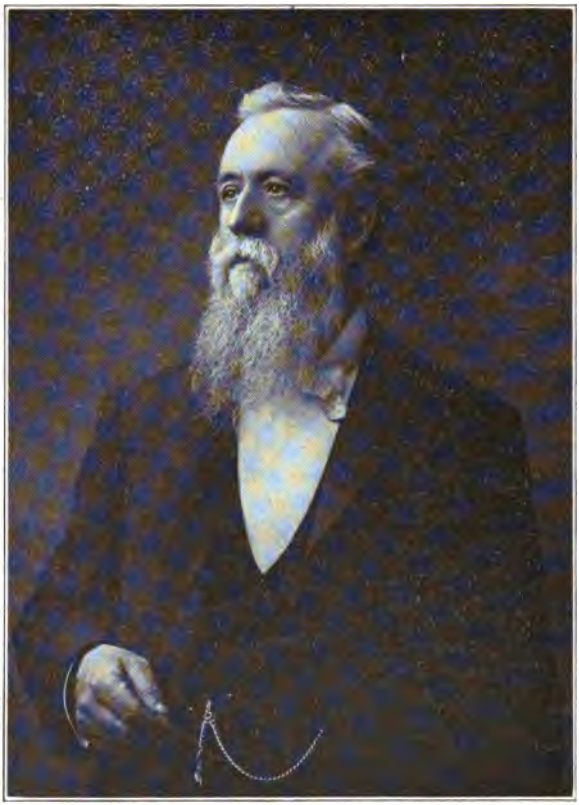
And that, to us, though our hearts are old,
Is God's most precious gift;
Through all the sadness, pleasure, mirth,
Of the years that have gone, so swift,
We have clung together—our constant hearts
Still beating to love's sweet tune;
Though they call us old, and our youth has gone,
In our hearts is perpetual June.

And our children—how happy they were, dear wife,
Back in the old home-nest;
They seemed to be glad to escape from the world
And again in the old home rest;
They forgot all their cares, and were children again;
The years that have gone—slipped away,
'Till the space intervening their childhood and now,
Seemed only a dream, or a day.

How they talked of the castles they used to build
In the air; but they floated away,
And their ships that went sailing out over life's sea,
They think will yet anchor, some day.
And so with their hopes, and their castles, and work,
Our children have left us once more;
The twilight of life is fast deepening for us;
Our journey will shortly be o'er,
And our children will miss coming back to the home
Where the days of their childhood were passed;
For father, and mother, and home-coming days
Are pleasures not always to last.

Tray misses them, too; mother, see how he looks
So eagerly down toward the gate;
Ah, wife! I wonder which one will be called,
And the other left sadly to wait,
Until we join hands, and our hearts beat again,
In the union and love we've known here;
If we both could together step over the tide,
Death would not be lonely, or drear.

How silent and still the old home is again,
But yesterday rang sweet and gay,
Our children's dear voices in laughter and song;
But wife, they have left us today;
We'll try not to fret, for the children you know,
Have their homes, and their duties and cares;
We'll dream of the days when our children were babes,
As we doze in our fireside chairs
And patiently wait for the summons to come,
And pray that together we'll go;
Ah, wife, that is all that I ask now of God—
He'll answer my pleading, I know.



Henry Augustus Van Dalsem

Biographical—Born, New York City, November 22, 1842. Father was a prominent physician. Educated, New York City schools. In early manhood went to Wisconsin. Became a Congregational minister. Abandoned this profession. Came to Dakota in 1883. Settled in Huron. Edited "The Ruralist," the People's Party organ—for two years. In 1894, married Mrs. Dr. Friede Feige, of Huron. Justice of the Peace for many years. Prominent in Masonic circles. Died December 1, 1913.

JUDGE H. A. VAN DALSEM

We are now to consider the most prolific writer of both prose and poetry whom the state has as yet developed—Judge Henry A. Van Dalsem, of Huron. For range of vocabulary, ease of expression, ennobling sentiments, varied and complex form, and, above all, a superabundance of literary productions —both prose and poetry—he is plainly in a class all by himself; in fact, he is simply a marvel, a natural born, literary genius.

His diction is of an exceptionally high order; his English, as graceful and as plastic as a sylvan stream: even his prose is possessed of a charming melody.

On his desk, at the time of his death, he left two huge, hand-written, bound volumes of delightful poems, covering a range of subjects that seem almost incredible as having come from the pen of one man. In addition to these, his desk was fairly congested with hit-or-miss poems of various lengths—each one being a literary jewel. The Judge also wrote a complete volume of thirty-four gospel songs for El Riad Temple. These are high grade, clever productions, never excelled in Masonry.

His ablest production is the one entitled "My Soul," a poem in six cantos. It is dedicated to his widow, Dr. Friede Van Dalsem, and is a scholarly treatise on the human soul. In addition to its

prologue and epilogue, the poem consists of 174 four-line stanzas. In rhythm and meter, it is fashioned after the "Rubiyat." The following stanzas have been selected from it to give the reader a general idea of its style:

CANTO I—WHO AM I?

I.

Stand forth my soul and tell me who thou art:
The sons of wisdom, walking far apart,
Each only proving all the rest untrue
Know not the spring whence all thy glories start.

II.

Dark they pass on, discerners of no sign
That writes those glories all and only mine,
And separates thee from the multitude
Of souls o'er whom unending mercies shine.

III.

Somewhat they know, perhaps, the Sage and Seer,
Whom other sages doubt and some revere;
To weigh the earth and measure sun and star
Or chain the elements they use—and fear;

IV.

But naught of thee so near and yet so far,
The deepest of all mysteries that are;
Linked in our least as in our greatest dreams
Yet evanescent as the falling star.

CANTO II—WHAT AM I?

I.

Fain would I know before I shall depart
Not only Who, my soul, but What thou art;
Whose secret essence all my search evades
Altho' so plainly traced upon my chart.

II.

Who shall that strange relation read for me
Which holds between my flesh and blood and thee;
So close that none may tell if twain or one
We were and are and evermore shall be?

III.

Why should my wasting body shrink and pine
Because of some catastrophe of thine?
Or wisdom's ray in thy fair lamp be dimmed
Through some inane transgression wholly mine?

IV.

Why should thy night of sorrow or despair
Be chiseled in my face and bleach my hair?
Or my disease or pain or woe or wrath
Thy reason in insane delusion snare?

CANTO III—WHENCE AM I?

I.

Oh mystic traveler to spheres unseen
By paths unknown, where shadows intervene,
Whence comest thou, and where began the quest
In destiny's wide field thy sheaves to glean?

II.

No new creation thou, by will Divine
Fused in the birth of this thy mortal shrine,
And handicapped or e'er thy race began
To struggle heavenward by paths malign.

III.

Did that great pow'r that reared the mountain spars
And spangled heaven with unnumbered stars
Evolve all races from a single type,
And with God's image give them Adam's scars?

IV.

Could wisdom infinite, whose word unrolled
A perfect universe in beauty scrolled,
With falt'ring functions form a faulty world
And choose a banished rebel for the mould?

V.

Did then thy substance in its fiery thrall
Slumber while earth was but a molten ball,
And with its kindred throng the cooling sod
When beck'ning nature breathed the Master's call?

CANTO IV—WHITHER GO I?

I.

If long before the Eden era's dawn
In vast antiquity thy lines were drawn,
Whose evolution still must bear thee on,
Where wilt thou dwell when all the world is gone?

II.

If breathing, man became a living soul
Who was not man before, how reads the scroll
When breathless he returns to earth again,
Yielding the part that made his being whole?

III.

Shall he, once free, his forward course arrest
And yet again his scattered dust invest;
So plundering the many forms of life
That may in his lost elements be dressed?

CANTO V—WHY?

I.

Why am I here? Yea, why do I exist?
A segregated cell from out the mist,
Whose fragile tenure of contingent life
Snaps like a reed in the wind atwist.

II.

Am I, because God is? Who not obeys
But is Himself the law that never stays;
Whose life conferring essence evermore
In countless forms the breathing world arrays.

III.

In ancient nature's springtime, long ago,
Behold the Sower hied him forth to sow;
And ne'er a seed from out his fingers fell
But somewhere, somehow, found a place to grow.

IV.

If all seeds bloomed then were this world of ours
Too small to harbor all its wealth of flow'rs;
But who shall tell us what those seeds become
Which oversown are lost in Flora's bow'rs.

V.

Life ceases not, diverted tho' it be:
The seed which in the earth becomes a tree
Dying unsown, imparts its vital self
However from its blighted hull set free.

VI.

The germ that blossoms on the pineclad hills
Is kin to those the feeding sparrow kills;
Nor knowest thou in all thy wisdom's pride
Which one of these the highest office fills.

VII.

Nor canst thou tell if life's aborted blooms
Lose all their beauty in these transient tombs;
Or if by nature's occult pow'r transformed
Each seed its interrupted grace resumes.

CANTO VI—THE SOUL'S RESPONSE

I.

Musing, I slept, and in my dream beheld
A lordly man of reverential eld,
In whose clear shining eyes I seemed to see
The peace that cometh after storms are quelled.

II.

Now wherefore art thou exercised to know
Thyself, he said, and whither wilt thou go
To clear the problem which no man has solved
Nor angel ever told for weal or woe?

III.

Since thought began, the world's philosophers
Have chased the phantom that thy being stirs;
Mystic and hermit, sage and devotee,
Have lived and toiled and died its worshipers.

IV.

For such as thou what vagrant orators
Have traversed wisdom's widely sundered shores,
And braved the wrath of nature and of man
To lead thee thro' the everlasting doors.

V.

And what reward had they, whose lifelong loss
Should prove thy gain? Lo! cherishing its dross
The rabid world impales its saintly ones,
And hangs its saviors on Golgatha's cross.

* * * * *

XLVIII.

Strong in the trustful faith which sees no doom
From which the buds of promise may not bloom;
That looks on death and sees the life beyond,
Be thou a star of hope in every gloom.

XLIX.

So shall thy lines be written not in vain;
So shall thy feet the holy highlands gain;
From whose broad breast, along the shining way
Thy future journey shall be clear and plain.

L.

So mote it be, oh heart of many fates;
Till, glancing backward from the op'ning gates,
It shall be shown thee how, beside its graves,
A restless age the new Messiah waits.

(The Epilogue.)

Still shall the thirsty drink from truth's pure tide;
To whom each offered cup, tho' sanctified,
Too much its taste imparts and spoils the draft
In formless freedom to the free supplied.

Nor shall the wise men judge him and condemn
Who finds another path to Bethlehem;
To his own master shall he stand or fall,
And share the riches of His grace with them.

Only a few of his shorter poems are here reproduced to show his varied styles and trend of thought.

THE SOUL OF THE SONG

They tell of the song that the angels sang
Over Bethlehem, storied of old;
Whose wonderful measure of gladness rang
With a melody never yet told.

They speak of the musical stars of morn,
And the jubilant harps of the blest;
Of trumpets whose silvery notes are born
Of the joy in the Seraphim's breast.

How Heaven must ring when those mighty choirs
To the throne of the Holiest throng!
And hearts full of love and love's desires
Are afloat on that ocean of song!

And yet if I stood in that singing sphere
With its benison sweeping the skies,
My lip would be mute till my love drew near
With the light of my soul in her eyes.

THE CRITIC

When Pegasus pranced the Olympian road
To bear to the earth his poetical load,
Minerva, to balance his welcome below
And keep her own temple sufficiently slow,
Concluded to hamper the mettlesome steed
And then set him off at the top of his speed.

So, patting his shoulder, she whispered and smiled,
Until the poor fellow, completely beguiled,
Believed that the wit of all ages was his
And arched his proud neck and went off with a fizz;
Not knowing that she who had fastened his mail
Had tied a balloon to his beautiful tail.

The gods and goddesses all in a ring
Stood watching his progress by hoof and by wing;
But tho' like a rocket he traversed the sky
They laughed till they cried and expected to die,
To see as he flourished and whinneyed and whined
That comical guy bobbing gaily behind.

Then down to the temple of wisdom and wit
Where men of all ages and tempers and grit
Assemble to worship Minerva, the great,
(And worship themselves when the lady is late),
He came to deliver the message she gave
And told it correctly as due to the brave.

But never a hearer could tell what he said;
For dark as a pocket each dubious head
Was bowed to consider the fluttering bag
That danced at each move of the animate nag,
And tho' they all studied the thing he had brought
Not one upon Pegasus wasted a thought.

And so it is now: when a singer would sing
In Wisdom's commission, some vacuous thing
Is tied to the crupper his Pegasus wears
To deaden the world to the message he bears,
And praise with the praise for which poets have pined
The mad little Critic that wabbles behind.

THE SHADOW AND THE ROSE

The glow of the stars had faded
And the moon was passed and gone,
As I, in a somber valley,
Watched the coming of the dawn.

Far down in the woodland hollows
Like a pall the darkness fell,
And lay like a veil of sorrow
Over hill and glade and dell.

And up from the rolling meadow
As a rampart, lone and high,
A mountain rose before me
Like a shadow in the sky.

And there with a saddened spirit
As of one bereaved I stood,
And mourned for the vanished beauty,
And the charm of vale and wood.

But while on the gloom I pondered
Came the twilight, soft and gray,
And routed the sleeping shadows
Till they rose and rolled away.

When lo! in the swelling glory
Of the swift, oncoming day,
I saw that a robe of roses
On the mountain's bosom lay!

A riot of roses, tinted
With a rainbow's mingled dyes,
That smiled to the fond caressings
Of the close, o'erbending skies.

And so, thought I, does it happen,
In this heedless life of ours,
We remember only shadows
And forget the hidden flowers?

How often our narrow vision
To the looming sorrow clings,
Though joy from the hills is coming
On the morning's lifted wings.

And so, in your life forever,
May the darkness break away;
And light from the hills of beauty
Cast its peace revealing ray.

May hope through your future singing,
Hold forever to your eyes,
The roses beneath the shadow,
And the love their bloom implies.

DO THEY FORGET?

When from the bier, beyond the dawn,
The friends we love on earth are gone,
Do they forget us evermore
As dreams that fade when night is o'er?
At Heaven's gate
I'd watch and wait
Oh! Sweetheart so tender and true;
With love aflame
Until you came,
Still watching and waiting for you!

Would you, if you were called away,
Go singing through the gates of day,
Unmindful of the holy vow
That binds us to each other now?
At Heaven's gate
I'd watch and wait
Oh! Sweetheart so tender and true;
With love aflame
Until you came,
Still watching and waiting for you!

It seems to me, if I could climb
Beyond the cloudy vale of time,
I'd think of you and gladly wait,
Although I stood at Heaven's gate!
At Heaven's gate
I'd watch and wait
Oh! Sweetheart so tender and true;
With love aflame
Until you came,
Still watching and waiting for you!

When death's icy chill began to steal over him and he knew that the end was near, he calmly sat up in bed and deliberately penned to his faithful wife his "At Last."

AT LAST

Bride of my sunset hours, in whose fond eyes
Brightened the love that lit my somber skies;
No lyric song, tho' fluent as the sea,
Can ever tell what thou hast been to me.

Let warbling birds their sweetest carols sing;
Let Nature's harp sound every string;
Let choral voices all their lore unfold;
The story of thy worth still runs untold.

Yet somewhat of its Love's unmeasured song
My soul would utter, lest thy fancy wrong
The golden silence, in whose keeping dwells
The deeper feeling which no symbol tells.

Thou art more dear today than in the hour
When first I felt thy spirit's power,
And faith, forthstanding in her temple door,
Summoned the love I thought could live no more.

It was a wondrous hour when thy dear eyes,
Deep looking into mine, bade me arise;
And seeing all my clouds were silver lined,
I found the joy for which my spirit pined.

Then as the blind, slow groping in the gloom
Touched by the healer's hand their sight assume,
Forsake th' inquiring staff and walk firm shod,
My falt'ring feet the path of pleasure trod.

* * * * *

God lead thee, sweetheart, and through golden days
Bid his attending angels guard thy ways;
And for the comfort thou hast given me
May He bestow a thousandfold on thee.

But we must not, in justice to Judge Van Dalsem, dismiss his works without reviewing his prose writings. His editorials in the old "Ruralist" are charmingly written, but inasmuch as they deal

wholly with passing themes, they will not be embodied herein.

He wrote the ritual for "The Home Guardians," a fraternal insurance organization, when it was chartered; and the members of that order declare there is nothing finer in the ritualistic work of a single lodge in all Christendom.

The Judge also wrote many able and scholarly addresses for special occasions such as meetings of the Eastern Star. These speeches are all spirited and learned, and they show that he was equally at home in prose and poetry.

About three and one-half years before he died, at the time his heart first began to bother him and when it was thought that death might suddenly ensue, he wrote the following instructions with regard to his burial; sealed them up and gave copies of them to three different people—including his wife—with written requests on the envelopes that no one should open them until after he had died:

MY BURIAL

The prevailing system of burial being false in import, foolish in form, and extravagant in display, I herein and hereby protest against its observance in my case and for me, and record my desire as follows:

First—Let not my body be embalmed nor in any manner prepared for exhibition. Nature having spoken, let me return to the dust modestly, unmutilated, and unmixed with so-called preservatives.

Second—Let my burial be private, my remains being borne from my home to the grave, followed only by those who know and love me enough not to forget me when I am gone from view.

Third—Let no costly boquets and mounds of murdered flowers be sacrificed to do me hollow honor. In life I have loved the flowers, and in death I would not ravage nor destroy them. Give your flower money to the poor and needy.

Fourth—Let no so-called "sermon" be preached over me. No perfunctory encomiums nor condolences fit either them or me who are in actual interest. No pulpiteer knows them or me, nor aught of the world and condition to which I go, wherefore his conventional ministerial flatteries must be as idle in death as they have always been distasteful to me in life.

Fifth—Let no one wear "mourning" for me. Death is not a calamity, but as natural as life, and equally a part of the Divine plan. Pity the living, not the dead, who, for all we know, are fuller of life than ever. As for me, since God calls, I go, believing that all is well; therefore, do not weep and mourn, but trust me to Him whom I trust with all that is mine either here or hereafter. Let these things be as I have said, and so farewell, and God be with you.

H. A. Van Dalsem.

At the date of the publication of this book, the Judge's widow, Dr. Friede Van Dalsem, of Huron, is having a large volume of his poems published, under the title, "Poems of the Soul and Home."

Rollin J. Wells

Biographical—Born, Moline, Illinois, June 24, 1848. Educated, public schools of Moline; also spent two years, literary department, University of Michigan. Taught school, Illinois. Married Susan L. Little, 1870. Father of five children. Read law in offices of Judge George E. Waite, Geneseo, Illinois. Admitted, Illinois bar, 1878. Came to Dakota. Settled at Sioux Falls. Entered promptly upon the practice of law. In 1881, formed partnership with William A. Wilkes. Admitted to practice in the U. S. supreme court, 1887. Dissolved partnership with Wilkes, 1890, and formed a new association with George T. Blackman which continues to this date (1916).

ROLLIN J. WELLS

"Pleasure And Pain" is the title of a volume of sixty-two poems, from the pen of Rollin J. Wells, of Sioux Falls, placed upon the market for the holiday trade in 1914. Taken all in all it is one of the most substantial volumes of poems from the pen of a single author that has appeared thus far in the state.

Wells' poems appeal to old and young alike, because of their plasticity, their perfect rhythm, their music, the ideal selection of words in them, their charming originality, and the still greater fact that in each of them is a deep sympathy which touches the heart strings of all humanity.

The first poem in "Pleasure and Pain" is given the same title as the book itself. It follows in full:

PLEASURE AND PAIN

Yes, Pleasure and Pain are a tandem team,
  Abroad in all kinds of weather,
And whether you know it or not, my lad,
  They are always yoked together.

The first has a coat of silken sheen,
  With mane like the moonbeams streaming,
And a tail like the fleecy clouds at night
  When the winds and waves are dreaming.

And he moves like a barque o'er the sapphire seas,
  As his feet the earth are spurning,
And his breath is blown through his nostrils wide,
  And his eyes like stars are burning.

Ah, gaily he rides who bestrides this steed,
And flies o'er the earth with laughter,
But whether you know it or not, my lad,
There's a dark steed coming after.

For, hard behind with a tireless pace
Comes Pain like a wivern, faster,
And whether you know it or not, my lad.
You must mount on him thereafter.

His nostrils are bursting with smoke and flame
From the fires that within are burning,
And whether you rue it or not, my lad,
There is no hope of returning.

Each hair on his sides is a bristling spear
That is poisoned with lost desires,
That rankles and burns in your quivering flesh
That is seared by the fiendish fires.

And whether you know it or not, my lad,
You may never dismount from Pain
Till for every mile you rode the first
You have ridden the latter twain.

One of the best poems in the book is entitled "Growing Old." The first one only of its five eight-line stanzas is herein reproduced:

A little more tired at the close of day,
A little less anxious to have our way;
A little less ready to scold and blame,
A little more care for a brother's name;
And so we are nearing the journey's end,
Where Time and Eternity meet and blend.

Wells' poems are so perfectly wrought that they adapt themselves admirably to music. This is especially true of "Hagar's Lament" and of "My Pilot." The latter poem has been set to good music and is for sale at all music stores. It has also been embodied in a standard hymnal.

MY PILOT

Why should I wait for evening star,—
Why should I wait to cross the bar,
And Death's dissolving hand to trace
The outlines of my Pilot's face?

Must my frail barque be driven and tossed
By winds and waves—be wrecked and lost
Upon life's strange and storm-swept sea
Because my Pilot's far from me?

No, not alone my way I trace,
Each wave gives back my Pilot's face;
To every sin and fear and ill,
To every storm he says, "Be still!"

I need no longer vex my soul
With longings for that distant goal:
My Pilot sitteth at the prow,
And Heaven's within, and here, and now.

A clever sketch of his is one entitled "Grandpa." It is a fitting companion piece to Burleigh's "Grandma" ("Dakota Rhymes"). Speaking of the children

"As lively and cute as fleas,"

Grandpa is made to exclaim:

The racket they raise is beyond belief,
As they charge around my chair,
Pretending that I am an Indian chief
Or perhaps a polar bear.

The poet's "Little Old High Chair" reminds one of its sister poem by Daisy Dean-Carr, entitled "Treasures." In it Wells says in part:

Alone in the attic, it stands, so queer,
All covered with dust of many a year,
And it bears the marks of many a blow,
That was given it years and years ago;
But the little hands that grasped the spoon,
And beat upon it life's opening tune,
Have gone with the years that have come since then,
For some are women and some are men;
And the chair is forgotten by all, save me,
But I climb the stairs full oft to see
The children gathered to me again,
No longer women—no longer men.

While his poems are all high grade, yet those, in addition to the ones previously mentioned, in which the deeper coloring and finer shades of sympathy may be found, are: "The Two Captains," "The Husband's Confession," "A Lonesome Place," and "A Dream."

Unlike other books of poems, this one has a preface and a conclusion ("Benedicite") that are both written in poetry. In the preface the author says:

If you should scan this title page,
And throw the book down in a rage,
I'd not be disappointed.

If you should skim the volume through,
And swear it was not worth a sou,
I'd not be disappointed.

If you should find some little thing
That in your heart would wake and sing,
I'd not be disappointed.

And if your cares were sung away,
And you were stronger for the day,
I'd not be disappointed.

If you should say about this book,
"The world will pause and read and look,"
I would be disappointed.

And then, in concluding the volume, he says:

To all who have heard the music,
That comes in the quiet hour,
And brings to the soul in waiting,
A message of light and power—
As a breath from the fragrant forest
Is borne o'er the tropic sea—
I offer this little garland
That has blossomed in spite of me.

Among Wells' hit-or-miss poems which have appeared in various forms is a recent one entitled "The Biography of a Common Man." It is an original, tasty piece of wit, given below in full:

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A COMMON MAN

WAS BORN

How fecund every rising morn,
Wherein a million souls are born!
Lo, each can brand it with his name,
And all the rest may do the same.

WAS WEIGHED

Let every man esteem himself for all he ought
Else he will be found wanting and weigh—O.

WAS DRESSED

From Adam down, clothes are the foil, forsooth,
To magnify our rank, and hide the naked truth.

AND KISSED

The kisses of lovers are luscious and blest,
But the kiss of the mother is sweetest and best.

MARRIED

Oh, wedding bells, and flowers and cakes!
How many vowers' vows are fakes!
But when true hearts have sealed their choice
Both Heaven and Earth must needs rejoice.

DIED

Here is the place where pretense ends,
And after death we all are friends.

HAGAR

In the broad range of literary endeavor that has characterized the writings of our state, there seems to have been room for all; and the manner in which each of the leaders seems intuitively to have selected and developed a field of his or her own, is rather remarkable. It remained, however, for Rollin J. Wells to make an excursion into the field of drama, and therein to make for himself in his "Hagar" a reputation as a poetic dramatist that will, in all probability, give to him the domination of this field of literary thought in the state for some time to come.

Hagar is a dramatic poem in three acts, illustrated throughout in two colors by the artist Hudson. It is founded upon the biblical narrative of Sarah's handmaid. Every sentence in it is measured with the mind of a master builder; every word is set in each sentence like a glistening diamond in a studded gem: it is simply a perfect piece of pure and undefiled English. To lovers of classic literature, to admirers of the faultless use of the Mother Tongue, nothing could be more satisfying than Hagar. It is one of the most polished productions, from a literary standpoint, in South Dakota literature.

In it Wells very tastefully introduces for Hagar a gallant young lover, named Athuriel. Her father,

Abner, is made responsible for her downfall. He sells her virtue to Abraham for half of his flocks and gold. Hagar exclaims:

"I'm not
Unmindful, nor ungrateful, but my blood
Cannot be coined in gold. In all things else
I will obey, but not in this. My soul
Abhors the loathsome thought."

ABNER.

"'Tis my command. Obey!"

She sobs herself to sleep. Then Athuriel, as the dawn approaches, comes near her and soliloquizes:

"Asleep amid the flowers where angels flit
And waft sweet dreams, as odors, from their wings.
The benediction of the skies must rest
Upon this scene, and earth smile back to heaven.
O, let me be a portion of thy dream!
(He draws nearer.)
Awake, my love! The Shepherd of the night
Leads to the fold the waning stars, and day,
With rising splendor, floods the hills.
Come while the shadow rests upon the flower,
Pensive with dewy tears."

Hagar, conscience stricken and jaded, is made to reply:

"My heart awoke
Before the young winds breathed into my ear
Your prayer; but, with a fainting hope, for life
Has lost its sweetness."

ATHURIEL:

"Speak not so, my love.
What evil wind now wakes, robbing my rose
Of its sweet-scented dew?"

HAGAR:

"Plucked by rude hands,
Its fragrance ravished by a ruder breath."

After an extended, dramatic conversation with her, Athuriel shouts:

"The law!
'Tis lust that lays its leprous hands on you."

Hagar looks up at him with intense longing and confession in her eyes and says:

"My father's will. From it I cannot fly.
Come, fly with me to death!"

Presently, Abner—Hagar's father—enters upon the scene and commands,

"Seducer, fly!"

His daughter's impassioned young lover faces Abner with a defiant air and upbraids him as follows:

"Betrayer of a father's trust! seeking
To sell her soul to loathsome lust for gold!
How dare you look her in the face and live?"

In Act II, Sarah—Abraham's legitimate wife—and Hagar are having a heated debate over her shame, when Abraham, himself, comes into her tent and reasons with them:

"Why wrangle so? At home all should be peace.
The world is hard; strife rules the mart,
But when we cross the threshold of our homes
We lay this by and long for rest."

Sarah engages him in conversation. To her he replies:

"Desist, desist!
The wilderness were better than this strife."

Finally, he yields to Sarah's entreaties and says with regard to Hagar

"I'll send the scape-goat hence."

Whereupon they withdraw and leave Hagar bending over her illegitimate child. She sobs:

"A slave! Thrust from my arms, despised, despoiled!
Was my heart ravished of its love for this?
Look not trustingly into my eyes,
My Ishmael, or you will read my sins.
A slave! My God, can this be my reward?
Have I not followed faith, betrayed my heart?
Debased my life and lost my soul? Take him,
My little lamb, into Thy tender arms!
Let not my sins fall on his head. Lead him,
If need be, in the wilderness, where its
Inhospitable wastes allow no slaves."

Sarah returns, accompanied by the priest. After a running debate among them, Abraham comes up with his guards and pointing to Hagar and her helpless child, exclaims,

"Away!"

Hagar looks back imploringly, as she is driven out, and says:

"Pity must linger in some heart for me;"

whereupon, one of the soldiers, pitying the fate of the child, says:

"Death in the desert
Waits for him. Give him to me."

Hagar becomes frantic and in her mother agony, declares:

"My child! my child! Give him
Away? No, let his icy fingers clasp
My neck in death!"

Abraham commands:

"Alarm the drums;
Drive forth the evil one!"

The soldiers, at the points of their bayonets, then drive her away.

Scene III of this same Act, portrays Hagar alone in the wilderness, during that awful night so dramatically pictured in the Bible. She lays her parching child on some dead leaves and then walks away where she cannot see the anguish on his face while he dies of thirst.

Here Wells very artistically brings up Athuriel who has been searching for his lover, and causes him to listen to Hagar's words:

"Hush, darling, for the day is dead and night
Creeps from its lonely lair. Sleep in my arms,

For God may wake us to another day.
A drink? Would that my tears might quench your thirst!
But dream of fountains gushing from the hills,
Of bright dews flashing from the angels' wings,
Which hover near and guard our sleep. Asleep!
Oh! God, with bitter anguish would I cry,
But hungry beasts awake at fall of night,
With fierce complainings as they sniff the wind,
Encroaching as the tides some sea-girt isle.
Into Thy hands I now commit my child!
His innocence must plead with Thee. Let not
My sins cut off his days! He died of thirst!
Look, Lord, into his little face so sweet,
So innocent, yet traced with pain in sleep!
Take him into Thine everlasting arms!
My blood shall quench the lions' thirst—hush!—"
Then Hagar chants softly:
"Breathe, softly, my baby, and do not cry,
Though darkness and danger are drawing nigh;
Alone in the forest where none can hear,
But God and the angels, my baby dear.

The cool winds are wet with the silver dew,
That angels will gather the whole night through,
And bring in the lily when morn is near,
For God is still good to us, baby dear.

Start not at the sound of each stealthy tread,
The stars are still watching just overhead;
This earth may be cruel, but heaven is near,
And God will be good to us, baby dear.

Then wake not, my darling, from rest to pain,
But pillow your head on my bosom again.
'Twas only the bittern's boom over the mere,
And God will protect us, my baby dear.

The wild beasts are lurking around our way,
Yet man is more cruel, my dear, than they,
Hush! hush! 'Tis the panther's cry, Oh, so near!
But God is more close to us, baby dear."

While this scene is being enacted, Athuriel, whose approach had been undetected by Hagar, slips away quietly and gets a cruse of water which he brings back, steals up softy and sets it near Hagar. Presently the moon comes up. The agonizing mother sees the pitcher of water. She rushes to it; seizes the vessel and gives the feverish baby a drink. The little fellow refuses to release the pitcher and keeps on drinking. Hagar says to him:

"Wait, darling, for awhile, then drink again;
Rest on this bed of leaves and dream of Heaven,
For God has sent his angel unto us,
Bringing this cruse of water and has shut
The mouths of hungry lions while we sleep.
(Ishmael falls to sleep again.)
This is an awful place where God descends,
And walks in darkness through these mighty woods.
Each flower may peer into His face and fill
Its cup. Why should I fear? Has He not led
Me safely through the night? For now the dawn
Lifts the dim curtains of these leafy aisles,
And cowering beasts slink to their gloomy caves."

After this tragic night in the wilderness, Athuriel takes Hagar; sets up a kingdom of his own; crowns her as queen. Abraham seeks to overthrow him. A bloody battle ensues. Athuriel's forces win a decisive victory. Isaac—Abraham and Sarah's

legitimate son—is captured by Athuriel's army and held as a hostage of war. Finally, Abraham, old and broken in health, with his eyes bedimmed, makes his way to Athuriel's headquarters, and after gaining admission, pleads as follows:

"I rest upon your word; give me my son."

After a penitential rehearsal before Athuriel, Abraham again implores:

"A brave man never wrongs the innocent.
With empty hands and yearning heart I come.
If ransom you require, all that I have
Is thine. Give me, I pray, my living son!"

Athuriel commands him to deal with the queen. Abraham turns to her, but his eyes are too dimmed with age to detect her identification. He pleads:

"Oh, Queen!
I pray the sorrows of a poor old man
May touch the tendrils of a mother's heart,
That twine so lovingly around your son,
And wring from their chaste lips, sweet sympathy
That makes the whole race kin. Let me draw near,
For my dim eyes would read in your face,
Mercy and hope. (He steps forward and peers in her face, then turns and exclaims): 'Tis Hagar! I am lost!"

As Isaac steps forward from behind the flap of the tent, Hagar says to Abraham,

"Behold your son!"

Abraham embraces him, and then turning to Hagar, in penitence and remorse, he asks:

"Hagar, can you forgive
A broken and a contrite man?"

Pity seizes Hagar, and as her heart wells up with sympathy, she replies:

"Yes; go!
Not as a wanderer unto the waste,
Naked and scourged by evil tongues of hate,
But to your home in peace."

Although the author, as will be seen by comparison, departed somewhat from the biblical narrative, yet nowhere did he weaken it; rather, at each angle, he strengthened it. It is a masterpiece, has been staged, and takes rank with some of the best selections in our national literature.

Gustav G. Wenzlaff

Biographical—Born, Germany, 1865. Acquired early education of his father who was a successful German teacher. Came to America when a boy. Settled in South Dakota. Was graduated from the Yankton high school in 1884; from Yankton College in 1888. Studied in Chicago 1888-89. Instructor in Yankton College 1889-92. Student, Berlin University and University of Leipzig, Germany, 1892. Professor of Philosophy and German, Yankton College, 1893-97. Student, University of Chicago, 1897-98. Recuperating in California 1899-1900. Superintendent of Yankton county schools, 1905-1908. President Springfield Normal 1908 to date (1916). Granted his LL. D. degree by Yankton College, 1911.

GUSTAV G. WENZLAFF

Here again is another writer who cannot be classified either as a prose writer or as a poet, for he excels as both. Dr. Wenzlaff's prose compositions are scholarly models; and yet, peculiarly enough, he seems equally strong on his poetic side. He speaks and writes two languages and reads several more.

Wenzlaff's prose productions cover two books and a number of varied sketches. His best prose work is his "Mental Man," a psychology that is now used in many of the best colleges and normal schools of the country. It is characterized by two things: first, its short, crisp sentences which make it easy reading; second, its wealth of original physical illustration. His second book is a small volume of "Sketches and Legends of the West." These stories cover a wide range of thought and style and they are tersely phrased.

His prose style is charmingly revealed in the following sketch given in full:

OLD BON HOMME

It was a fall day. No frost had yet blighted the vegetation, but already the yellow corn showed through the wilting husks. A longing to get away from the humdrum of routine work and to dream a day-dream took us out toward old Bon Homme on the Missouri.

Eight miles to the east of the dingy stone walls of the

Springfield Normal we look down upon a fair plain dotted with farm buildings in the midst of clustering trees. To the east a white church spire catches our eye, and farther to the south a group of buildings rather too large to be a collection of farm buildings. A little cemetery, well kept after a fashion, enclosed by a weather-beaten fence, overlooks the Bon Homme valley and the wide stretches of the wild Missouri. Granite blocks and marble shafts rise above the stubble of the prairie grass. Yes, we read some of the inscribed names and remember those who years ago responded to them.

A well traveled road leads to where years ago stood the fair little town of Bon Homme. At one place a few buildings are on either side of the road, once a street of the town, and a little farther on the little white schoolhouse, once the village school, the successor of the first schoolhouse in Dakota Territory. I have seen some of the pupils that were gathered in that first schoolhouse in Dakota—not as ruddy-faced youngsters, but as serious men and women past middle life.

I tried to point out to my companion the site of the old county courthouse, that had been here, and other familiar landmarks.

By the road—or should I say, on one side of the street—a man was unloading some hay in the wind. I pulled in the reins.

I had met the man before, and he reminded me of it. I asked him where the courthouse had stood, and the jail, which years ago had impressed my youthful mind.

"You'd better ask the old man over there," was his advice. "He can tell you better."

Just then the old man came out of the house and stood by the little gate, that once opened upon a busy street.

We drove up. After mutual salutations I told the man that I used to be acquainted with the location of things here and with some people, too. At present, however, I

could not locate anything. Where did the courthouse stand?

"Over there." He pointed out the spot.

"And the jail?"

"It was this side of it."

"The hotel burned down, didn't it?"

"Yes, some years ago."

I inquired after several other old landmarks that had been, and I received the same brief replies. Now I began to look more closely at the old house before which we were halting.

I observed the attempts that apparently had been made at flower-gardening on a small scale in the front yard. I now also noticed more definitely that the old man was really not young any more.

"My name is W——," continued I, "and this is my friend, Mr. G——."

"My name is Clark," he replied.

"I suppose that you have lived here a long time?" I queried, taking in some more details.

"I'm the oldest settler here," he answered.

"Are any others here that came to Bon Homme about the time you did?"

"I am the last one."

I wished that I knew what stream of reminiscences coursed through his mind, and what emotions stirred his breast. He seemed entirely unmoved. I knew, however, that to be the oldest settler in old Bon Homme meant much, for was not young Bon Homme once hopeful, ambitious, and aspiring for great things—it is history that she came near becoming the capital of Dakota Territory! I wished that the oldest settler of old Bon Homme might "unbutton" a little and talk—talk freely. But he said nothing.

"Doubtless your children are living in this neighborhood?" I continued.

"I have no children."

"Oh, then just you and your wife are living here in the old home?"

"I am all alone. My wife died eight years ago."

I then thought again of the little cemetery on the hill. Something like a consciousness of Gray's "Elegy" and Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" and several other things came into my mind.

A little later we were passing through a long driveway arched over by tall, stately cottonwoods, planted there by the old gardener of the Huttrische Bruder Gemeinde— the Society of the Brothers of Huter. Since he who planted and watered these trees is sleeping the long sleep in the Society's sacred acre, they do not show the same painstaking care, for the new gardener knows not what pains and labors and hopes have gone into the sturdy trunks and leafy branches.

To the left the orchard rises up to a higher table-land, on which stand the plain, long, substantial chalkstone buildings. The one most visible through the orchard from the road below, was built many years ago by Dr. A. W. Burleigh. The Doctor was one of the most brilliant gentlemen that ever came to Dakota Territory. Trained in the best schools of the east, a skillful physician, then an able lawyer, politician, and forceful orator. At one time, in the sixties, he represented the Territory in Washington, where he enjoyed the personal friendship of Secretary Seward and President Lincoln, the latter of whom he much resembled in appearance. Dr. Burleigh brought his good wife and sons to this beautiful spot, planted an orchard and vineyard, set out the shade tree, built a commodious mansion, and filled it with the comforts and refinements of America's highest culture. This place with its broad acres he sold to the present occupants. What a contrast!

To one who does not understand, the Brotherhood has little charm. The simple souls here live a communistic life in the manner, as they suppose, of the early Christians.

They believe in the simple life with all their heart. All finer touches are strictly against their tenets, being regarded as worldliness. They preach and practice non-resistance. Christ came with a message of peace, and his true followers will not resort to force of any kind. War and litigation are of the Work of Darkness. To take thought of dress and house is sinful vanity. Our true estate is the spiritual world; that is, the inheritance of those who walk in humility, peace, and simplicity. This is the dominating motive of these simple souls, whom outsiders usually judge as unprogressive and uncouth.

These idealists (for such they are) are often referred to by the uninformed as "Rooshions." Why these plain folks holding so tenaciously to their faith, language, and traditions should be dubbed Russians is hard to understand. There is not a drop of Slavic blood in their veins. The founder of the sect was a German. They speak nothing but German—a German dialect spoken several hundred years ago—and they cling to that almost as tenaciously as to their ideas of the religion of Christ.

As we drive up into the yard of this prosperous colony, we are reminded by a flock of geese that they once upon a time saved Rome. But as we come with peaceful intentions, we are cordially greeted by the manager of the Brotherhood.

Yes, this settlement, like others of its kind and persuasion, possesses fields and mills and barns and machinery and all that goes to make a model farm, and something else —some ancient manuscripts. The young teacher soon brought in several of them for inspection. They are books containing the doctrines of the founder of the Brotherhood, all written by some of the brothers in days of old, in German "print," with the most pleasing exactness. The initial letters would do credit to a Medieval expert scribe. The paper used

in these volumes is soft rag paper, such as one finds nowadays only in fancy-priced editions de luxe. The title pages show the dates 1509 and 1520. As we sat there waiting for a fall shower to pass by, our host expounded some features of the ancient, priceless volumes.

Before the day closed we were retracing our way, leaving behind old Bon Homme, but carrying back with us a feeling that we had peered into the past and heard voices of long ago.

Wenzlaff's poetic style is admirably illustrated in one of his lighter poems, "In The Spring-Time," but more especially in his best poem (elegiacal in its nature) entitled "To The End of Time."

IN THE SPRING-TIME

One name—when spring winds whisper softly—
I hear amidst the green boughs' leaves;
The creek's low song, the wild dove's crooning—
That name to me all nature breathes.

One face I see in every blossom,
That meekly hides within the grass;
The evening clouds in hues of sunset
Reflect that face before they pass.

One dream so vague, so dreamy, vivid,
Like music of a sylvan stream,
Like fragrance from the prairie roses—
My loved one is my constant dream.

TO THE END OF TIME

(In memory of Sarah F. Ward.)

We should not weep nor alway grieve, for all
We bore her out beneath the somber pall
To yonder sleepy hill. Though clouds surround
And lone the height and chill the granite bound
That marks where cerements invest and hold
The ashes of a glowing life now cold,
E'en there the field-fowl pipes its heedless lay,
And buds hide, waiting for a better day.

What seek we there among the sinking mounds
And pillared knolls, where oft the dirge resounds?
Not there the soul, unmindful of the past,
Midst shoreless darkness and decay is cast—
That soul that from unfathomed depths the oil
Of love poured out upon a parched soil.
The hulls were burst—a wondrous garden grew
And bloomed, and gleamed with heaven's sparkling dew.
Though anchored down, the branches loomed aloft
To calmer heights, where zephyrs pure and soft
Sang symphonies inspired not of dust,
But breathed a mystic note of love and trust.

We should not weep nor alway grieve because
Unaltered stands the bitterest of God's laws.
The day dawns red, yet quick its course is run,
And darkness then engulfs—the work is done.
But in that day we saw the gleam of eye
That shines, though sun be darkened in the sky.
Within that gleam a world of beauty lay,
Which hope and sacrifice had built to stay.

Ah, beauteous world, whose fields are ever fair
And undefiled by Mammon's greedy care!
Its thousand hills with temples boldly crowned
Proclaim that Truth shall reign the world around;
Its thousand paths lead e'er to righteousness;
Its lucid founts are streams of holiness.

Why should we weep or sigh or even long,
That without close shall be the inspired song?
The song is sung; the storm-clouds now surround
The lonely height where stands the granite bound.
Yet even now the spirit of that rhyme
Sings on and on until the end of time.

Other good poems of Wenzlaff's are: "Autumn Revery," "Winter Flowers," "The Blind Piper," "The Meadow-Lark" and "The Four Bards."

In addition to his own composition, Wenzlaff is also a fine translator, especially from the German. His translation of "The Chaplet," from "Uhland," is a perfect piece of work. It follows:

THE CHAPLET

Yonder stands the mountain chaplet
Looking quietly down the vale;
There below by mead and brooklet
Sings the shepherd boy so hale.

Mournful tolls the bell from yonder,
Awful sounds the funeral lay,
Hushed is now the merry singer
By the chanting far away.

They are borne to graves up yonder
Who enjoyed themselves below.
Shepherd boy, ah! list young shepherd,
'Twill be sung for thee just so!

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

Hundreds upon hundreds of miscellaneous poems have appeared in the newspapers and magazines of the state, from time to time during the past thirty-five years, that have never been collected in permanent form. Some of these are extraordinarily strong. Others are mere outcrops of fantasy suited to some occasion of the moment. In the preparation of this book nearly 2,000 of them have been discarded. There are a few, however, which are entitled to preservation. One of these is from the pen of General George A. Silsby. It follows:

THE FLAG

Oh! starry flag, with field of blue,
With stripes of red and stripes of white;
Thou standest for the things most true—
For Honor, Justice, Right.

We gladly hail this emblem pure,
This banner of our country's pride;
For you our sons will e'er endure;
For you our noblest died.

From heaven's high dome you richly shine,
And radiance cast on all around;
Thy form speaks of a love divine
That knows no captive bound.

Oh! starry flag, forever wave,
For Freedom pure, and righteous laws;
Within thy folds conceal no slave,
Nor treasure any flaws.

Another poem, entitled, "Know Ye The Land?" ringing in state pride, written for a banquet, by Hon. E. L. Abel, formerly lieutenant-governor of South Dakota, is worthy of study:

KNOW YE THE LAND?

Know ye the land where the blue joint doth flourish,
And cattle on prairies grow heavy with fat;
Where the white-coated sheep in winter do nourish
The grasses which cover the earth like a mat;
Where the growing of wheat brings the gold from the east,
Where people ne'er hunger but are ever at feast;
Where the owner of sheep has a fortune in sight,
And hard times are past while the future is bright;
Where potatoes, rye, barley and long-headed oats
Make the farmer's life easy in the raising of shoats;
Where the cow's golden butter and the fruit of the hen
Are the products which bring such large fortunes to men;
Where the country is blessed with the richest of soil,
And bountiful harvests reward man for his toil;
Where bright gold and silver in profusion abound
And beautiful jasper for building is found;
Where churches in plenty raise toward heaven their spires
And schools in great numbers furnish learning's desires;
Where the song of the plow boy is heard early at morn
As he goes forth to till the broad acres of corn;
Where the maid's rosy cheeks are the youth's wild delight
While their beautiful eyes shine like stars of the night;
Where matrons meet age with faces so fair
That they seem ever youthful, though silvered their hair;
Where Hygeia's blessings are showered upon all
And summer keeps smiling until late in the fall;
Where winters are short and soon melt into spring;
Where the harvest is crowned by Mondamin, the king;

Where the flower of its youth to rescue suffering afar,
Promptly respond to the call of the nation to war?
Know ye the land? 'Tis the land which we love,
Which hath been bountifully blessed by the Father above;
'Tis our fair South Dakota which nature has blest,
According humanity a place of sweet rest;
And today she invites the proud sons of the East
To sit at her tables and partake of her feast.

Mr. C. J. Aisenbrey is, at the time of going to press with the first edition of this book (1916), just beginning to come into recognition as a poetical writer. Two of his poems are herein given—the one local, the other universal.

A SONG OF THE SUNSHINE STATE

I love my mother state the best,
  Sunshine state, my Sunshine state.
The best state of the great northwest,
  Sunshine state, my Sunshine state.
Sing all ye sons, sing of your state,
The state that has no match nor mate,
Oh, sing a song of Sunshine state,
  Sunshine state, my Sunshine state.

From thee I've wandered far and near,
  Sunshine state, my Sunshine state.
Still to my heart you are so dear,
  Sunshine state, my Sunshine state.
Though far and wide I've traveled o'er,
In U. S. A. from shore to shore,
But still above all I'll thee adore,
  Sunshine state, my Sunshine state.

Thy goldfields in thy western hills,
  Sunshine state, my Sunshine state.
Are rich with gold and copper mills,
  Sunshine state, my Sunshine state.
Thy fields are full of golden grain,
Thy prairie plains have brought thee fame,
All o'er the world I hear thy name,
  Sunshine state, my Sunshine state.

Let's sing fore'er of our great state,
  Sunshine state, our Sunshine State.
Her glorious past all o'er narrate.
  Sunshine state, our Sunshine state.
Though far away from her we be,
E'en though we be across the sea,
Still let us sing of our S. D.
  Sunshine state, our Sunshine state.

RISEN, RISEN IS THE LORD!

Risen, risen is the Lord,
  Risen from the grave!
Seek not life among the dead,
  Christ is not Death's slave!

Christ is risen! Christ is King!
  Christ has left the tomb!
Christ, who came on earth to save,
  Sinners from the doom.

Sinners, rise with your Redeemer,
  Follow Christ the King!
Shout as victors with the Savior,
  "Death where is thy sting?"

Triumph sinners! Praise the Lord!
For the ransom's paid!
Christ has conquered sin and death,
Peace with God is made.

Hallelujah! Christ is King!
Let us Him adore!
Christ is risen! Christ is King,
King for evermore!

Andrew F. Burleigh, Jr., has written a number of short poems. None of them, however, pertain strictly to South Dakota. They are general in their character and all of them are good. The following brief one will suffice to give his general style:

IN MEMORIAM

(To my Mother.)

That tender voice, alas! is gone.
Those beauteous orbs which brightly shone,
That form seraphic, round which blazed
A living halo, time has razed
To silent dust. That angel-step,
Which like a winged spirit swept
With tinking footfalls o'er life's floor—
Alas! it wakes no echo more.
Those loving arms, once childhood's nest,
Now withering lie. That snowy breast,
Love's first elysium—death, alas!
Has kissed it back to that it was.
Those sweet lips, where love's kisses grew—
Alas! they now lie withering, too.

A somewhat intellectual writer who has given to us a small volume of musings, entitled "Across the Wheat," is Will Dillman. In a general way they all conform to the character of the following, particularly as to style of composition:

THE MOODS

I conned a poet's book from page to page,
And marked the many moods in which he sung.
And some were early songs, and bold, and rung
Of love and wine, and passions, and the rage
Of his wild, violent heart. And some the sage,
Man-grown, had writ; and here, it seemed, the tongue
Of mighty genius, free and curbless, flung
Its priceless thoughts to men. But in old age,
In the calm autumn, free from pang or pain,
O, then his songs were sweetest to the ear;
He sang of sunsets in the golden west,
Of yellow harvest moons, and gathered grain,
Of heaven, and the hour we tarry here—
I loved the tranquil songs of age the best.

Of the scattered poems from the pen of Fannie E. Knapp, the one on "Sowing and Reaping" has been selected.

SOWING AND REAPING

When we sow, we sow in faith,
For the seed must buried lie
Many days before we see
Signs of harvest by and by.

When we plant, we plant in faith,
For the growth of trees is slow.
Many summers must we wait
For the perfect fruit to grow.

When we pray, pray we in faith
As we sow and plant and trust,
Never doubting while we wait,
That our God is faithful, just?

Or do we in doubt and fear
Murmur at the long delay?
Mourn because we have to wait?
Cry that God has turned away?

Say we will not sow, because
Harvests yield not on the morn?
Say we will not pray because
Patient hope brings oft but scorn?

Better both to sow and pray;
And in strongest faith believing,
We shall some not distant day
Know the blessing of receiving.

B. W. Burleigh wrote for us a number of poems that are clever in the extreme. But the one, above all others, that is destined to live, on account of its universality, is a delicate sketch entitled "Grandma." This is perhaps as nearly a completed whole as any poem in South Dakota literature. It is a moving bit of realism on a subject that is dear in the memory of everyone.

GRANDMA

My old Grandma used to say
Always to us children, "Hey?"
Dear old soul, she could not hear
Till we shouted in her ear.
Sometimes when the dog would bark,
Grandma dear would say, "Hush, hark!"
Sometimes when the cat would play,
Grandma dear would answer, "Hey?"

I can see her sitting there,
Knitting in her rocking chair.
How we children thought it fun,
Yelling by her side, to run,
Hiding from her poor dim sight,
Ere she got half through her fright!
How we teased her every day,
Laughing at her quaint old "Hey?"

But when stripped all off for bed,
And our evening prayer was said,
We would never think of fear
While Grandma was sitting near;
But if she would take the light
For a moment out of sight,
We were glad to hear her say
From some distant corner, "Hey?"

Many winters now have fled
Since she watched beside my bed;
Many summers passed away
Since I've heard her answer, "Hey?"
Calmly rests her silv'ry head
In the city of the dead,
But I'd give the world today
Just to hear her answer, "Hey?"

Two of the weightiest philosophical productions in "Dakota Rhymes" are two sister poems, by W. J. McMurty, entitled "Morning" and "Evening." They are long and cannot be incorporated herein, but should be studied as a part of our literature, from the book in which they appear.

The real value of a friend has been beautifully pictured for us by Flora M. Swift in

LIFE'S BEST GIFT

On the shore of the great unknown,
All tremblingly, I stood alone,
Waiting till Death should kindly come
To me, and claim me as his own.

But Death, unkind as Life, passed by,
Unheeding my despairing cry;
I could not lay my burden down;
Alas, for me! I could not die.

Then in my anguish, did I call,
"O life! Since Death has taken all,
And left me in my bitter woe,
On me, I pray, let one gift fall."

And Life smiled back, "Not yet the end;
O patience, heart, and I will send
My first, most precious gift to thee."
The treasure came; it was a friend.

Frank M. Wentworth has translated for us from Heine, "You Pretty Fisher Maiden;" from Eichendorff, "The Echo," and from Goethe, the "Mignon." He has also given to us from his original compositions, the following poem:

OUR PRAIRIE FLOWERS

When he this world had fashioned well
To be his children's home,
The Father came with us to dwell,
And in the floweret shone.

His spirit sought the farthest shore,
And left some token there
That might to us in buds it bore
Unfold a Father's care.

He gave arbutus to the grove,
The clover to the mead;
Where'er our wandering feet may rove
There blooms our nature's need.

To cheer the desert's lonely way
The bright acacia grows.
The lowly mosses' crimson ray
Lights up the Alpine snows.

But when he viewed our prairie land
No single flower could choose,
And so he strewed with loving hand
His choicest seeds profuse.

Among our miscellaneous poets, recognition must be given to A. E. Beaumont. His youthful reveries are fascinating. Three of his later poems are high grade. They are "Giving," "The Passing of the Falls," and "Memorial." The first one is given in full:

GIVING

There is in grace an ample store
  Of benediction, sent to bless
The heart, whene'er it bows before
  The altar of unselfishness.

And we receive no dearer gift
  Of happiness, than we plan
To leave our beaten path, and lift
  His burden from a fellow man.

The stream of bounty long hath flowed
  From many a living spring supplied.
And every cheerful gift bestowed,
  Is to the giver multiplied.

What tender joy the mother knows,
  That wells from Nature's kindly spring,
When to her infant's lips there flows
  Her fruitful bosom's offering.

The blessings we receive from Heaven
  Refill the cup that we dispense:
And by the largess we have given,
  Is measured out our recompense.

James Fremont Hall, the student poet of Yankton College, who enjoyed the unique distinction of being called to a membership on the faculty of his Alma Mater on the day of his graduation, must be accorded recognition as a poet by reason of the following poem (in addition to many others), which

he wrote during his early college days. It bears prima facia evidence that had he not died when scarcely out of his 'teens, he would have made a literary record for himself.

IN HIBERNIS

A shroud of white above the faded green;
A rigid corse, appareled for the tomb;
And all about a hateful marble sheen,
That by its glare intensifies the gloom.
Who is the dead that 'neath these trappings lies,
A haunting bait for morbid curious eyes?
Whose hands o'erclasp the heart-deserted breast?
Whose name upon the coffin plate is graved?
Were soothing masses chanted to his rest?
Oh, did he pray, whom Stygian waters laved?

The earth, it is, that lies in pallor here;
The earth that seemed so far from death in May.
What voice can tell how vast the gulf and drear,
May ope' twixt rosy dawn and twilight grey!
Now lo, a storm across his breast careens,
Boreas bursts his icy magazines,
And tears and wrenches at the shrieking trees.
Rolls up the snows to lash their parent cloud,
E'en digs the hills, as hungering to seize
The insects cowering 'neath the hillside's shroud.

While thus I saw, and wondered at it all—
And wondered if the earth would bloom again,
And wondered if Death's sodden chain and ball
Were never stricken from the souls of men;
While thus I wondered—sudden music woke;
(Perhaps some spirit to my spirit spoke)

"Awake from thy visions thou saturnine being,
Nor mourn for the sunlight as lost.
Neither Summer nor Sun from the conflict are fleeing,
And soon thou wilt see their bright scimeters freeing
The earth from the fetters of frost.

"Go burrow the snow banks and ask the primroses,
If theirs is the sleep of the dead?
Go ask the arbutus if e'er she supposes
Eternal the pillow on which she reposes—
Eternal the snows of her bed?

"Close, close by the ice of the frigid Sierra
The orange blooms sprinkle the sod;
While, alike, from the sands of the charnel Sahara
Burst withering floods of the waters of Mara,
And floods of the nectar of God.

"Oh read, ere the locks at thy temples have whitened,
The parable written in frost:
That nothing which once 'neath the sunlight has brightened,
No soul which the touch of God's finger has lightened,
Is ever eternally lost."

Prof. C. G. St. John, of Clear Lake, has written a few choice poems. One of his very best ones is his "Veterans' Day," written for the G. A. R. in 1902. Another one, less powerful, but studiously historical, is herein given:

THE FIRST REGIMENT

O'er Dakota's fertile plain
Came the war of the "Maine",
And it stirred the blood within each patriot heart.
When they heard the call to arms,
Many left their shops and farms,
And resolved that they would do a soldier's part.

They were gathered at Sioux Falls,
Where they heard the bugle calls,
And they saw the lines a-drilling all in blue.
Then they deemed it naught but joys
To be honest soldier boys,
While they camped beside the waters of the Sioux.

O'er the granite ledge they walked,
Of the coming days they talked,
And the daring deeds that some of them would do;
But, 'twas little thought they bore
What the future had in store,
As they dreamed in peace beside the placid Sioux.

But, at last the orders came,
They must cross the raging main;
Of that fighting with the foe they little knew.
They must leave their sweethearts gay,
Leave their parents old and gray,
Leave their camp beside the willow fringed Sioux.

When the parting day had come,
Fathers, Mothers gathered 'round
There to bid their soldier boys a last adieu.
Some of them would ne'er return,
And it made those old hearts yearn,
As the train bore off their bonny lads in blue.

On and on those loved ones sped,
Where the path of duty led,
O'er the plains and through the mountain pass they whirled.
O'er old ocean's briny waves,
Though it led to nameless graves,
They would proudly bear "Old Glory" 'round the world.

In Luzon's wild darks and damps,
By her lakes and fever swamps,
Some are lying where they hear no bugle call.
In the fight from day to day
Gallant men have passed away,
With no fond ones near to care for those who fall.

Many anxious days have passed
Since we saw those dear ones last,
And we know that some have fallen in the strife.
How those fond old parents mourn
For the boys who'll ne'er return,
And 'twill ever cast a shadow on their life.

Yes, those laddies all were brave,
And some fill a hero's grave
Where they fell beside the trenches of the foe.
South Dakota's won a name
By her gallant soldiers' fame;
But, the glory ne'er can pay the mothers' woe.

C. H. Creed has written one poem strong enough to entitle him to a place in the literature of the state. It is rather unusual in its philosophic setting; yet, in some respects, it takes rank with many of our best productions:

"PASS ON"

"Pass on, pass on!" We feel our steps impelled
By hand invisible, our faces bent
Toward the realm of death, whose shady hand
Comes forth to grasp us, our brief vigor spent.
And ever as we wend the weary trail
That awful and unseeming power around
Cries with a tone unheard, unfelt, but known,
"Pass on, pass on thy life's resistless round."
This busy world a mighty highway is,
A rugged way which ends in shadow dense,
Down which the human cavalcade, alike
Both great and small pass on their journey thence.
And as I look, the restless, hurrying mass
Of human shapes goes on before my eyes;
Some see the valley long before they come,
While others meet the shades in sheer surprise.
Each has his tale of travel to relate,
Words of the rabble bear the selfsame song,
But here are some who by their acts, anon,
Stand out in bold relief against the throng.
"Pass on, pass on!" The ever goading words
Sound like a knell in maiden beauty's ears,
Forcing her toward the overhanging pall,
Quenching with darkness all the sobs and tears,
Tearing her from the gay and laughing friends,
Mocking the shadow in their own conceit,
Yet, ever in accordance with the power
Pushing the dust with glad unknowing feet.
"Pass on, pass on!" The aged one would turn
And face once more the gladsome way of yore,
When with his happy comrades, all his thought
Was to the flowery by-way not the fore.
Yet ever though in memory he turn,
His steps, impelled by that unheard command,
Move ever onward to the ghastly shades

To join with others in an unseen land.
"Pass on!" The priest with humble step and slow,
With never backward look or faltering heart,
With hands outstretched to bless his lowly flock
Approaches slow the dull and dusky mart
Where death is given for life and life for death,
And as the ages ever onward roll,
The body and the pleasure of a life
Are bartered for the lifetime of a soul.
So in the shadow strides the priest, in hand
The crucifix to which his faith is pinned,
And as the darkness closes over him
His churchly robe drifts backward on the wind.
"Pass on, pass on!" A youth with buoyant step
A fair bride leads adown the crowded way,
Whose white hands reach imploringly above
As "On, pass on!" He must the word obey.
"Pass on, pass on!" The turbaned Hindoo strides,
And peers beyond the gloom for Buddha's end
And feels himself a mark of Allah's grace.
The Christian white man of the favored lands,
The simple red man of the western plain,
The swart Egyptian, and the Pagan Moor
Would minister to each other's misled brain.
And yet the Christian and the Pagan feet,
The self-same pathway in the self-same hour
Unto the self-same shadows do traverse,
Impelled forever by the self-same power.
Then let us be resigned and when the hour
Arrives when we must meet the shadows dense,
Like to the red men in their native haunts
Go strike in silent awe the weakened tents,
And as the gathering shadows of the night
In silence take the place of ruddy day,
Cast not a look of sorrow or regret
But in the gloaming silent steal away.

Although there are in the following volumes of verse which have lain in the state historical department for many years a number of good selections, yet none of them could be incorporated into this book at this time:

Mary Cummins, "Rhymes of a Lifetime."

James Davies, "Threads of Gold Woven in Verse."

John E. Kelley, "The Age of Gold."

In 1906, a Reverend Mr. Smith, of Huron, brought out a volume of verse, but it was not widely read, because the poems lacked vitality.

Access to quite a number of other volumes of pioneer poetry may be had at the Department of History, in the State Capitol, at Pierre.

CHAPTER II

PROSE WRITERS

Prose writers naturally divide themselves into four main classes: Novelists, Historians, Journalists, and Scientific writers. These divisions will, as far as practicable, be respected in this section of this book.

NOVELISTS

In the classification of the subject matter in this volume, it has been practically impossible to differentiate between the Poets and the Novelists, because of the fact that several of the writers have become prominent and have been recognized in both fields. This is especially true of Joseph Mills Hanson who has written two books of history, two of fiction, a Pageant, and one volume of poetry; also of Hamlin Garland whose prose productions far outbalanced his poems. It became necessary, however, to classify them among the poets, owing to the fact that you cannot quote at length from a prose work. They will, nevertheless, have to be considered in both fields.

Those who have been treated herein as "novelists" are, therefore, the ones who have written novels exclusively, who are recognized as novelists and who have left poetry entirely alone.

Kate and Virgil D. Boyles

Biographical—Virgil: Born, Louisville, Illinois, January 22, 1872. Family removed to Dakota in 1874. Settled on claim near Olivet.

Kate: Born, Olivet, S. D., 1876. Family removed to Yankton in latter '70's.

Both of them educated in the Yankton city schools and at Yankton college.

Kate taught in the country; also for three years in the Yankton schools, and one year in Boyle's Business college, Mitchell, S. D. Married J. H. Bingham, 1908. Home in Chamberlain.

Virgil settled in Mitchell in 1898. Court reporter, fourth judicial circuit. Married Grace Glezen, 1897. Father of two children—a girl and a boy.

KATE AND VIRGIL D. BOYLES

In the realm of fiction the two South Dakota writers who have gained the greatest recognition thus far are a sister and brother—Kate and Virgil D. Boyles. These two writers have adhered rigidly to prose composition. Their mastery of ideal English, their powers of imagery and their ability to portray life—all combine to make them our best-loved authors.

Their first book, entitled "Langford of the Three Bars," which appeared in 1907, proved to be a great seller; in fact the yearly sales of it to this day still run into the thousands. For a long while it was the McClurg Company's heaviest seller over their retail counter in Chicago. Eastern life had been threshed bare by eastern authors. Down-east folk were hungry for something western. This book helped to gratify them.

It has an attractive title—one of the chief assets in stimulating sales for any production. It is admirably illustrated in colors by N. C. Wyeth, whose ability to portray western life commands respect.

In the early days of Dakota, one of the greatest outlaws and cattle rustlers in the whole country was the notorious Jack Sully. He was shot on a lonely island in the Missouri river by a posse under Deputy

U. S. Marshal Petrie, in 1904, after he had broken jail at Mitchell a few months before. Sully, under an assumed name, is made to play the leading role in "Langford of the Three Bars." It is a typical western story with the plot covering the region around the mouth of the White river where it empties into the Missouri.

The opening chapter, headed "The Island With a Mystery," carries a person boldly and at once to the scene of human disaster. The reader's attention is promptly arrested. In the second chapter one is put directly "On The Trail," while in the third, "Louise" is introduced with telling effect. It is, withal, a masterpiece of fiction, with an historical setting which gives to it much of the nature of an historical novel.

The leading character passes through many startling incidents; is caught; placed in jail; escapes; and, finally, in Chapter XXII, makes "The Outlaw's Last Stand."

Of the four books which the Boyles have now placed upon the market—all of them through A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago—their first one is evidently their best, provided its merits can be ascertained by its demand.

In 1909, their second book appeared. It is called "The Homesteaders;" and like their first one, the plot to it is laid in the region west of the Missouri river, in South Dakota. This one also proved popular. It was followed in 1910 by "The Spirit

Trail," an Indian tale growing out of "The Treaty of Laramie" in 1868. Although the plot is laid in Wyoming, it shifts its way across South Dakota, and has a great deal to do with the development of the region around Yankton during territorial days.

Their last book, "The Hoosier Volunteer," came from press in 1914. For a soul-stirring tragedy—that is, for a succession of minor tragedies, which, when put together, make up a completed whole—it certainly outclasses their first book; although its demand, to date, could not be given a comparative rating with the first one which has now been on the market for nine years. The recurring ghost story in it surpasses anything of its kind in English—the one in Hawthorne's "House of Seven Gables," or indeed, "The White Old Maid" itself, not excepted.

LOUISE ELLIOT

One of the happy volumes that appeared upon the market during 1913 was Mrs. Elliott's "Six Weeks On Horseback Through Yellowstone Park." It is, in reality, a travelogue containing fifty-two high grade illustrations of scenery in the park. The book contains the camp letters which Mrs. Elliott is presumed to have written to her parents during her journey. These letters are knit together by a dainty love story that gives to them a fascination out of the ordinary. The book is valuable for its wealth of detailed geographical information.

Mrs. Jewell Bothwell-Tull

Biographical—Born, Yates Center, Kansas, Aug. 3, 1892. Removed to Montana, then Idaho, then Utah. Educated in University of Idaho. Specialized on English and French. Spent one year abroad. Studied French in Paris. Married Prof. Clyde Tull, 1912. Home at Mitchell, S. D. Instructor in French, Dakota Wesleyan University. Has written numerous short stories and poems, published by eastern houses. Author of two books to date. She is a member of the Delta Gamma National Society and her biography appears in the book, "Who's Who in Delta Gamma."

JEWELL BOTHWELL-TULL

A new book which appeared in 1915 is Mrs. Tull's "Winning of the Bronze Cross." It is the story of a boy scout who leaves Chicago on Sunday afternoon and starts to Idaho to visit his uncle. Throughout the long journey he encounters a startling series of misfortunes; yet in all of these trying circumstances the boy acquits himself in a splendid way and out of his many trials he emerges each time possessed with the spirit of a true boy scout. The story reveals a sympathetic knowledge of boy nature, his struggles, his failures, his successes, and his ideals.

A fitting companion to her first book, entitled "Rob Riley—The Making of a Boy Scout," issued from press this year (1916). In it she has used some of the characters of her former book, and by adding several new ones she has worked out a plot that in the end reveals a typical boy scout in the finest light.

Mrs. Tull is also author of two plays, "Home" and "Rose-Petal," both of which have been successfully produced.

Dr. Will Lillibridge

Biographical—Born, Union County, Iowa, 1878. Raised on a farm. Graduated, Dental Department Iowa State University, 1898. Came to Sioux Falls. Practiced Dentistry. Wrote six novels and one descriptive book. Died Jan. 29, 1909.

WILL LILLIBRIDGE

Among our novelists, proper, the name of Dr. Will Lillibridge, of Sioux Falls, holds a prominent place. It is unfortunate that one possessed of such talents as he, should have died at the age of thirty-one when his literary career was just unfolding itself. And yet it is not strange, for there is a natural limit to human endurance. He practiced dentistry during the day and did all of his writing at night—producing seven books in the brief period of eight years. He was not very strong, and this double duty soon sapped his strength.

In his auto-biography, he says: "Every Novel may have a happy close, but a Real life's story has but one inevitable ending—Death." His was a "real life's story" and it had an early "inevitable ending."

Mrs. Wilbur Teeters, reviewing his writings in the "Iowa Alumnus," says: "Dr. Lillibridge's field of romance was his own. Others have told of the Western mountains and pictured the great desert of the Southwest, but none has painted with so masterful a hand the great prairies of the Northwest, shown the lavish hand with which Nature pours out her gifts upon the pioneer, and again the calm cruelty with which she effaces him. In the midst of these scenes his actors played their parts and there he played his own part, clean in life and thought, a man to the last."

His first novel, "Ben Blair," published in 1905, brought him national fame as an author. This book has now been dramatized by a motion picture producer. He followed this in 1907 with "Where the Trail Divides," and in 1908 with two more novels, "The Dissolving Circle" and "The Quest Eternal." The year 1909 saw his "Dominant Dollar" appear. After his death, A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago, wrote his widow to ascertain if he had left any unpublished manuscripts. She found and submitted to them his "Quercus Alba" which they published in 1910, and his "Breath of the Prairie," which they brought out in 1911.

One is led to ponder meditatingly over the fact that Charles Bracy Lawton, one of our ablest poets, should have met his fate at thirty-two years of age; that Mrs. Tatro, the state's leading poetess, to date, should have died at forty-eight; that Will Sterling, the finest natural orator the state has produced, should have passed away at thirty-four, and that Lillibridge should have answered the final summons at thirty-one. It will always be regretted by students of our state literature that these four promising careers could not have reached their full maturity; yet each of them, in turn, lived long enough and wrote a sufficient amount to make us their lasting beneficiaries.

Not alone to the white race within our state has been given the privilege of developing our fiction. The Black man has also done his share. Two splendid

novels by Oscar Micheaux (Me-show), a young negro from Gregory county, and a graduate of Tuskeegee Institute, are now widely read. The first is his "Conquest," a charming love story. His latest effort is "The Forged Note." This latter book deals with the negro conditions of the south. It is a massive volume of 521 pages, elaborately illustrated.

A new novel that put in its appearance in 1915 is "The Boy From Reifel's Ranch," by Rev. J. S. Ellis, of Conde.

Other good novels by South Dakotans—all old but valuable and delightful reading, are:

Thomas A. Stubbins, "The Patriot."

Eva Dye, "The Conquest."

Stella Gilman, "That Dakota Girl," and a "Gumbo Lilly."

Gov. G. A. Pierce, "A Dangerous Woman."

Mrs. Douglas, "Beryl, or the Silent Partner."

S. E. White, "The Westerners."

Eleanor Gates, "The Biography of a Prairie Girl," "The Plow Woman."

H. A. Rodee, "The Prairie Patriot."

HISTORIANS

No literature of any state could be complete without making suitable mention of its historians. They divide themselves into two classes: Historians, proper, and Biographers.

In the early years of the present century, Mose K. Armstrong published an elaborate history of

South Dakota in Territorial days. It is a massive volume, beautifully illustrated, and considered very accurate by competent critics. Two other small volumes also appeared: one by G. A. Bachelder and one by James Foster. Numerous other small books and pamphlets appeared, giving mostly the history of some important event, or of some particular section of the state, but nothing definite and general in its character was done until Hon. Doane Robinson, our state historian, brought out his "History of South Dakota from its Earliest Times," in 1900. The law of the state was promptly changed and an examination in South Dakota history, as well as U. S. history, was demanded of eighth grade graduates and of applicants for teachers' certificates. A course in South Dakota history was inserted in the state Course of Study for common schools. Robinson's book was made the text for practically the whole state. Renewed interest in our state history promptly followed. In 1904, Robinson's "Complete History of South Dakota" (2 volumes) appeared. This was followed in 1905 by his "Brief History of South Dakota." In 1907, Prof. R. F. Kerr revised Robinson's "History of South Dakota from Its Earliest Times," and the Educator Supply Co., of Mitchell, brought out a new edition of it. However, in 1912, Frank L. Ransom published a new school history of South Dakota, called "The Sunshine State."

Subsequent to these former efforts, Hon. George Kingsbury, of Yankton, and Professor G. M. Smith, of Vermillion, in 1915, placed upon the market an elaborate five-volume history of the state. The first three volumes, covering the territorial history of the commonwealth, were written by Kingsbury; the last two volumes, covering our state history, were written by Smith. This is by far the most complete and authentic history of the state that has appeared to date.

In addition to these histories, the history of every church and religious denomination operating in the state, has been written by some prominent member of each particular organization. It is useless to enumerate these. Copies of each of them are on file in the Department of History where access to them may be had at any time by interested parties.

Attorney Charles DeLand, of Pierre, has earned prominent mention as an historical writer of certain expeditions, and of special events. His contributions to the state Historical Reports are among the best productions of the kind. His "Errors in the Trial of Jesus," is more historical than biographical in its nature.

Attorney N. J. Dunham, of Mitchell, has written a history of Jerauld County and one of Davison County. Likewise, D. R. Bailey has written one of Minnehaha county. General Conklin has written one of Clark county, but it has never been published, except in newspaper form.

A "History of the French Revolution," in two volumes, is being prepared by Dr. Christophelsmeir, of the State University, and will be commented upon in the next edition of this book.

BIOGRAPHERS

One of the earliest biographies to appear in the state, was the "Memoirs of William B. Sterling," by the Honorable Coe I. Crawford. It is a large volume, bound in half leather, stamped in gold, and contains a steel-plate engraving of Mr. Sterling. Over half of the book is devoted to Sterling's speeches; the rest is given to the speeches that were made in his honor at the time of his death.

Much of Doane Robinson's two volumes of South Dakota history, published by Bowen & Co., is given to short biographies. The same thing is true in Kingsbury's history—the last two volumes, bearing on state history, being devoted largely to biography.

In this field, one of the very strongest books that has appeared is "Joseph Ward of Dakota." It is from the pen of Professor George H. Durand, instructor in English at Yankton college. The manuscript was prepared originally to be embodied in the state Historical Reports, but it assumed such proportions and had woven into it so much vital state and church history that it was finally decided to publish it in book form. It is a volume of 252 pages from The Pilgrim Press, Boston. The bio-

graphy is replete as to detail. It begins with the history of Ward's forebears when the first one landed in Massachusetts in 1637 and traces his ancestry on down through the succeeding years to the birth of Joseph Ward, himself, at Perry Center, N. Y., May 5, 1838. Of his ancestors the author says: "They form a noble succession of strong men—representatives, magistrates, builders of settlements, defenders of liberty, founders of churches and schools. Their record is a type of victorious progress of Pilgrim civilization." And then, with reference to Dr. Ward he says: "And Joseph Ward in his character and life work, as missionary, pastor, educator, and statesman, was true to that noble inheritance." The book compels admiration for its choice diction, and it is well illustrated throughout, making it a good piece of state history.

For other standard biographies, see the Educator Company's list of publications in the back part of this book. Hon. Doane Robinson, in his Historical Reports, keeps the field of biographies well covered.

JOURNALISM

Journalists divide themselves naturally into five classes of writers: Political, Religious, Educational, Descriptive, General. Some of the strongest writers in the state are found wholly in the field of journalism. Usually, newspaper men are so crowded with work that they become careless and indifferent as

to their literary style—argument being the main thing sought by them. However, there are, and have been, some notable exceptions.

Our strongest Political editors are Charles M. Day, of the Sioux Falls Daily Argus,Leader; Wheeler S. Bowen, of the Huronite; F. J. Cory, of the Watertown Saturday News (formerly editor of Public Opinion); Mark M. Bennett, of the Yankton Herald; J. S. Sanders, of the Aberdeen Daily News; J. F. Halladay, of the Iroquois Chief; Clate Tinan, of the Kimball Graphic; W. R. Ronald, of the Mitchell Daily Republican; E. B. Yule, of the Alexandria Herald; Mrs. Nana Gilbert, of the Salem Pioneer Register; E. S. Danforth, of the Vermillion Republican; and I. D. Aldrich, of the Big Stone Headlight. Three prominent political writers have retired. They are E. H. Willey of the Vermillion Republican, John Longstaff, of the Huronite, and O. M. Osbon, of the Howard Spirit. Several have died, among them being N. C. Nash, of the Canton News; S. J. Conklin, of Conklin's Dakotian, and Arthur Linn, of the Canton Leader.

As a Religious writer, Rev. J. A. Derome, associate editor of the Sioux Falls Daily Argus-Leader, is making a record for himself. He edits the "Weekly Meditation" which has appeared each Saturday in that paper for several years. These are the most learned treatises on the Bible and the history of religious songs that have ever appeared in the state; in fact, they take rank with anything of that char-

acter that has been produced throughout the nation.

Dean C. M. Young (deceased) and Prof. George M. Smith, formerly editors of the South Dakota Educator, a monthly educational journal, are the two men to date who have made records for themselves as Educational writers.

For keen, vivid, effective Description, one's mind turns intuitively to Osbon, formerly editor of the Howard Spirit. The following clipping is taken from an old copy of the paper:

WAITING FOR TAPS

There is not a more pathetic sight than the row of bent, gray-haired old men sitting on the veranda of our national soldiers' home waiting for the last bugle call to the muster of death. They are not the ones you would have marked, could you have seen them five and forty years ago, as the idlers of the earth. Bright, alert, quick of step and keen of eye, they were the boys you would have chosen to do things. And they did things—things that brought them to this complexion—while their neighbors, who looked the heirs apparent of helpless, hopeless senility, stayed at home and stole the millions which make them "our distinguished townsmen" of today out of the wormy hardtack and measly pork they fed to these heroes.

Thank God, all of us, that Sheridan's troopers, turning back the tide of defeat at Winchester; Meade's heroes, standing in the whirlwind of death as solid as the granite walls of Little Round Top, and Grant's gallants, tightening the coils of death about the neck of treason at Vicksburg, could not look forward and see themselves as we see them today. Thank God the future was hidden from him; else the arm that bore the starry banner up Lookout's rugged heights; the

hand that flashed the saber "from Atlanta to the sea," would have fallen, palsied at the sickening sight. They won a nation and redeemed a race—and saved for themselves a few years of cold charity in a semiprison.

And there they sit, helpless, hopeless misanthropes, the milk of human kindness soured by disappointment, racked with pain, bent and distorted by diseases contracted in swamp or prison pen, wrecked—some of them—by vicious habits contracted in those four years of unbridled passion. And others, almost the saddest of all, who escaped the touch of death and disease, who came home pure in heart and clean of hand, to find their places filled, themselves out of beat with the onward march of progress, and who have trailed through life in the rear of the procession unable to catch the step. In the sight of men they are failures, but before the most high their lives are the pascal lamb sacrificed on freedom's altar.

And there they sit and wait—for what? Think of it! Put yourself in their place. Life ended, no cheer, no child's prattle in their ears, no love in their lives, no hope, no future, no present—only a dim, shadowy past, already forgotten by half the world.

Waiting only for their summons—"Lights out!" that low, sad requiem, with a heart-break in every note, falling, with increasing frequency on their dull, old ears.

As a General writer, on all classes of subjects, Wheeler S. Bowen, of the Daily Huronite, must be given recognition. Following is a fair sample of his regular daily composition:

MEMORIAL DAY

Through so many years of prosperous peace has the memorial anniversary in honor of the dead of the Civil War been observed that the event has become as well established as our Christian Sabbath. As the swift years go by, increasing solemnity is attached to the observances of each

30th of May, couched though they are in the forms that admit of no variation.

It is far away now, the weary march, the bristling line, the sputtering fire, the roar of musketry, the boom of artillery, the weird cadence of flying shells and the hiss of the death dealing minnie, the sobbing away of life, the moans, the shrieks, the shouts of triumph, the groans of despair.

So far away and covered by so many years of rising and advancing generations that the life of today knows little of the significance of Memorial Day to the survivors of one of the world's bloodiest periods.

And the appreciation of the soldier of the '60's is somewhat dimmed, for he has lived long since there came unsought into his life experiences that were wrought into his soul in the red-hot crucible of war. He may feel that he, too, would be willing to lie down in his place "on fame's eternal camping ground," for the journey is becoming a weary one and the thinned column drags along the line of march.

Today, under the stars that were saved and the stripes that wreathed about them, all over the loyal portion of our land, the people have turned their thoughts to the men of the sixties, have honored them as they will again on each recurring 30th of May, giving the present the glorious lesson of the past, that the future may be saved against the conspiracies of evil.

Although E. H. Willey was classed as a political writer, and although he gained wide recognition in that field, he must also be treated among the general editorial writers. For nearly a half century, he made the Vermillion (Dakota) Republican one of the strongest literary weekly newspapers in the state. Willey was an apprentice lad. He never attended school a day in his life, yet through sheer

application he became one of the recognized literary editors of the state. What could be more musical as prose than the following paragraph, taken from his lengthy editorial on Senator A. B. Kittredge, at the time of the latter's death in 1910?

> Today he sleeps in the village cemetery of the little New Hampshire town of Jaffrey, but his memory will remain as enduring as the granite of which are composed the encircling hills that will keep watch above his place of rest. For happily, and most surely, his work in every way was a credit to the state of his nativity as well as to that of his adoption, and the honor becomes the heritage of the nation.

SCIENTIFIC WRITERS

Under the head of Scientific Writers, must come our writers of science, proper, our text book authors, aside from historians, our compilers and our critiques. Hundreds of valuable pamphlets, bearing on strictly scientific themes, have appeared during the past thirty years, but we must confine ourselves as far as possible to a consideration of bound volumes. To delve into this phase of our literature merely for historical purposes, would necessitate the cataloging herein of over 200 valuable scientific pamphlets. This would prove impractical for our purpose. Again, the able dissertations of the men of science who are connected with the faculties of our state and denominational institutions of higher education, if catalogued, would be interesting, but they would be valueless as literature; hence, their omission.

GEOLOGY

The Geology of the state, in addition to the government reports, was first written by Professor Todd, in bulletin form. His leading works are "Boulder Mosaics in Dakota," and "Moraine of South Eastern South Dakota." Later, the regents of education authorized Dr. Cleophas C. O'Harra, president of the School of Mines, to go East and collect all of the reports on the Geology of the Bad Lands that he could find, and to condense these with his own investigation, into one paper-bound volume at state expense. This was done, and so we have a complete record of that interesting region. Dr. O'Harra also wrote the "Mineral Wealth of the Black Hills." Dean E. C. Perisho, as state geologist, gave to us the following reports:

The Geology of the Rosebud Reservation.

The Bad Lands of South Dakota.

Bulletin No. 5, covering the geology as well as the geography of south central South Dakota.

Bulletin No. 7, covering the geology and the geography of northwestern South Dakota.

Rock Formations of South Dakota.

T. H. Lewis has given to us pamphlet 6, covering the "Boulder Outline in Dakota." With all of this valuable material at hand, our Geology is considered quite complete.

MUSIC

Instrumental

While the words to vocal music might profitably be studied under the head of Poetry, yet musical compositions, on the whole, must be considered as scientific productions. It would not be feasible to list herein all of the instrumental compositions that have been produced to date by South Dakota composers, for they now number about fifty. Without showing partiality, special mention must be made of the "First South Dakota Infantry March," composed by Frank M. Halstead, leader of the South Dakota Infantry band, because of the wide recognition which this composition gained. Then, too, Carrie E. Stratton has excelled in sheet music. Her "Iroquois Grand March" became a national selection. Scarcely less popular were her "McKinley's Memorial March," and her "Frolic of the Prairie Chickens."

However, the state composer who, to date, has risen into a field wholly his own, is Dean E. W. Grabill, head of the College of Music, University of South Dakota. He lives in music, revels in it and radiates it from his whole being. Not only has he gained recognition at home, but from Canada comes the following sonnet written to him by the popular Canadian poet, J. D. Logan, and published by the latter in his volume of poems:

DULCET MELODIST

(To Ethelbert Warren Grabill—the most poetic interpreter in America of Chopin, Grieg, and MacDowell.)

DULCET MELODIST whose fingers kiss
The longing keys with fondest tenderness,
What soft allurement lies in thy caress
That they should answer with the thoughts we miss
Of love ineffable? Oh, tell me this:—
How thou dost draw from seeming nothingness
The unheard love—complaints that burn and bless
And break the heart with bitterest tears of bliss?
Thou utterest soul-throbs Chopin made us hear,
As if he wept again upon the keys,
MacDowell's plaint and Grieg's immortal Peer
Who never knew the loneliness of peace:—
Ah, must thine own heart burn with love like these,
When thou canst bring their sweetest art so near!

Dean Grabill's piano compositions include a number of mazurkas, waltzes, a romance, a set of album leaves, and a set of Cuban Voudou dances. He has composed a large number of songs for solo voices, including:

Serenade (Love Wakes and Weeps), words by Sir Walter Scott.

A Song of Love, words by Sidney Lanier.

Du bist wie eine Blume, words by Heine.

Come Not When I am Dead, words by Tennyson.

Visitors, words by Helen May Whitney.

Lullaby, to original words.

Besides these, the Dean was specially commissioned by Toronto friends of J. K. Bathurst, the Canadian poet, to compose the music to the latter's

"Love's Pilgrim," a poem of singular beauty and power. Grabill has also written Incidental Music (songs and orchestra) to Goldsmith's "She Stoops To Conquer," and some works for chorus, including "My Misery," to original words in negro dialect.

Vocal

Our vocal selections that have gained recognition and for which music has been written are not numerous. "My Pilot," by Rollin J. Wells (see poets) has been set to music; has had a good sale, and has been incorporated in a church hymnal.

J. W. Coates, of Conde, wrote "The Sunshine State," the music for which was composed by Dean Grabill.

President Willis E. Johnson, of the Aberdeen normal, wrote both the words and the music to a song, entitled "South Dakota," which has become popular throughout the state.

MONEY

Our money problem has been vividly set forth by Hon. H. L. Loucks in his "New Monetary System." A companion book is his "Government Ownership of Railroads and Telegraph."

RELIGION

In addition to the "Weekly Meditations" (see Journalists), by Rev. J. A. Derome, consideration must also be given to that class of religious writings which have been preserved in book form. As was stated under the head of "Historians," we cannot

give special thought to the able religious essays and kindred material that have appeared during the past thirty-five years.

We have from the pen of the learned Dr. Samuel Weir, who for seven years was a member of the faculty of Dakota Wesleyan University, a ponderous volume along religious lines, entitled "Christianity as a Factor in Civilization." Coupled with this, is the "Necessity for the Christian College," by Dr. Thomas Nicholson. But the two modern treatises on religious themes, that are having a wide sale are the works of Dr. Craig S. Thoms, of Vermillion. His "Bible Message for Modern Manhood" struck a responsive chord in modern thought. It was followed by his "Workingman's Christ" which, if possible, is proving still more popular than his first book.

TEXT BOOK AUTHORS

AGRICULTURE

While Eastern men have been preparing texts along the line of agriculture, to meet the demand for this new phase of industrial education, our home authors have not been idle. Arthur A. Brigham has brought out his large volume, "The Progressive Poultry Journal." Professor C. Larsen and W. White have published their "Dairy Technology;" and Larsen and McKay are the joint authors of "Principles and Practice of Butter Making." Larsen is also the author of "Exercises in Farm Dairying."

BOOKKEEPING

A large volume on bookkeeping, entitled "Farm Accounting," written by Prof. S. D. van Benthuysen, is in press at this time, and cannot be commented upon intelligently until the next edition of this Literature is issued.

CHEMISTRY

Dr. James Henry Shepard, professor of Chemistry, State College, Brookings, has written the "Elements of Chemistry," a "Brief Course in Chemistry," "Organic Chemistry" and "Inorganic Chemistry," four texts that are used extensively throughout the colleges of the country.

In addition to Shepard's books there have been prepared a number of able dissertations on this branch of science by leading professors of the state.

CIVICS

Our Civics writers began with Smith and Young who prepared a book entitled "The State and Nation." This was followed later by the "History and Government of South Dakota," by the same authors. It is one of the standard texts of the state.

J. A. Ross wrote a brief text on this same theme, entitled "Ross' Civics." It had a large sale. Later, Frank L. Ransom re-wrote and enlarged it under the title "Civil Government of South Dakota and the United States." The overhauling was so complete that it entirely obliterated the Ross resemblance,

and made a new book of it. This book is also used extensively in the schools of the state.

Under the title, "South Dakota, a Republic of Friends," President Willis E. Johnson, of the Aberdeen normal, brought out another book on civics which has found a ready sale, not only as a text on this subject, but as a book for popular reading and for reference, as well.

ECONOMICS

"Outlines of Elementary Economics," H. J. Davenport, a 280 page volume.

GEOGRAPHY

The first book of Geography to appear was one written by General Beadle in 1888, entitled "Dakota, Its Geography and History."

The next serious attempt was that of President Willis E. Johnson who brought out his "Mathematical Geography." Although this book does not treat especially on South Dakota, but is general in its character, it is, nevertheless, a literary production by a South Dakota author, and must be recognized. Johnson also wrote the South Dakota "Supplement" to Frye's standard geographies.

The latest text on this subject, however, is the "Geography of South Dakota," by Perisho and Visher. It is a condensed book, well adapted to class-room work.

For publishers and prices on South Dakota authors' books, see catalog of such publications in the back part of this book.

GERMAN

Under this head comes "Lessons and Views, for Study of German by Conversational Method," by Prof. Geo. M. Smith.

LAW

The subject of Law will also be treated under the subsequent head of "Compilers." However, for our purpose here we must confine ourselves to authors of text books on this theme. The man who stands near the head of the list is H. E. Willis, of Yankton, who has given to us two valuable texts on law, "Contracts" and "Damages." Charles E. Deland is the author of "Trial Practice and Appellate Procedure," and of numerous annotated pamphlets on special phases of law, such as Corporations and other kindred themes. Dean McKusick, of the Law School of our state university, is just completing his volume on "Negotiable Instruments."

LOGIC

A splendid book on Logic is rapidly being completed by Dr. Tollef B. Thompson. No doubt it will become a standard text in the schools of the country.

MATHEMATICS

One of the first serious attempts at Mathematics is the "Moad Script Number Primer," written by the Moad sisters (Altha and Ethel) and made to adapt itself to the number work for the primary

grade, as outlined in the state course of study. This is soon to be followed by Book II, covering the work of the second and third grades.

Another mathematical work that is revolutionizing the teaching of numerical combinations in the grades is the Guhin Number Method, by M. M. Guhin, of the Aberdeen Normal, formerly superintendent of Brown county. It is an arithmetical chart which does away with the old-time multiplication tables. A manual accompanies the chart.

MEDICINE

The only books on Medicine which we have been able to locate for examination are: "The Obstetric Guide," by Dr. Robert L. Murdy, of Aberdeen, and "Le Bonne," by Mrs. Cassie L. Hoyt, of Ft. Pierre.

PEDAGOGY

We are now to deal with a mental giant in the field of prose, a man who might be classified as a straight scientific writer as well as a text-book author, Dr. W. Franklin Jones, head of the Department of Education, University of South Dakota. The president of a board of trustees of a certain denominational school once wrote, "An education that is not productive is not vital." In this sense Jones' education is vital, because it has been productive. To date he has written and published two books and four weighty pamphlets.

His best book is his "Principles of Education." It is written in short, choice, model sentences, and

is used as a text-book on pedagogy by a large number of the leading colleges and universities of the country. Two paragraphs, under the head of "Literature," (Page 31) will suffice to give both his style and his logic:

> We have seen that history deals with realized life, and that it offers us the richest experiences of real lives of the past, in the hope of guiding life of the present. Literature, on the other hand, deals with idealized life, life that never was, just as literature reveals it; hence, it is to our immediate purpose to inquire how the human mind comes to know ideal life, and what values literature seeks to reach in dealing with such life.
>
> Every human mind is moved by the thoughts of its destiny. What a man is to become is a matter of the keenest interest to himself, leading him to struggle for what he believes to be his highest good. That which a man wills to become is his ideal, or unrealized, or universal self. That which a man is at any given time is his real, or realized, self. There are two selves, then, in every human being, a real and an ideal. This is a basal fact in education, for without it there could be no education.

Three of his pamphlets are: "The Vitality of Teaching," a paper read before the Association of School Executives of the South Dakota Educational Association; published by The Psychological Clinic Press, Philadelphia, Pa., and later republished by the Department of Public Instruction, Pierre, S. D.; "An Experimental Critical Study of the Problem of Grading and Promotion," the same being a thesis "submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the Graduate

School of New York University;" and his "Concrete Investigation of the Material of English Spelling," this "investigation" being the foundation for his famous speller.

Another of his pamphlets—a University Bulletin—entitled "Handedness in Education," was published in 1916 by the University of South Dakota. It is the result of an investigation covering seven years of study of right and left hands and arms. The bulletin sets forth the significant fact that its conclusions are based upon the exact measurements of 10,000 pairs of hands and arms, ranging from stillborn children to centenarians.

The instrument devised for making accurate arm measures, and called the "Brachiometer," is fully described in the bulletin, so that teachers and parents may use the instrument freely. Part I of the study shows:

1. How we may determine whether a child is born right or left handed.

2. How we may determine whether a child has really adopted the right or the left arm.

3. How we may know the child that has shifted from the potentially major to the potentially minor arm.

In addition to the above, a summarizing tabulum is given which reveals the significant facts that 4 per cent of the race are born left handed, and 96 per cent right handed; that 1 per cent of either right or left handers are shifted to the minor arm by ac-

cident (arm injuries in early childhood); that 77 per cent of all born left handers are shifted to the right arm by tradition and accident combined; and that one child out of 25 adopts the wrong (minor) arm.

Having discovered accurate means of determining the three types of handedness (right, left, transferred) as given in Part I, these measures have been utilized to find 250 individuals of each of the three types, 750 individuals in all, and these individuals submitted to five specific skill tests to ascertain the results of shifting a child from the major to the minor arm. These tests, fully recorded in Part II, clearly show that the pure right hander and the pure left hander are essentially equal in hand and arm skill, but that the transferred child is always deficient—a discovery of tremendous importance to education in the day when labor is not only skilled but becoming increasingly skilled.

In addition to the Jones book, Prof. Geo. M. Smith and Dr. Clark M. Young, are the joint-authors of an able treatise on the "Elements of Pedagogy," a book that has now been in use as a text on education for some time.

PSYCHOLOGY

The "Outlines of Psychology" is the name of an unfinished manuscript being prepared by Dr. Tollef B. Thompson. It will be published during 1917.

SPELLING

Dr. W. Franklin Jones, after making his extensive "Concrete Investigation of the Material of English Spelling," covering a period of several years, has had published his "Child's Own Spelling Book," which is revolutionizing the spelling problem, not only of our own state but of many other states as well, where the schools are now using them. This is the only text of this character that has been prepared in South Dakota.

TYPEWRITING

"The Sentence Method of Touch Typewriting," is the title to a book on this subject, prepared by Prof. S. D. van Benthuysen, of Mitchell, and used extensively by commercial schools throughout the entire Northwest.

COMPILERS

In 1877, the "Codes of Dakota" were prepared by Peter C. Shannon, Granville Bennett and Bartlett Tripp. They were written for the committee by General Beadle. Although they are a compilation, yet there is much original matter in them. Ten years later, E. W. Caldwell and C. H. Price compiled the laws of the territory to date. In 1899, Grantham's "Codes of South Dakota" appeared. This was followed in 1903 by the "Revised Codes of South Dakota," prepared by Bartlett Tripp, G. C. Moody and James Brown.

The earliest manual covering the practice in Justices' court was prepared by A. B. Melville, of the

Beadle county bar. It is entitled "The Dakota Justice, Civil and Criminal."

Immediately after the close of the Spanish-American war, Col. Robert Stewart compiled the Military Codes of the state.

Another compilation is the "Brand Book of South Dakota," prepared by John Hayes, of Ft. Pierre.

Just from press is a new volume entitled "A Book of Quotations," consisting of over 1,200 excerpts from standard authors, including a few South Dakota writers, classified under fifty-eight distinct headings, prepared by Mrs. Ida P. Ransom. The quotations are general and are intended for both home and school use.

CRITIQUES

One of the earliest critiques made in conjunction with our state literature was that of James Realf in the Arena Magazine of May, 1895, on Doane Robinson, "A Poet of the Northwest." This is a technical study of Robinson's verse. The next year, Henry W. Austin wrote a critique of Robinson's verse in The Bookman.

The heaviest critique made within the state is one by Dr. Tollef B. Thompson, professor of Philosophy in our State University at Vermillion, on Ibsen's last book, entitled "When We Dead Awaken." This critique is in the form of a lecture, delivered by Thompson before the faculty and students of

Chicago University, and published in its entirety in the 1909 summer number of Poet Lore. In taking his general bearings preparatory to launching upon his special theme, Thompson says:

The painter spreads his ideal conception upon the surface of his canvas. The artistic photographer catches his object on the ground glass and transfers it to his plate; but Ibsen, like the sculptor, preserves the original object, the ground-glass image and all in crystal form. If the object, or rather if the group of moving objects, is true to life, and if the focus on the general principle at the other end of the frustum is clear cut, we have in the Ibsen drama a piece of art which can be purchased for the price of a book, a form of art which is capable of infinite expansion, while the definiteness of outline may be traced with the point of a pin, and which is perfect, embodying as much thought and feeling as can be crowded into the whole phantasma of moving, talking objects at the base—aside from the general artistic effect.

* * * * *

This brings us to the Epilogue. It was written in 1899, and is the last production of the dramatist. Some of you doubtless remember with what eager anticipation the readers of Ibsen awaited its publication. Many feared that the impaired health and physical decrepitude of the dramatist would not permit of his bringing the final work to a successful finish. In the minds of most of these Ibsen was, and probably is today, the mystic of the time. "When We Dead Awaken" promised them something of a revelation. To some the words meant "When the Clouds of Mysticism have Cleared Away." Others looked for an elaboration upon the final chapters of the Bible, or an effort at dramatization of Swedenborg's "Heaven and Hell." This latter class was disappointed, and the former remained staring in blank astonishment at the closed covers, not knowing whether to laugh or weep.

CHAPTER III

ORATORS AND ORATORY

Quite naturally, the orators of our state are not found wholly within one profession, nor did they come from any one line of endeavor. Rather, they are found in all walks of life. In other words our orators have made their livelihoods in various fields of action, using their splendid oratorical talents only on special occasions.

The Law gave to us Crawford, Egan, McFarland, and Will B. Sterling (deceased). Education brought forth Perisho, Harmon and Kemple. Business added Branson, and the Military gave us Conklin, while the Church has added eloquent men galore.

To read about an orator is always gratifying, but real inspiration—second only to hearing him—comes from studying his speeches, or at least copious extracts from them. Well may we profit by a brief study of the oratory that is available from the gifted men of our state!

O. L. Branson

Biographical—Born, Whiteside county, Ill., Feb. 3, 1861. Removed to Iowa with parents in 1867. Spent youth on farm. Taught school, Carroll county, Ia., at age of fifteen. Elected principal of schools, Arcadia, Ia., at eighteen. Cashier Rawlin County Bank, Atwood, Kan., 1885-87. Organized bank of his own at Atwood in 1887. Admitted to Kansas bar. Sold out in four years and moved to Olympia, Wash. Three years later removed to Osmond, Neb. Engaged in banking and the practice of law. Sold both interests. Came to Mitchell, South Dakota, Dec. 31, 1896. Took charge of First National Bank at Mitchell. Bought the controlling interest of institution at the end of the year. Became its president. Sold out in February, 1915. Operating farm loan and investment company.

O. L. BRANSON

Among the universal orators of our state—that is, those whose oratory has inspired, and been inspired by, a great variety of occasions—none have held higher rank than O. L. Branson, of Mitchell. Tall, erect, graceful; educated first for a teacher and then for a lawyer; studying and practicing meanwhile for a public speaker, he has, through his own efforts, become one of the foremost orators of the west.

Branson's orations and his forceful delivery of them are both of that finished character that commands universal respect and brings an audience to its feet. A fair example of his inspiring eloquence will be found in the following extracts taken from his address delivered to the graduating class at Volga, this state, in May, 1905:

I always feel an inspiration on an occasion of this kind that I never experience upon any other; for while it brings its sorrow in a measure, because from this time forward those who are graduating here are expected to fight the battle of life for themselves, yet I never stand in the presence of the youth of our land but what I feel as though the joyous hour of spring is here—

"Mighty nature bounds as from her birth,
"The sun is in the heavens and life on the earth;
"Flowers in the valley, splendor in the beam,
"Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream."

Hail! beautiful morning time, when to these young men and women all nature seems to be in harmony. The golden sunlight of morning is resting upon the horizon and shedding its brilliant rays over their young lives; fresh buds are bursting, song birds are singing, the whole Universe is joining in that glad hallelujah chorus—singing to the angels beyond the stars; and what message shall I bring to them that will help to guide them in the great journey they are soon to begin?

* * * * *

Then too, whatever you do, do well. Don't be a weakling; don't be a frittering frailty; but in everything you undertake, be master of the situation. See the greatest of the Roman senators quietly walking down the aisle of the Roman senate, never dreaming of danger; see those twenty-three blades of steel pierce his flesh, and as the blood flowed from twenty-three wounds his soul went to make its peace with the Great Judge in Heaven. The angry mob that gathered about his prostrate form demanded justice and swore vengeance upon Brutus, but quietly and calmly Mark Antony stood over the dead body of Julius Caesar, master of the situation.

Hear the thunder of cannon and the rattle of musketry upon the field of battle; see the charge and countercharge at the point of the bayonet, and finally see the Union forces in disorderly retreat. But, listen! away in the distance I hear the clattering of hoofs, and finally I see a black charger all covered with foam hurrying to the scene of action, and Phil Sheridan rides up the Shenandoah, master of the situation.

Take your lesson from the "thunderbolt of war." More than a hundred times he led the armies of France to victory. He lowered the colors of the enemy at Austerlitz, and stood triumphant in the face of shot and shell at Lodi Bridge. He led his conquering heroes to the summit of the Alps and carried the Eagles of France to victory beyond the clouds. But, in an unguarded moment,

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered there
Her beauty and her chivalry,"

and while the red wine flowed and the merry dance went on, the Duke of Wellington was marshalling the forces that carried the day at Waterloo; and the pendulum of time ceased to swing for Napoleon on the rock-bound coast of St. Helena.

Once more we catch our orator in a different mood. This time, with his silvery tongue inlaid with "pearls from many seas," we see him standing before a joint-session of our state legislature, sounding forth the praises of the martyred McKinley. Space forbids the use of more than a few paragraphs of this able eulogy:

When I think of the greatness of my theme, I almost hesitate at the thought of even attempting to approach it, but when I think of his splendid character that shines forth as brilliantly as the lighthouse that marks the pathway of the mariner at the midnight hour, I am inspired to go forward and do my duty; not because I believe I can tell the story better, not because I believe I can sing his praises more sweetly, but because I believe down deep in my heart that some of the most beautiful lessons in the world's history are to be found in the life of William McKinley.

* * * * *

In June, 1896, in the city of St. Louis, the Republican National Convention was held. That mighty host of delegates from every state in the Union was determined to bring back to our country that confidence and prestige that seemed to be swiftly departing from us. They called for a leader; the trumpets were sounding, the bugles rang forth; and the knightly McKinley came forward as the man of the hour. His spurs had already been won in the halls of our national

congress, and the voters of the nation were quick to rally around his standard. The contest came—one of the fiercest that has ever been known in the history of politics. For days and weeks two great political parties of the nation were doing battle royal; but on the evening of election day, when the smoke of battle had cleared away, it was found that the hosts of democracy were retreating, and the victorious banner of the republican party went streaming by.

Was there ever such an hour as that? Have you ever stood by the sea-shore and watched the ebbing of the tide? the receding waters drifting—drifting, until it seemed as though they were gone forever? Then the change comes. You can see the returning waters, the sea-gulls, the canoe and all that ride upon the bosom of the mighty deep, come gliding merrily in to greet the sea-shore. So with the condition of our nation. After hope had fled and confidence had gone almost forever, the incoming tide brought us the greatest period of prosperity ever known in the history of our country.

THE CLOSING PART OF HIS FOURTH OF JULY ADDRESS, AT SCOTLAND, S. D., 1915

But we have cause to rejoice today greater than any that has come to us since that great day when the heavens rang with those sweet chimes in '76. We rejoice because peace dwells in our midst. Today, our great flag is speaking as it has never spoken before, to a hundred million people, and is carrying its own appeal to the nations of the world. Everywhere today our country is ablaze with the glory of the American flag. From every city and every hamlet its bright stars are twinkling through her jeweled diadem and its great beams, entwined with a garland made from a hundred million loving hearts, are waving our messages of sympathy to the distressed across the sea. We plead for peace—not because we are a nation that is lacking in courage;

for, Sir, numbered among our gallant hosts are ten million patriotic men with red blood running through their veins—young, gallant, courageous, energetic men—men who have the courage to bare their breasts to any foe. But why should we send them forth in the full glory of their young manhood only to bring them home again as cripples, halt, and lame, and weak, and blind, and their garments dripping with the blood of their fellowmen? O America! My America! Beautiful queen of the empires of the world! Clad in your royal robes of purity and peace and love and hope and happiness, lead on: on through the dark chasms of cruel war, and with the wails of heart-sick mothers ringing in your ears, lead the way to that great court that will insure universal peace, and then—then shall the people of the world come forth with their hallelujahs to greet your coming, and "The nations will rise up and call you blessed."

MEMORIAL DAY, WHITE LAKE (closing).

I must remind you today that time is fleeting. Long ago we were told that the River of Time is a wonderful stream as it runs through the realm of years. It is ever flowing on and on. Today we hear the faint rippling of its waters. On the other side, I hear the reveille waking up the blue battalions that have gone to show us the way. Yes; there I see the great leaders of our country, many of whom are sleeping in Arlington, and the tens of thousands of boys who marched in the ranks and whose graves are wearing garlands of flowers today, all marching in review before the untold millions who have gone before. Horses bridled and bitted; flags flying; bands playing, and at the head of the procession upon a scroll I see the name that brings a picture of a shackled race set free, brought from out the ban of bondage to the joys of liberty.

"And Abraham Lincoln Leads the Way."

On this side of the River I see all who are left of the boys in blue, journeying toward that wonderful stream. They have already passed by; their faces are turned toward the setting sun. In the distance I hear them faintly singing:

"I am a pilgrim; I am a stranger.
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.
Do not detain me for I am going
Where the fountains are flowing ever bright."

Taps are sounding! Boys in Blue, farewell, farewell!

My countrymen: They have consecrated to our keeping the destinies of our country; and what will your answer be? At this hour, on this eventful day, for you I pledge, We will never desecrate this day! As the years come and the years go by, on each Memorial Day we will cover the graves of our soldier boys with beautiful flowers. We will remember the Relief Corps; we will fire our salute over the graves of the unknown dead; we will sing anthems for the dead and speak words of cheer to the living; we will protect the flag and wherever it waves we will know its colors are bright and spotless; we will remember the great men who lead our armies in battle; we will remember the boys who marched in the ranks:

"And when the last great trumpet
Shall sound the reveille,
And all the blue battalions
March up from land and sea;
He shall awake to glory
Who sleeps unknown to fame,
And with Columbia's bravest
Will answer to his name."

FROM ELKS MEMORIAL, SIOUX FALLS, S. D.

We meet today to linger for a while around the memories of the departed. We draw back the curtain which separates us from the mistifying beyond and look out through the mists of the gray dawn to those battlements where many were fighting in life's greatest battles, who today are not here to answer roll-call. Their barque has drifted to the full sea; their anchor is down, and for them the tide will come in no more. All Elkdom bows today in solemn meditation. At this hour we pay our loving tribute to the memories of our departed brothers who in life gallantly bore the emblem of our Order and who in death calmly, patiently, willingly, took up their journey to that land where "shepherds abide in the field."

I must remind you today that this life at best is fleeting. A good man dies; the church bells toll; the curtains are drawn for an hour in our places of business; the funeral procession passes by, and like the dropping of a pebble in the sea, his place is soon filled and the world moves on.

* * * * *

During the ordinary life of man, wonderful things have been accomplished: wonderful things by nature; wonderful things by man's inventive genius; and I wonder if you have ever thought of the most wonderful thing in all the world.

I well remember the first mountain I ever saw. It was Pikes Peak. I watched it tower high into the heavens, and I stood at its base and beheld its grandeur and its magnitude, and I wanted to cry out in the joy of my heart, "This is the greatest thing in all the world;" but it is not.

Yonder is a vessel putting out to sea. The good-byes are said; the captain is on the bridge; the stoker, at his post. Proudly she ploughs the mighty deep until lost to view. Finally, she encounters a fog and is unable longer to mark her pathway. Another vessel is approaching; a collision occurs; the ship begins to shudder and tremble and is

gradually sinking. All is excitement on board. Laughter is changed to cries of grief; prayers go up for relief; the great pumps are unequal to the task and the vessel is going down; but just at the last moment when all hope seems to have fled and nothing seems to await all on board but a watery grave, a shout of joy is heard—a rescue ship is approaching and all on board are saved. Wireless telegraphy has done its work. Wonderful! wonderful invention! but not the most wonderful thing in the world.

Hear the booming of cannon and the rattle of musketry on yonder mountain peak. Hear the call of the bugle as it rings out on the morning air and rebounds to the valley beyond. See the hurrying and scurrying of men in action, climbing from crag to crag, from peak to peak; and you ask me what it is. My answer is, "It is the mighty Napoleon leading his army and carrying the flag of his country to victory in that battle beyond the clouds." Wonderful battle! but not the most wonderful thing in the world.

On yonder hill-side, overlooking the beautiful city of Florence, is a building peculiar of construction—ancient, weather-beaten, quaint and old; renowned today perhaps only for the history it brings to mind as the traveler passes by:

"For humanity sweeps onward;
Where today the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas
With the silver in his hands.
Far in front the cross stands ready
And the crackling fagots burn,
While the hooting mobs of yesterday
In silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes
Into History's golden urn."

It is the home of Galileo, the illustrious scientist. It is where for years he read the secrets of the midnight sky; where he solved the mysteries of the universe. It is where

he invented the telescope; where he went on and on with his research; where he announced to the world that that great luminous pathway spanning the heavens is in reality the pathway of innumerable suns. It is where, while yet in the zenith of his career, he lost his vision, and in that condition traveled the melancholy road to the ending. Upon the walls of that building is a marble bust of the most renowned scientist of his day, looking down from its pedestal as if to tell the traveler the events that long since transpired. Wonderful building! wonderful history! but not the most wonderful thing in the world.

Over yonder is the much talked of city of the Cæsars;—Rome, the eternal city; the renowned city of the past, where rolls the Tiber and where history also has been made brilliant in years gone by. Shades of Marcus Aurelius, of Nero, of Cicero, of Titus—Rome the Great, where thundered the chariots of war and where the Gladiators trooped to death. There, Mark Anthony calmed the turbulent mob when Brutus' dagger felled the mighty Cæsar. Wonderful city! but not the most wonderful thing in the world.

But what is the most wonderful thing in the world? Come with me and I will show you what it is. Come to that little cottage yonder where the curtains are drawn and where the lights are burning low. Tread softly; enter; and there, in its mother's arms, is the new-born babe. Life! Life is the most wonderful thing in all the world!

* * * * *

But all roads lead to the ending. It is not for me to even discuss the mysteries of the beyond. That is a question each one must settle for himself. I only know we part at the River "where stately ships go on to their haven under the hill," and it is that parting that brings sorrow to everyone's heart. Many of us are approaching that hour of separation; we have passed the meridian of life where twilight greets the early dawn; springtime is gone; summertime has passed away, and we are now where we can see the autumn leaves

falling. The sunset is beautiful—so calm—so serene; its bright golden rays reflecting upon the western sky bespeak a day well spent. We look back over a sweet and happy past, and we see scattered along our pathway friends we loved so well:

"Some are in the churchyard laid;
Some sleep beneath the sea,
But few are left of our old class
Excepting you and me.

And when our time is come, Tom,
And we are called to go;
I hope they'll lay us where we played
Just twenty years ago."

General S. J. Conklin

Biographical—Born, Penn Yan, N. Y., May 5, 1829. At twelve years of age apprenticed to a shoemaker. At eighteen completed apprenticeship and entered business for himself. Finally learned to read. Read law nights. Admitted to N. Y. bar, 1857. Active in politics. Helped to organize the Republican party in 1856. Joined Union army, 1862. Commissioned a lientenant. After war, internal revenue collector, Wisconsin, three years. Spent four years in re-construction work; headquarters, New Orleans. Began newspaper work, Wisconsin. Came Dakota, 1879. Established "Conklin's Dakotaian" at Watertown. Moved to Clark. Practiced law. Edited paper. Appointed Adjutant-General State (now National) Guards, 1901. Died, Battle Mountain Sanitarium, Hot Springs, S. D., 1914.

GEN. S. J. CONKLIN

For scathing sarcasm and bittery irony, General S. J. Conklin, newspaper man and attorney at law (deceased), had few equals. Although many of his able editorials are still available in the old files of his paper, yet the only trace of his speeches that could be found was the following which he uttered as a young attorney in court at Clark, South Dakota, in pioneer days:

Nature in her bountiful munificence has provided us with a safeguard against the monsters which a violation of her laws has brought into existence: as the morning light in the east warns us of the coming day, and the darkness at noontide of the approaching storm; so nature hangs out upon the face of man a record of the light or darkness that dwells within; with an indelible finger she traces upon the features of every living creature of our race the history of their virtues or their vices, whether the man is to be loved or admired or detested; advertises to the world whether he loves peace or contention; whether he strews the highway of human life with flowers or with thorns; whether he lives to bless or curse his race.

Look this man in the face and tell me whether he makes peace or trouble in this world of ours. Hatred, revenge, and all the evil passions which language can express hang out in bold relief from every feature and tell you why he chose darkness rather than light to commence this prosecution; why he crept to your home and roused you from your slumbers at mid-night to listen to his perjured deviltry. Go to the seven-hilled city of Rome, that summit of perfection in art, and search until you shall find the most accomplished

delineator upon canvass of the human face and human character that the art world can furnish; employ him to visit all the great commercial centers and cities of the known world, and require him to descend into all the slums and dens, and hells of vice and infamy and human degradation, and to study faithfully the lines of character and debauchery and crime chiseled upon the human face; then have him search out the condemned felons in all the jails and penitentiaries of the civilized world and study with care every shade and shadow of the emotions and passions that crime traces with indelible characters upon the features of its victims, from boyish innocence to hardened crime; then let the artist repair to his studio and there by years of patient toil have him paint one fiendish face, the character lines of which shall express all that is low and vile and licentious and dishonest and devilish that he has seen and studied and then bring that picture here breathing from every outline all that is loathsome, inhuman, dishonorable and infamous, and hang it upon the wall yonder for us to gaze upon, and it would be a thing of beauty, a paragon of lovelinesss compared with the face of this man.

Senator Coe I. Crawford

Biographical—Born, Allamakee county, Iowa, January 14, 1858. Spent boyhood on farm. Attended semi-graded school at Rossville two years. Also took private lessons under Dr. Simeon H. Drake. Taught school, Ohio, two years. Sold books two years. Graduated Law School, Iowa City, Iowa, 1882. Taught again for a short time. Junior member law firm, Independence, Iowa, one year. Came to Dakota in 1884. Settled at Pierre. Practiced law. Elected states attorney, Hughes county in 1886. Formed law partnership with Chas. E. LeLand. Elected territorial senate, 1888; state senate, in 1890. Elected Attorney General of the state in 1892; served four years. Defeated for congress in 1896. Moved to Huron in 1897. Attorney for Northwestern Railroad Company. Elected governor of South Dakota in 1906. Elected to U. S. Senate by the state legislature in January, 1909.

SENATOR COE I. CRAWFORD

It is refreshing, indeed, to study an orator with such a range of speech as the gifted Coe I. Crawford. Some orators fail in effect because their volubility exceeds their thought. Not so with Crawford! His speeches are all well balanced.

His early efforts at oratory were begun while he was yet a law student at Iowa City; in fact, he was one of ten orators chosen, out of a class of 130, by the faculty of the law school, for commencement honors. Again, in his early law practice, just after coming to Dakota, he soon became noted for his power of speech. His natural inclination toward politics drew him early into numerous campaigns, and he was soon heralded as the ablest stump speaker in the state.

Crawford might rightfully be styled a "born orator," for he can rise to his feet without a moment's warning and make a model extemporaneous speech on almost any subject. His oratory is always exhilarating and effective. Before leaving the U. S. Senate he filled engagements for the Eastern Empire Lyceum Bureau, and since then he has done lecturing for two other bureaus.

Among his wide range of speeches that have been stenographed from time to time, only a few extracts can be given in a work of this kind. Speak-

ing on Attorney William B. Sterling (deceased), at Huron in the fall of 1897, he said:

Four and thirty years cover the brief space of time that our friend lived upon earth, and the character he established, the impression he left, the noble words he uttered, the work he did, are encompassed by these years. Indeed, the first twenty of the thirty-four belong to that plastic period when the world guesses what the future of the boy will be, but is confined to prophecy and speculation. The cradle, in this case, contained a favored child. The genii kissed him in his slumbering there, and left their imprint upon his brow, and in his heart, and upon his brain. He had not wealth, except a sound mind in a sound body, with a face and form as fair as Alcibiades, and a heart as true and noble as a Washington.

* * * * *

Upon God's everlasting hills, somewhere, our friend still lives. He is not dead! We have his character enshrined in our hearts, and years and years hence, when South Dakota is old; when she shall have become one of the very pillars of the Republic, with archives, laden with her own history, it will be said that among all her illustrious citizens—among all the great names cherished by her children—none shine brighter, none with more fading luster, than that of the brilliant young man who gave his years to her service in that day when she first assumed the dignity of a sovereign state.

As the years go on he will become more and more a picturesque figure in the history of this state; and the time will come when his name will be as inseparably blended with that of South Dakota, as that of Henry with Virginia, or Prentiss with Mississippi.

* * * * *

The block of Parian marble, under the mallet and chisel of a Phidias, grew into all the grace and beauty of a divine

Apollo; but under the eye and special direction of Genius, he (Sterling) took the warp and woof into his own hands, and wove them into a rare and beautiful character and rounded life. We love that Character. It still lives. It cannot die!

In closing his great speech in the United States Senate, as to why Senator Lorimer should be unseated in that body, he said:

White says that when Browne paid him $850 "Lorimer money" at the Briggs House in Chicago on June 16, 1909, he "had a belt around his waist that was made of blue cloth and pinned on with safety pins"; that Browne told him that he carried money in that belt and that he had $30,000 on his person the day before (p. 81). Whose money was it? What special interests were using money so lavishly as that among members of the Legislature of Illinois? And for what purpose? Was it to strangle legislation at Springfield and to send a representative to this body? People in these days indulge in all sorts of attacks upon Congress, and most of the attacks are both unfair and unfounded. Magazines cruelly and wantonly assail the names of men in public life who are above reproach. This is all wrong. I have no sympathy with it. I believe that a very great majority of the men in official life today are faithful servants of the public. Character and reputation should not be wantonly assailed. A man who will attempt, out of malice, to destroy the good name of a fellowman is no better than a murderer. But whither are we drifting if conditions like these at Springfield are to be passed over in silence? We may make mistakes in framing tariff laws, Mr. President, but they can be amended. We may adopt wrong policies in the administration of public affairs, but they can be corrected. But, sir, what is the future representative government if men are to enjoy seats in the legislative department which have been purchased with

paltry gold? What is to become of our institutions and who can answer for tomorrow if legislation in great States like Illinois is to be bought and sold by men who are provided with a corruption fund for that purpose—a United States Senatorship thrown into the bargain? Where is all this to end? Is all sense of honor benumbed and is conscience only a myth? Is the Senate of the United States with all its traditions, its proud sense of honor, its noble dignity, and its lofty standards, to forget the warnings uttered time and again in this historic Chamber? Are the voices of the past, which in this place have so often stirred the hearts of men and the supreme faith which inspired the fathers who wrought here to be overwhelmed by a corrupt and sordid tendency which would sacrifice every public trust upon the altar of commercialism and make a thing of merchandise of every public duty? Are the Members of this Senate willing that testimony like this, which I have attempted to review here, shall be put aside as insufficient to overthrow a formal certificate of election simply because that certificate comes here under the seal of a great State?

TRIBUTE TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN PAID BY CRAWFORD IN ONE OF HIS CAMPAIGN SPEECHES

Nearly three generations ago—in the back-woods of "Old Kentucky"—there came into this world one of the rarest, noblest specimens of the human race. Above the cradle, while he slept, the genii came and lingered. They left the imprint of the immortelles upon his brain and in his heart. In a rude cabin on the "dark and bloody ground"—where the cries of Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton had scarcely died away—and in the wilderness in which they fought wild beasts and wilder savages—was witnessed the birth of Abraham Lincoln—a child of the people.

No other name is so enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen. How we love to follow his career! We remember that miles and miles of wilderness and mountain lay between

this boy and the world, east of the Alleghanies, where Hamilton, Jefferson and Madison, under the steadying hand of Washington, had introduced, to the parliaments of the world, the American Republic. We follow him to those remoter settlements in Indiana. We see him borrowing every book that strayed in there, and watch him as he lies at night, before the fire-place, pouring over its pages by the flickering light of burning fagots. We see the glint and hear the sturdy blows of his ax in the crash of falling trees as he fells the mighty oaks of the forest. We witness those tragedies which bereft him of mother, sister, sweetheart—tragedies that left upon his face a trace of grief and sadness which never left it. We go down the Mississippi River to New Orleans with him on the flatboat; we follow him to the Northwest in the Black Hawk Indian war; we see him walking twenty miles from New Salem to Springfield to borrow law-books; reading Blackstone's Commentaries by the roadside; we go with him on horse back over the circuit, a struggling country lawyer; we see him in Congress; we hear his clarion voice at Springfield declaring that "this Nation can not exist half slave and half free." We are present at his debates with Steven A. Douglass. We hear the eloquent appeal of his first Inaugural; the majestic utterance of unyielding resolution and righteous wrath in his second Inaugural. How we love him! We see him at Gettysburg, under the trees whose trunks and branches had been rent and torn by shot and shell a few days before—standing upon a vast battlefield covered by countless new-made graves—the personification of consecrated grief and patriotism—looking into the faces of a great multitude—with an epic in his heart which has become immortal; we hear him say to those present and to their countrymen everywhere in all the land:

"From these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain, that the nation shall, under God, have a new

birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Governor Crawford was not a candidate for re-election in 1908, but sought the United States senate instead. The legislature of 1909, guided by the senatorial primary held the previous June, which Governor Crawford had carried, elected him, by a unanimous vote, to the U. S. senate. He was in the office of his successor, Governor Robert S. Vessey, turning over to him the affairs of state, when a joint committee, appointed by the two houses of the legislature, in executive session, called upon him to notify him, officially, of his election and to escort him to the house of representatives' hall to speak. He said:

Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives:

It is impossible for me to express in words the emotions of my heart at this time, when the formal record which you have just made is the final and culminating act which places in my hands a great trust and imposes upon me a great responsibility, linked with the most distinguished honor which the State of South Dakota can bestow upon one of her citizens.

For the fidelity with which you have executed the command given by the people of the state under the law, and for the personal kindness you have shown to me, I am profoundly grateful.

To you and through you to the constituencies you represent in the great legislative department of the state, and to all the people of the state, who have thus reposed confidence in me, I wish, without reference to party, faction or creed, to express my appreciation of the signal honor thus conferred.

For me, this moment is not one of vain-glory nor boastfulness, but mingled with the feeling of gratitude for the confidence and the honor which it signifies, is a feeling of humility and of deep concern lest I fail to meet the expectations of my friends and the demands which the problems of the time present to members of the Senate of the United States.

I am not unmindful of the difficulties I shall encounter, nor of the strength of character, the vast knowledge, the wide experience, the commanding power, and the vigor of intellect which will overshadow my limitations in the great body of which, if I live, I am to become a member.

I shall not, I hope, look upon this position as the goal at which all effort ends; nor as a pinnacle from which it will be a privilege to fold one's arms and look down upon his fellow mortals. I hope it may prove to be the entrance into a field for larger service and usefulness, and that during the time it is my privilege to serve the state, the keenest pleasure I shall experience will be in the consciousness that I am accomplishing some good for the people whom I serve, and taking a humble part in the settlement of questions of moment to mankind.

I shall, no doubt, be misunderstood at times and misrepresented, perhaps, but I wish to assure you—whatever may be said or reported—that always the underlying purpose of my life will be to give the best there is in me to the public service. I shall make mistakes, and there will be times, doubtless, when what seems to me the right course may appear to some of you to be the wrong one, but you will, I am sure, be generous enough to believe that I was acting from sincere and honest motives and according to the light my conscience and judgment give to me.

In the campaigns which have recently swept over the state, the controversy was heated and some bitterness was engendered. I want it understood here and now, that out of the storm of conflict, I bring no malice. It shall be my pur-

pose to work for all. None shall have cause to hesitate to apply at any and all times to me for such aid as this great office may enable me to render without considerations of partisanship or factionalism. The democrat who just now recorded his vote for the candidate of his party, and the republican who opposed me before and at the primary, are constituents and fellow citizens, entitled to my services as a public officer as fully as if they had been personal supporters, and in so far as I am capable of giving it, they shall have fair and just consideration. There is patriotism and good citizenship, there is principle, there is civic virtue in the people of all factions and parties, and when it comes to the obligations of official duty, those obligations extend to all without regard to politics, religion, or previous condition of servitude.

I cannot leave you without thanking those loyal friends everywhere throughout the state, who have been so steadfast through evil, as well as through good report. My hope today is that I may retain their confidence and merit their approval in the future.

To serve one's country; to be at all times true to one's convictions of duty; to serve one's fellows; to make the most of one's opportunities; to develop the best of which one is capable; to assist in pushing forward the work of his day and generation; to cherish and uphold as the cornerstone of it all, the family, the home and the highest ideals of the state—these are the things that should, and which I believe, do count most in the equation of life.

My service can be of aid to you only in so far as it is dominated by a desire to help the people by seeking the greatest good to the greatest number, and by striving always to protect and to defend the principle that all men are equal before the law—rich or poor—high or low—black or white—low-born or well-born; that there should be no special privilege in civil government; that all should be held to the same

degree of accountability before the law without fear or favor; because—in the language of the civil law—"Salus Populi; Suprema Lex"—the public welfare is the highest law.

Again pledging you fidelity to these principles, and thanking you one and all, I bid you good bye 'till we meet again.

George W. Egan

Biographical—Born, Bartlett, Iowa, Nov. 7, 1871.. Self-educated until he grew up. Entered Iowa State University in fall of 1896. Took B. A. degree therefrom in 1900; LL. B. in 1901; LLM. and M. A. in 1903. Married Miss Vernice Cochran, of Logan, Iowa, May 22, 1902. Childless. Practiced law, Logan, Ia., Aug. 15, 1901 to Sept. 15, 1907, when he removed to South Dakota to practice. Brought into prominence by Kaufmann murder trial. Active in politics.

GEORGE W. EGAN.

Splendidly endowed by nature with a dramatic style of oratory, peculiarly his own, George W. Egan, of Sioux Falls, comes to the foreground for review, and really goes in a class by himself. His English flows in an unbroken stream of beautiful words. This, coupled with his striking personality and his vigorous, dramatic delivery, gives to him a wonderful power over men and makes him a complete master of the platform.

On the lecture platform, Egan is an artist. No speech delivered in the West has elicited more universally favorable comment than his scholarly lecture on "The Trial of Jesus of Nazareth." In this lecture he reviews the Mosaic law under which Christ was tried before the great Sanhedrin late at night on April 6, A. D. 30, and the Roman Corpus Juris Civilis under which he was tried early the next morning before Pontius Pilate. He then lays a foundation for comparison by citing the trials of Socrates before the dicastry of Athens, of Warren Hastings, of Charles the First, of Mary Stuart, of Aaron Burr and of others; and then he declares: "These were indeed great and momentous trials, and they affected deeply the people of their day; but they pale into insignificance when compared with that

great judicial tragedy, of which I shall speak to you tonight, the trial and execution of the Gallilean peasant, Jesus of Nazareth."

Again, speaking of Jesus, he says: "He was not an orator, yet, judged from every viewpoint, his sermon on the Mount is the most perfect oration in the world. He was not a painter. Yet he inspired every picture and every statue that today decorates the galleries of the world."

But we must consider Egan from the standpoint of an attorney and an orator at the bar, rather than merely a lecturer, for it is before a jury that he is always at his best and pours forth his most impassioned eloquence.

The speech that first brought him into prominence in South Dakota was his closing argument made to the jury, on behalf of the state, in the famous Kaufmann murder trial held at Flandreau in May, 1907. This eloquent speech was afterwards published in book form and sold to lawyers all over the northwest. In it he says, in part:

May it please the Court, and you gentlemen of the jury:

Your solemn countenances, this uncounted assemblage of anxious people, the great questions to be here, by you, determined, suggest beyond the power of language to describe the solemnity and significance of this occasion. I am reminded as I rise to speak to you in this momentous hour that you are all strangers to me. Your faces I know only by the common image that we all bear to our Maker. Your thoughts and sentiments, hopes and temperament, I know only as I know the thoughts and sentiments, the hopes and temperament of our common nature. But we are not totally un-

acquainted, for in your exalted character as officers of this court and citizens of the magnificent commonwealth of South Dakota, I bear you a passport of good-fellowship and a letter of introduction!

* * * * *

Gentlemen of the jury, you have resting upon you the highest and most important duty that the state can ever delegate to its citizens. You have been selected by the commonwealth and this defendant to perform a most high and solemn duty. You are more than members of the embodiment of organized society, for the time being, deliberating upon the highest and most solemn of all issues.

* * * * *

I say to you, gentlemen, that the day that you are big enough to assume a grave and responsible position like this and discharge your full duty to the state and a defendant, uninfluenced by sympathy, passion or prejudice, will be the proudest day of your lives, and you can count time from that glad hour, as peasants do from holy days, as maidens do from trysting hours.

* * * * *

I have been in mid-ocean on a mighty vessel when a storm approached. I have seen the lightning flash and heard the great artillery of God. I have seen the mighty ship writhe and twist and felt her tremble in her battle with the waves, and I have known that this was great. I have gone far down into the earth and seen its treasures and listened to the voiceless silence of its mighty depths and I have known that this was great. I have crossed the rugged Alps, and in imagination's fancy saw the mighty Hamilcar and heard him swear young Hannibal in eternal vengeance against his country's foe, and I have known that this was great. I have crossed vine-covered France into sunny Italy to ancient Rome where Catiline conspired and Cæsar fought, and, standing on the ruins where Cicero addressed the multitudes beneath the

Coliseum's roofless walls, I have known that this was great. But the greatest thing I have ever seen and the grandest thing this side of the throne of the eternal God, is an American citizen clothed with the honor of the law—inspired by the memory of his fathers, who declared that "this is a government of laws and not of men", sworn to do his duty and doing it without sympathy, passion or prejudice, too proud to wrong a defendant, too honest to deceive the state.

* * * * *

Gentlemen, they read to you from story books and stretched their imagination to find something to interest you in a hope to lead you from the great facts of this case. If you will bear with me, I will tell you another story. I will take it from your hearts as you received it from the witness stand. It is a story of joy and sorrow, of grief and woe, of pain and anguish, of cruel torture, as sad and melancholy as can be woven from the "warp and woof of mystery and death!" As I stand here this morning I am carried on imagination's swift-flying wings to the far-off land of Austro-Hungary, to the land of Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, and there, in the little village of Bodersdorf, I see old John Polreis, his good, old simple wife, and their two little girls. In their humble cottage I can see these two girls—Elizabeth, the younger, and Agnes, the fairer and stronger child! It is September, 1905. The father has received a letter from the older sister, who lives in South Dakota. She urges them to come! The old father takes the hand of Elizabeth, that sweet, simple girl, who stood before this jury, while Agnes, in her girlish glee, skips on before! I can see them as they come down to the wharf and stand and gaze out upon the sad and solemn sea. I can see the tears gather in his eyes as he thinks to leave his native land, where all his people live, or are numbered with the dead. I can hear the little songs, the Hungarian sonnets, that the good woman, Mrs. Grosse, said Agnes sang to her children every day! I can see the ships come gliding in from every

land, and hear the old father as he says to the children, "That ship bears the flag of Spain, across whose history is written the bloody page of the Inquisition. And this other is the flag of England, who stole from India her nationality and from Ireland her constitution and her legislature! And this ship bears the flag of France, that shiftless, boasting people, who once put over their doors that hopeless sentence, 'There is no God!'" They go along a little and soon they see kissing the breeze of heaven that undying emblem of charity, liberty and love, the Stars and Stripes. And the old man says to his children, "This is the flag of the country to which we shall soon go, where the beautiful Goddess of Liberty stands in the harbor and holds aloft a torch lighting the world, welcoming all people from all countries everywhere. Though we belong to the third estate, though in our veins flows the blood of centuries of grinding and submission, there shall we hold up our heads, for the Stars and Stripes shall make us free, and we shall know equality before the law!"

* * * * *

Gentlemen of the jury, a little while and my labors shall have ended and yours will have begun! We stand for the law and demand its impartial enforcement. We stand for that law which surrounds each of us when first we breathe the breath of life; that law that surrounds and guides the infant footsteps at the mother's side; that law that sustains and maintains the rights of American citizenship in the hour of manhood's strength; that law that gives security to the mother at the hearthstone and the babe upon her knee; that law that plants the star of hope in the bosom of the weary and downtrodden of every land. Yes, we stand for that law that will protect and support each of you and defend you against the oppression of the strong when you take your last feeble steps with crutch and cane, and in sanctity will it guard the place where your dust shall rest until resurrection morn!

* * * * *

Gentlemen, they have clamored loud and made much ado, because Erickson said that just as they were wrapping the girl to take her from the Kaufmann home, Mrs. Kaufmann came and looked at the girl, and shedding a few tears spoke to her in their own dialect. Erickson did not know what she said, but the girl turned her eyes upon this defendant and spoke a word in a soft, gentle tone. They tell you that if the defendant had murdered her as we claim, the child would not have spoken with this forgiving tone. I tell you, gentlemen, that if that little girl, with her latest breath spoke softly and gently to the woman who had murdered her, it does not disprove the crime. It but shows that in that sad hour, standing in the mists between two eternities, without envy, malice or hatred in her heart, she was filled with the spirit of Him who said to the repentent thief upon the cross, "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise."

However, one of Egan's most effective speeches was an extemporaneous outburst of genuine eloquence, delivered to the Court at Yankton, on March 1, 1911, when he was arguing a motion for a continuation of the murder trial of Millard J. Lampo. He said in part:

May it Please the Court: I had thought that it would not be necessary for me to speak in behalf of this motion, because it had not occured to me that it would be seriously opposed; hence I must, at this time, confess myself much surprised and taken wholly unawares.

As I see and hear the very determined opposition to this motion by the learned and able counsel for the state, I am much confused and deeply stirred. Did he stand, or did this honored court stand, as I stood on yesterday, and look as I looked, into the sad and melancholy eyes and tear-stained face of the young wife of this defendant * * * one

glance would have been more eloquent than any words of mine and more effective on this occasion, than any periods that ever fell from Grady's lips of gold.

She called to me, as I did leave her to her sorrow, for her days are all accomplished—"Please, Mr. Egan, please put off this case until I may stand by his side and all will be well." Forgetting, as woman always forgets, herself, even in her saddest and most terrible hour, she pleads for him, her husband, with the tenderness and sympathy that fits woman always as a garment—Will, I ask, this Court, and this state, hear her cry and heed her not?

* * * * *

And why this hurry and this haste? What motive actuates, what duty impels the able counsel for the state to hurry this defendant, bended in grief and broken in spirit, into trial for his life in this ungracious day? The information in this case, charging his offense, has just been filed within an hour. The state can wait! South Dakota owes something to this mother and her child. Our state is more interested in the weak than in the strong; in the young than in the aged; in the new than in the old. The state can wait!

* * * * *

Shall wifehood be held for naught and motherhood be rebuked by the hurried and unnecessary action of the great state of South Dakota? Shall this young wife be denied the word of encouragement and the act of charity, as she goes down into the valley of the shadows of death? Who knows what fruits she may bear, if encouraged, for the glory and happiness of this Republic!

* * * * *

Motherhood, that sacred and awe-inspiring word—before it the gentle Joseph wept in that famous manger, while kneeling with the spouse of God; and inspired by it all the good and great who have lived and died made us their debtors in this glorious hour.

Motherhood, the charm and fascination of that noble word! The greatest writer of the human tongue, when weighing all the nouns and verbs and adjectives that followed the shining pathway of his glorious pen, declared that in all the language known to the heart of man, the noblest word, is Mother.

Mother in Motherhood! What a picture and a painting the suggestion calls to the mind of every living man! To me it suggests all that is dear and sweet and soft and kind in life's uneven ways. To me it paints the picture, the grandest scene that ever blessed my eager eyes. It is the picture of a woman whose cheeks were rosy and whose hair was white; whose religion was kindness, and whose creed was love, giving to me her sacred benediction as she left me with the assurance that we should meet again at the feet of God, if I would but practice mercy that I might receive it, on the final day—my gentle, kindly mother, the noblest daughter of the sons of men! And could she speak today, could the mother of any man present speak, she would plead for that young wife up at Utica, who at this sad hour sits alone in the shadows of her great grief. Sympathy! Yes, call it sympathy! I declare it boldly, for sympathy is the grandest flower that blooms and blossoms between "the bleak and barren peaks of two eternities."

* * * * *

Way back yonder, in that ancient city of Bethlehem, God sent His angels and His stars to stand guard while a child was born who should be the Judge of Judges and the King of Kings. Will not South Dakota, speaking through the lips of this kindly judge, give this girl a chance?

* * * * *

The legal phase—I feel, your honor, that to place the young man on trial under the existing circumstance and convict him would cause this Court to promptly set aside the verdict. The law contemplates a fair and impartial trial for

the defendant, with all his faculties alert, his mind unperturbed with the young wife sitting by her husband's side. Today this cannot be.

But, your honor, I do not place my client before you, nor base my argument in support of this motion, wholly upon the narrow confines of the technical rules of law, born of laborious logic by the light of the midnight lamp. I stand upon no such narrow and exclusive ground. I appeal to a law that is older and higher than your statutes or your constitution. A law that was, before God spoke to Moses and commanded him to organize the great Sanhedrin, that ancient criminal tribunal of the Jews—a law that was white with age when Marcus Aurelius taught his philosophy in the city of the seven hills; a law that found full incarnation only, in the life of Him, the meek and lowly One, whom cruel Pilate surrendered unto death. To this law—the law of the human heart—I appeal * * * Relying on that ancient and beautiful law and the justice of this righteous Judge, I rest my case in confidence, knowing full well that this motion will prevail.

The following brief extracts are taken from Egan's masterful eulogy over R. W. Dickinson, of Sioux Falls, who died in the early spring of 1916, and who, prior to his death, requested that George W. Egan should deliver his funeral oration. The gifted orator said:

"How beautiful on the top of the mountain are the feet of him that bringeth glad tidings."

These golden words of the prophet Isaiah, quoted frequently by me to my friend, with his approval, while his blood flowed warm and true, I shall make my text today, as we come to pay our tribute and last respects to him who sleeps beneath these blossoms and these flowers.

* * * * *

Prof. T. A. Harmon

Biographical—Born, Plymouth, Michigan, May 27, 1871. Graduated from Plymouth high school 1889; from Normal College 1896; took his A. B. degree at the University of Michigan 1909. Superintendent of schools, Casnovia, Mich., three years; Watervliet, Michigan, five years; Hart, Michigan, two years; Yankton, South Dakota, seven years. Married Miss Flora Radcliffe, 1900. Father of two children—a boy and a girl.

PROF. T. A. HARMON

In addition to being an artistic word painter, Professor Harmon gives to his orations an historical setting that bespeaks the mind of the finished scholar. He has a style that is plainly individualistic. Then, again, having studied elocution and oratory while in college, his delivery is forceful and inspiring. He has excelled, not only as a popular lecturer, but as one of the leading commencement orators of the state.

His first regular series of Chautauqua lectures was delivered in Kentucky, Arkansas, and Missouri, in 1914, under the auspices of the American Bureau, of St. Louis. From the opening date his lectures proved popular—so much so that a large number of towns along his route promptly asked for a return date. In 1915, he lectured for the Britt Lyceum Bureau, of Lincoln, Nebraska.

Harmon is the orator eloquent as well as argumentative. A study of the following extracts from a few of his addresses will reveal the beauty and vigor of his style:

From "THE SIGN ON THE OPEN ROAD."

There are other scenes we might have visited; other problems we might have studied; other lessons we might have found: this is the last. It is midnight. A distant clock slowly tolls away the hours, and crowing cocks announce the approach of a new day. High above and far away rides the

moon like an ærial ship upon the fleecy-like clouds of the sky; the stars, thousands upon thousands, twinkle and sparkle and glitter. They represent aeons of other lives and other worlds. And now, as we turn to view our last scene together, we behold first a low iron fence, and then, beyond it, clusters of dark pines, tall rising spires, small gray stones, and an occasional tufted mound. It is the resting place of the dead. How quiet it lies in the softened light of the night. Back somewhere among the pines, the harsh strange call of a bird is heard; and all else is silent save the mournful cry of a loon that floats from the distant woods like the wail of a lost soul. To our right the Open Road extends for a little distance, like a silver cord, and then is lost to us forever. It goes on and on and on—on into eternity. But to you and to me, the Open Road ends here.

From "THE PIPER OF DREAMS."

This profusion of principles is shown in the great master minds of art, literature and music. It is seen in the compositions of Richard Strauss. His incomparable symphony expresses the development of the human race from its origin through its various phases—religious, scientific, philosophical, psychological—and its atmospheres of romanticism, idealism and realism, from barbarian mythology to the Superman of Nietzsche.

The symphony begins like Angelo's Last Judgment; it ends in the spirit of Dionysius, Nietzsche's idea of despair, defeat, conquest and tragedy. For Strauss, there was no God; yet he filled his music with the spirit of the Divine. He intended his inspiration as an homage to the genius of Frederick Nietzsche, the Jew. In Zarathustra, Nietzsche writes: "God is dead." The works of Bernard Shaw, too, thrill us with the Nietzschean dream of the Superman. The sculpture of Max Klinger breathes its spirit. The over-soul of Emerson is a repetition of the soul of Zarathustra. Wagner is another illustration of this conflict of human ideals.

This artist felt the ceremonial atmosphere of the Roman Catholic Church; yet he sang the philosophy of Buddhism. He worked out the fatalistic philosophy of Schopenhauer.

Like the voice of the night wind, rich with sentiment, aspiration, achievement, and rich with resistance, defeat and tragedy; so is the tone of the spirit of today. It is a complex of the like and the unlike, the Christ and the anti-Christ, the beautifully barbaric imaginative and the lonely barren. The sermon on the Mount mingles with the insane ravings of a Nietzsche; the spirit of Apollo quickens to the bacchanalian dance of a Dionysius; the golden age of one ideal feels the iron heel of the next. Materialism, idealism, monism, pluralism, empiricism, romanticism, naturalism combine to form the enlightenment of the moment.

From "A MESSAGE OF PEACE."

In the Wiertz gallery in Brussels is a picture called "Napoleon in Hell." Napoleon with folded hands and face unmoved is shown sinking slowly into the land of the shades. The background of the painting is filled with the faces and forms of the dead. They represent 3,070,000 men and boys who fell upon the field of battle that the name of Napoleon might be made illustrious forever. More than half of this number were sacrificed to the fame of Napoleon by France herself. Their dead bodies lying upon the field of battle mark the trail of Napoleon's glory beyond the Alps, into Italy and Egypt, over Switzerland and Austria, through Germany and Russia. "Let them die," he said, "You can always replace a common soldier." Yes, it is indeed, a trail of glory leading to the harvest fields of death.

Pierre Frittel in his wonderful painting, "The Conquerors," represents the great war generals of the ages. Cæsar, Napoleon, Sesostris, Alexander, Charlemagne, and others are shown in their splendid equipments, the paraphernalia of war. This line of irresistible masters of nations gradually passes into the shadows of the background of death. For here, on

either side, is represented the millions of men who suffered and died in battle. The conquerors marched up through this avenue of lifeless forms, through the valley of the shadow of death, that they might occupy the center of the picture; that their names might be written large on the pages of history; that their deeds might ever be retold to the children of nations; that they, themselves, might always hold in the memory of the world a position for adulation and honor. But in the background of the picture are the gleanings of war, the grinning skulls of men, the uncounted myriads of the dead, sacrificed upon the field of battle for individual power, individual ambition, and individual glory.

* * * * *

The nineteenth century had eight important wars. These wars as usual took their toll. The damage to business, I cannot estimate; the loss to invention, art and literature, I cannot guess; the effect upon home and nation, I do not know. The records only show that these eight wars cost $3,760,000,000, and that they killed 14,000,000 men and boys.

When we glance over this array of figures; when we realize that these expenses must be paid by succeeding generations; when we see how heavily the cost of battle burdens the workers of a country; when we find the beautiful and the sublime of a nation surrendered to this mortgage of blood; when we picture the scenes of conflict with men in companies, regiments, battalions, and divisions, hacking, stabbing, pounding, shooting each other to death; when we see the dead lying in winrows or scattered thickly over the field; when we observe the writhing of the wounded or listen to the last message of the dying; when we sense the meaning of their loss to the folks at home and to the nation as a whole; when we fully comprehend this organized murder, this systematic killing as instituted and practiced by nations, we come to our conclusion, the only conclusion possible for us to reach: War is unnecessary and has never offered a suitable excuse for action to a rational world.

From "JOAN OF ARC."

Great events in history come from causes numerous, interrelated and complex. However distinct, individualistic, or independent wonderful happenings may seem to the casual student, they are found upon close observation to spring from many sources. These sources or causes are political, moral, social, religious and industrial.

The philosophy of history, in its interpretation, points to scientific speculation, to original systems of reasoning, to the explanatory principles of nature, to scholastic theological conceptions, to improved methods underlying industrial development, to the vital forces of political ambition, to the influence of the mob, to the spirit of the times, to the soul of the genius. It also points to the infinite—that mystical element which escapes analysis. For as Goethe once remarked: "Existence divided by human reason leaves always a remainder." There is no exact way to measure the infinite.

In dealing with this subject, humanity is ever groping for cause, for limit and for reason. The problem always baffles solution; the answer is never to be had. But, notwithstanding the uncertainties of this profound force, man's curiosity is forever prompting him to study its manifestations and its results. So it is that the thought we would pursue here, points to this unknowable factor in the lives of men. For, after making allowance for the expression of the social spirit, for the personality of a race, for the peculiar temperament of a people, for artistic, economic or religious environment, there yet remains one great agent in the concerns of mankind. It is the hand of fate, the act of providence, the mind of God.

* * * * *

Clothed in white, the emblem of purity, the token of sainthood, Joan of Arc now stood alone. Did I say that she was alone? No; No! She was not alone. For now a heavenly vision came to the little peasant girl of old Donremy. True to the last, St. Catherine, St. Margaret and St. Michael ap-

peared to her in this fearful ordeal of death. It was then that she understood the meaning of their prediction: "Do not lament your martyrdom; through it you will come to the kingdom of paradise."

It was at this time that Father Cauchon shouted: "Joan! I am come for the last time to exhort you to repent and seek the pardon of God!" Her reply was: "I die through you." These were the last words she spoke to any person on this earth; for, at that moment, a pile of black smoke shot through with red flashes of flame, rolled up in a thick volume, and hid her from view. Her voice, sweet in prayer, was yet to be heard from the depth of this darkness. Then for one brief moment, the wind drew the smoke like a curtain from the girl, and showed for the last time, the wonderful pleading eyes, the saint-like face turned toward the cross, loyal to her God to the last; and they saw the moving lips whisper again and again, the One Great Word in all the world—"Jesus."

The end was sudden. For a great volume of fire and flame burst upward, and enveloped the girl in a roar of seething rage and fury. Bones and blood and flesh and soul disappeared: Joan of Arc had gone to her long reward.

* * * * *

Morality will ever weep for the deeds of the Maid of Donremy; Reverence will always number her beads; Liberty will honor her memory; Religion will crown her a martyred saint; and Mankind will cherish her—a model of piety, patriotism and human love.

* * * * *

This simple unlettered peasant girl of the fifteenth century, listening to the voices of her angels, gave her all to her country, her king and her God. Knowing that defeat was to be her fate, she marched on; knowing that disgrace, suffering, calumny were in store for her, she marched on; knowing that death—the cruel death of fire—was ahead, she marched on; actuated by the love of her native land and her God, she marched on—marched on to defeat, to disgrace and to death.

We may not fully appreciate this little martyred girl of old France. To the student of the unknowable factor in human affairs, the vision of Joan, holding in death the torch of national liberty and the crucifix of God, represents the last word in human idealism. They who catch this vision and this meaning divine, see again a slender form of girlish beauty; behold once more the upturned face, the pleading eyes, the moving lips; and observe the cross of God held high above the flames. It is in such a vision of Divine purpose that the student feels the full force of Christian faith and Christian love. It is in such a manifestation of the human and the infinite that he can sense the meaning of the Divine, understand the loyalty of the soul, and comprehend the union of the two. Such in purpose, meaning and result was the heroine of France, the servant of God, the master of men; the girl, known, written and recorded in the archives of her native land—Joan of Arc, the Lady of the Lily, the one great representative of the unmeasured factor in human affairs.

R. L. Kemple

Biographical—Born, Preston, Minn., Aug. 16, 1873. Farmer's son. Graduated from Country schools, Preston high school, State Normal at Winona, and took special work at Highland Park college. Eleven years in educational work. City superintendent at Jasper, Arlington and Wheaton, Minn., and at Madison and Watertown, S. D. Lecturer, past eight years, Wright Lyceum Bureau, St. Louis.

ROBERT L. KEMPLE

The only South Dakotan, as yet, to gain permanent recognition on the lecture platform is Prof. Robert L. Kemple, of Watertown. Since 1908, he has been identified with the Wright Lyceum Bureau, of St. Louis, Missouri. As a popular lecturer he has gained a national reputation. His subjects are: "The American Boy," "A Young Man's Possibilities," "Fits and Misfits in Life," and "The Other Side of the Door."

First of all, Kemple must be considered as a humorist. Although there is a backbone of high grade philosophy extending through all of his addresses, yet his illustrations are perfect models of the most startling wit. Passing "from the sublime to the ridiculous," he paints a picture of his own babes lying peacefully asleep in their trundle beds and then follows it a moment later with the city boy in the bath-tub; and thus he holds an audience spellbound at will. No man in America has had more return engagements than he. This is the best evidence of his success. Comparatively penniless when he entered the lecture field, he has, through his own untiring efforts, amassed a comfortable fortune.

By a comparison of his speeches with the others contained herein, it will at once be seen that his style is very original. Those brief extracts that have been

gathered need no further comment. The happy mixture of wit and philosophy contained in them will appeal to all.

You can all tell by my homely, homely, homely face that I was at one time a school teacher. I had at my last charge as superintendent of city schools, some 1100 boys and girls, and I know just a little of the hopes and possibilities of the boys and girls; ay, their peculiarities also.

One day I entered my eighth grade room and found the teacher hearing a class in Civil Government. The topic under discussion was copyrights on books. The class had the work well in hand. I took charge of the class. "Boys and girls," I said, "let us make this subject practical. What book have you in the home upon which the copyright has expired?" They did not seem to know, and so, in order to draw them out, I told them it was a book that their mothers and fathers read every night and every morning; a book their parents read nearly all of the day on the Sabbath and certainly was a book they loved and cherished more than any other book in the home.

A sixteen-year-old girl from the country sat in the class. An expression of intelligence played over her face. She raised her hand.

I said, "Sue, what book is it?"

She responded, "Montgomery Ward and Co's Catalogue."

The greatest inheritance that can befall your American boy is that he was born in poverty and reared in adversity. Riches is harder on the youth of our land than poverty. It is the knocks and bumps the American boy receives in his youth that prepare him for great citizenship.

Ex-Senator Beveridge tells us that 94 per cent of our governors started from the farm. Let us see how the farms are producing the governors of our country.

A boy on the farm at the age of five, has environments, such that he early has a duty—the gate is ajar, the pigs

break out, he tells mama. He is meeting life; he is working. Work is a great developer of character. At the age of seven he gathers the eggs and feeds the calves, meeting life. At the age of twelve he is out with a team and plow. The harness breaks; he doesn't run for papa, he runs to the fence and gets a piece of wire and twists it in. "Get up, Dolly" and "Go on, Bill." At eighteen years of age, during the months of December and January, he is up in the morning at five o'clock, builds the old kitchen fire, does the chores, in to breakfast and at eight o'clock is over to the little white school house for one hour of frolic and fun, and take off your hat to the future American boy that will be heard from.

How about the city or town boy who is nursed in the lap of luxury? At the age of seven he cannot dress himself alone. At the age of ten his mama and papa are still rocking him to sleep. Mama's sweetheart and papa's sissy. At the age of eighteen he comes down the street with knee pants, a weakling, physically and morally. He is so slender that when he takes a bath he has to step out of the bath-tub before he pulls the plug or he will go down into the sewer.

Progress in life proceeds by metamorphic changes. When a thing reaches the acme of its perfection, it changes its form or type as the chrysalis becomes the butterfly. The rude hand-sickle with which the ancients used to cut their grain, passed through a series of improvements culminating in the cradle of which our grand fathers were so proud. Then there was a change of type, and we began with the mower and reaper, the latter of which has improved into the self-binder. The old method of threshing with flail and horse hoof has nothing in common with our modern threshing machine, from whose side the clean grain comes gushing like water from a spring.

* * * * *

One of the greatest contemplated achievements of modern invention is the production of rain by artificial means. Some have charged the rain-makers with blasphemy for thinking to interfere with Divine Providence, but never did a farmer turn a sod, or pull a weed in his cornfield that did not as much interfere with Divine Providence. It is by just such seeming interference that man has risen above the beasts. Wild nature was given man to subdue; its forces to tame; its beasts to domesticate; its mountains to admire; its valleys to bless; its mines for industry; its seas for commerce; its soil for food, and its forests for shelter; its stars to contemplate and its flowers to love. Ay, truly, man is the favored son of creation and needs only to shake the drowsy sleep from his eyes to behold the magnitude of his blessings and opportunities.

Yesterday, America was discovered but yet her mountains of iron and salt, lead and copper, gold and silver have opened and placed their contents at the threshold of the world. The hum of industry is heard in every part of our land, and from ocean to ocean, we have broad fields of grain, waving and rustling in the summer breezes; and by the railroads, telephones, telegraph, and wireless telegraphy we have brought the farthest corners of our nation together and all over this fairest and brightest of continents we have builded magnificent homes, schools, churches, and a new civilization has overspread our land like the green of spring time.

One of the most beautiful things in life is youth and childhood. A little babe that puts its little hands upon your face is nearer the touch of divinity than you will ever find on this earth.

Seven years ago I had been away for three months on a lecture tour and had not seen my little sweethearts. I returned home on Christmas Eve on a delayed midnight train. My wife knew I was coming; she met me at the door, and instantly turned to the little room where my little sweet-

hearts lay sleeping. As I turned on the electric lights on that Christmas Eve and looked down into the slumbering faces of my little jewels, to me the most beautiful picture I ever looked upon, this thought came to me: the man that is childless may with his millions buy the picture of a babe, upon the canvas or chiseled in cold marble— material things— but the greatest picture in the world is the living picture of our own little American boys and American girls, and good people, let us so live and act that this American boy may develop into honest, true, Christian manhood; that this American girl may bloom into beautiful womanhood, the foundation of every nation.

Attorney James G. McFarland

Biographical—Born, Dubuque, Iowa, October 26, 1880. Educated, Dubuque public schools and University of Wisconsin. Took B. A. degree, latter institution, 1902. Completed law course, same school, 1904. Removed at once to Watertown, S. D. Admitted to practice in this state on his credentials. Formed partnership with C. X. Seward. Lasted until 1910, when Seward went onto the bench. Practiced alone till Nov. 1, 1912. Formed partnership with Carl D. Johnson. Married Miss Evelyn Johnson, May 31, 1906. Two children—both boys. Elected state legislature, 1912. Re-elected, 1914.

JAMES G. McFARLAND

One of the happiest after-dinner speakers as well as one of the readiest impromptu orators in the legal profession of the state is Attorney James G. McFarland, of Watertown. Inasmuch as he is in such great demand for all public functions, and owing to the fact that he speaks impromptu almost exclusively, it has been hard to gather extracts from his speeches, as the occasions are not numerous when his addresses have been stenographed. The three, included herein, caught in "the heat of action," will suffice to give one a general idea of his beautiful word painting.

EXTRACT FROM SPEECH IN HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES ON MOTHERS' PENSION BILL

There appears in Court before the Judge—one of our Judges elected by our votes to do justice to poor and rich alike—a woman poor in this world's goods but rich in the mothers' love that pulsates through her whole being. Her gingham dress is torn and old, her head is covered only by a tiny shawl, and clinging to her skirts are four beautiful flaxen-haired children—the youngest but a toddling babe, the oldest a bright-eyed boy of ten. With stern demeanor, the Judge turns to her and says: "What have you to say why judgment should not be pronounced against you that because of your poverty your children should be taken from you and your home be broken up?"

Is this the vaunted civilization of the fair State of South Dakota? Should not a mother have rights—not privileges alone, but absolute rights on the treasury of our State for

the rearing of her children when she is a proper custodian for them?

Every precaution is thrown around this right extended to the widows of our State. The widow and mother must be a proper person to have the custody of her child. She must show or someone must show for her to the satisfaction of the Court that it is necessary in order to keep the home intact that she be granted certain aid from the County. Any citizen may object at any time on good cause shown to the further allowance to any person receiving a mother's pension under this act.

In the name of humanity, in the name of justice and in the name of the future generations of this State, the young men and women who are but babes today, give this bill full and fair consideration and by your votes let your answer to the Judge's question be written on the pages of the history of the State.

EXTRACT FROM ADDRESS TO JURY IN A CASE IN CODINGTON COUNTY

Today, gentlemen of the Jury, the nations of Europe are at war. No matter what the causes may have been, no matter who is to blame for the great conflict that is now being waged abroad, no matter who will win in the conflict, each nation, each individual in the great fight, is actuated by love of home and country. If you, as American citizens, were called upon today to fight in behalf of your country, it would be first for your home and next for your country and your flag. In this case one of the sacred principles laid down by our forefathers in the Constitution of the United States has been violated. You are called upon to do your duty as Jurors in this case. It is for you to punish one who has violated one of those sacred principles, viz: the freedom of the home and its sanctity. If you have one drop of red American blood in you, you will go to your Jury room and come forth with a verdict which will show this defendant that he cannot

violate any of these traditions. You are not called upon to shoulder a musket and go forth in defense of your home, your family, your country, but you are called upon as Jurors in this case to come forth with a verdict which will sustain the principles set down in our Constitution, which will protect the homes of this country, and which will make every woman in the State feel safe in the security of her home, be it night or day.

EXTRACT FROM MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS TO ELKS' LODGE

As Elks we have learned that, when the hands of the clock point to the beginning of the last and twelfth hour, and the day is almost done, the chimes ring out a message to the Absent—living or dead; even so, when time points with solemn finger to the beginning of the last and twelfth month and the Year is almost gone, we gather to pay tribute to those who have passed to that great Pasture of Peace, where the grass is always sweet and green, where the sun is always bright, and where rest is eternal.

"He's an Elk,
It matters nothing
What the world may say or feel.
I have tried him on his honor,
And his heart 's as true as steel;
Of what others say, I care not.
Nor of what they think they see,
He's an Elk, clean through—God bless him,
And he's good enough for me."

* * * * *

Let us scatter flowers along the road of life, nor reck where falls the brilliant rose, the soft tinted violet, or the fragrant stately lily, so that they may bring rest and comfort to some less fortunate or suffering soul.

* * * * *

You, my brothers, may well catch inspiration from the actors club of long ago and their hope of the future, and should live your part in the Drama of Life to further their cherished end. You should be prepared to fight, if necessary, for these things, for a broader, bigger, better life and world; to fight for them under this flag whose rippling folds wave in a perfect blend of colors over the greatest nation in the world and which lies in stately, solemn, holy beauty on the altar of every lodge in the country.

* * * * *

And so live, that when you hear the sound of the gavel that calls you to take your place in the Grand Lodge above, content in the feeling that you have done your full Elk duty here below, you may go to browse in the sunny pastures of perfect knowledge and drink of the waters of eternal peace. And with this great purpose of Elkdom before us, we can say that indeed a "Vision of the Future rises."

President E. C. Perisho

Biographical—Born, Indiana. Educated, rural schools, Carmel Academy, Eartham college and Chicago University. Took A. B. at Eartham and M. A. at Chicago. Taught, Guilford (N. C.) college, Plattville (Wis.) Normal and University of South Dakota. President State College, Brookings, S. D., since 1914. Author of numerous pamphlets and reports on Geology; also the Geography of South Dakota.

ELLWOOD C. PERISHO

In order to appreciate the oratory of President Perisho, one must hear it; that is, his forceful delivery and inviting personality are the main things that give vitality to his public speaking. He is a stirring orator, universally admired, and he is in constant demand as a lecturer in a large number of the different states in the union. For commencement, he invariably has more dates than he can possibly fill; in fact, one year, he had twenty-eight invitations for the same night. He speaks on a great variety of subjects, and seems equally at home on each theme. Only a few minor extracts from his numerous great speeches can be incorporated herein.

The following is an extract from an address on "Citizenship" given at Harrisburg, Pa.:

You cannot have a Republican form of government or maintain the Democratic institutions of a state unless you have an intelligent citizenship. You can not have an intelligent citizenship unless you have an educated people. You cannot have an educated people unless they have the necessary intellectual training which gives them the fundamental conception of how to vote and how to rule.

TRIBUTE TO DEAN YOUNG GIVEN AT THE STATE UNIVERSITY

The universal sorrow today of Faculty, Students and friends cannot be expressed in words nor can the grief of the University be told in any form of speech. No words of mine can show the admiration and love of this institution for the

life just passed. Nothing save the silence of our hearts can tell how much we thought of him or with what full measure we appreciated his work.

* * * * *

So little do we understand, so finite is our wisdom, we do not know but that the best of life comes with death. No system of reasoning will ever make people believe that a condition which becomes universal is an evil. An oriental philosopher taught his people that the Gods hid from men the happiness of death in order that they might live content with life without a murmur.

It may be that we should think of death—not as a loss—but rather as a gain—not as the end but only as the beginning. The larger faith of which we have heard today teaches us that death, even at its worst, is not eternal.

The following extract is from the address, "SHIPS OR SCHOOLS," delivered before the State Educational Association at Mitchell, S. D., in 1912:

Two masters now rule the world—Force and Reason. Men everywhere, independent of state or nation; creed or party; trade or profession—are held in the stern grasp of the one or yield to the gentle teaching of the other. Conquest by strength and power—irrespective of the rights of others—is the sentiment of the one. Leadership by intelligence and equity—considerate of all men, is the motto of the other. Might is right, thunders the one. Love will triumph, whispers the other. Under the smoke of conflict, the grime of avarice and the struggle of greed is the one. With the joy of living, the thrill of hope and the "beauty of the lilies," is the other. In the shadow of the coming of swords lives the one; in the light of the morning of peace dwells the other.

I congratulate the state and the nation, that the greatest power for conquest this country ever saw is not the standing army, so many thousand strong, with all their cannon and canister, shot and shell, swords and sabers; but it is the rising army of 20,000,000 children enrolled in the schools of America. The most powerful set of officers this nation maintains are not our generals and captains, the commodores and commanders of the army and navy, but they will be found in the host of more than 2,500,000 teachers, who without drum or bugle, are gently planting deep and securely into the heads and hearts of our boys and girls that best sort of patriotism which in a generation that is to come will prove itself the very bulwark of the American Republic.

A TRIBUTE TO BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, GIVEN DURING THE ADDRESS BEFORE THE STATE EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION AT ABERDEEN, NOVEMBER, 1915

No discussion just now of the value of Industrial Education would be proper without stopping a moment to pay a tribute to the life and work of that noted citizen at whose grave a whole race mourns today.

Born a slave, spending his youth in poverty, but ambitious to secure an education—he worked his way through Hampton Institute. In the early 80's he went to Tuskegee, Ala., where he founded his great Industrial School. For one-third of a century he gave every effort of his life to the development of this institution. Tuskegee with its 3,500 acres of land, its almost 100 buildings, its property worth $500,000, and its student body, present and past—all this is the monument to Booker T. Washington..

He needs no marble tomb, no granite shaft, no stone Sarcophagus to be remembered by the people of his age; for his very life with its nobleness of service and its inspiration of work is deeply carved upon the hearts of all his people.

It took Abraham Lincoln with the Union Army to open the door of opportunity to the negro. It required the National Congress and most of our States to confer upon him the title of Citizen, but it was left to an humble slave to really show the black men how to pass through the door and make use of this greatest gift—the Freedom of American Citizenship.

He may not have been the most cultured of his people—yet none were held in so high esteem. He may not have been the most eloquent of his race—yet men everywhere, white and black, were eager to hear him speak. He may not have been the most learned of the Negroes—yet he was their greatest leader.

Most men becoming famous bow to the dictation of social and political ambition—not so with Booker T. Washington. He never dreamed of Social Equality—he never talked of Race Prejudice—he never thought of Political Office. With him and his race, it was work, preparation, industry, achievement.

Tonight men everywhere, no matter their race or color, forgetting all parties and factions, never thinking of Church or Creed, stand with bowed heads and thankful hearts in memory of this great man, for the life he led and the work he accomplished as the Moses of his people.

The following extracts are from an address, "The Economic Phase of the Liquor Traffic," given before mass meetings in Sioux Falls, Mitchell, Lead and Aberdeen:

The proposition which I submit for your consideration is this: You can take any great economic question that you choose and you will find that the financial interest of the Liquor problem will rise up and overshadow it completely. The crime of this country is costing the American people

$3,500,000 a day—yet newspapers, judges etc. assure you that two-thirds to three-fourths of all the crimes committed can be traced to the saloons of the country.

Much is said about Taxation and the need of a new system for the collection of taxes—No doubt this is needed—but as we find it today we have a little over $100,000,000,000. of taxable property in the U. S. One per cent of this is $1,000,000,000. Very seldom do we pay as much as 2 per cent—but if all did the total taxes collected would not more than equal the amount we pay for strong drink.

We are told that the Government should own and operate all our mines. Even if this were true the total gross output of all the gold, silver, iron, lead, zinc, tin and all the other metaliferous products will not exceed $700,000,000, while the annual productions of all our coal, oil, gas, cement, clay, stone, salt and all other non-metaliferous products will not exceed $1,000,000,000. Hence the total in any case of all mines will be far less than the amount the people spend for liquor. Take any great economic problem you please and the Liquor Traffic will rise up and overshadow it completely.

All this concerning the liquor traffic—and I have said nothing of how it warps in a cloud of mist the judgment of the wisest; changes the most eloquent orator into a stammering inbecile; or goes on with its work of devastation until the REASON is dethroned and the WILL is destroyed, and the poor victim sinks to helpless ruin.

* * * * *

Nor have I told you that at the door of every saloon is want, woe and wretchedness, regret and ruin—and with these you will always find Neglected Chance, Lost Fortune, Forgotten Vows, and Broken Hearts.

William B. Sterling

Biographical—Born, Dixon, Ill., Feb. 9, 1863. Graduated, Dixon high school, at age of sixteen. Taught country school and read law. Came Dakota, 1881. Settled on a farm near Huron, with parents. Clerked clothing store, Huron. Studied law with N. D. Walling. Entered State University Law School, Madison, Wisconsin, 1883. Took three-year course in two. Returned Huron. Formed law partnership with William T. Love. Elected states attorney, Beadle county, 1886. Re-elected, 1888. Appointed U. S. District attorney for South Dakota by President Harrison in 1889. Appointed attorney for Northwestern railway company in this state about the same time. Resigned both positions, June, 1895, and accepted attorneyship for the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley Railroad Company. Headquarters, Omaha, Neb. Married Miss Olive Snow, Dixon, Ill., June 4, 1890. Died at Omaha, Oct. 15, 1897.

WILLIAM B. STERLING

During the pioneer days of Dakota, one young attorney loomed up above all of his contemporaries as an orator. It was William B. Sterling, of Huron. What a calamity that he should have been stricken down by typhoid at the tender age of thirty-four, when the budding flowers of a bright manhood, filled with promise, had just begun to bloom. He was the leader of the state bar, until he left the state just prior to his death—a fearless attorney, a shrewd politician and an inspiring orator.

After his death, the Honorable Coe I. Crawford collected and had published his "Memoirs." It is from this volume that the following extracts of his speeches are taken.

Addressing the Beadle County Republican Convention at Huron, on May 5, 1888, he said:

> But there is yet another man, who, though he does not seek the nomination, is the property of the republican party; and who, if that party were to nominate him unasked, could not and would not, I believe, refuse to stand as a candidate. I refer to him of the great heart and mighty brain, of whom it has been said that he would fire the hearts of the young men, stir the blood of our manhood, and rekindle the fervor of the veteran. I refer to the man who underwent defeat in the last National Campaign, but who rose, Phoenix-like, above the ashes of defeat, and stands before the world today as America's foremost citizen. That man, gentlemen, is the great Commoner from Maine, James G. Blaine.

After reading the previous outburst, it is easy to discern why the bar of Beadle county, five years later, at the time of Blaine's death, chose Sterling to deliver the eulogy in their behalf. On this latter occasion, he said in part:

He is dead! That great heart, that mighty intellect, that generous soul, who, for more than thirty years has been one of the most prominent figures in American history, is no more. * * * "God's finger touched him and he slept!" Once more the greatest nation since the world began bows its head in deep humility and great sorrow in the presence of the Divine mystery, the mystery of mortal dissolution and human death; while the people of the whole civilized world pay respectful tribute to the worth and genius of the great departed.

* * * * *

Sleep on, proud spirit, 'tis well thou art at rest; no more shall thy royal pride be wounded by the shafts of envy and malice; never again shall thy great heart be torn with the fierce and bitter contentions of the busy life thou hast lead! Peace has come, at last, to thine indomitable and unconquerable spirit, which no obstacle could appall, no misfortune disturb, no defeat intimidate, no calamity subdue. Ended are thy conflicts, thy triumphs and thy defeats. Silent the magic voice that never sounded a retreat, or uttered one complaint against the malignant fates that wrecked the hopes and ambitions of a life time. Into the shadows of the deep and insoluble mystery, thy heroic spirit has taken its flight, leaving as a rich legacy the heritage of a life well spent.

Speaking at the dedication of the South Dakota building at the World's fair in Chicago in 1893, he said in part:

In this brief period of time, scarcely the duration of a heart-beat in the life of this venerable old world, the desert and morass, as if by the touch of a magic wand, have sunk into the bowels of the earth; and in its place, by the shores of yonder inland sea, ever murmuring in loud or gentle accents its song of eternity, has arisen a city more white and beautiful and fair than the human mind had ever thought to see in all its wildest dreams, this side of the pearly gates of heaven; a city whose graceful, winding rivers seem to have caught their hues from the skies which bend over them; whose sparkling fountains vie in beauty with the rainbow; whose rose gardens scent the air with sweetest perfume, and whose golden-tipped towers and minarets, kissed by the warm rays of the summer sun, reflect back to heaven a vision of its own loveliness.

Pillar upon pillar, facade upon facade, dome upon dome, column upon column, rises the great "White City" upon the vision, ornamented by frescoes of rarest beauty and design; and crowned by statuary as beautiful as a sculptor's dream; while beyond, and skirting all, the stately peristyle rears its proud front in silent majesty; and the noble statue of the Republic points the way of all benighted nations to a higher and happier civilization.

When he determined to leave the state and go to Nebraska, the citizens of Huron gave him and his family a farewell banquet on August 9, 1895. In replying to one of the toasts that had been given, he said, among many other beautiful things:

As I listened to the kind and flattering words of my old and valued friend, who has just taken his seat; and, as the last fourteen years of my life spent in your midst passed in quick review before my mind, with all the rapidity of a dream, I said to myself, I would rather have deserved those kind words—and I know I have not—and have won the true

friendship of the men and women who sit at this board to-night, than to have accumulated, during the years of my residence among you, the fortunes of a king; and I would rather take with me to my new home, in the chief city of yonder sister state, the sincere and honest good-will and best wishes of my South Dakota friends, than to carry away with me the wealth of treasurers and of mines.

* * * * *

But there are other, and yet stronger ties, which endear this spot to me; ties almost too sacred to be mentioned outside the sanctuary of the human heart. By yonder river side stands my first home, of sacred memory; the home to which I brought the bride of my heart and love; and where five of the happiest years of my life have been spent in your society; while, as I turn my face to the North, I see in my mind's eye, upon her broad prairies, a plain farm house around which are clustered the holiest, saddest memories of my life.

Upon your soil my dead are buried, and in your hearts their lives are enshrined. Here I shall leave behind me those who are close and dear to me: father, kinsman, friends. Perhaps some one may say: Why then do you leave all this to become a stranger in a strange land? To such an one I answer: Go ask the birdling why it leaves its mother's nest to fly away to danger, and perhaps to death.

It seems rather strange that he should have made this implied prediction, and should then have flown away to his own early death in a comparatively strange land, only two years later.

When he and his family arrived in Omaha, the commercial club of that city tendered them a reception. Speaking again impromptu, without manuscript or notes, as he was accustomed to doing,

he made a lengthy address in which he said in part:

Some one has said, that men build the cities of the world, but that the Almighty fixes the places where they shall stand.

By the side of yonder mighty river, once a great artery of commerce, and even now a strategic boundary line of transportation and of trade, I believe He has planted His rod; and that here, in the years to come, shall wealth and people and commerce congregate. Standing tonight in this ambitious young city, as it nestles among the gently sloping hills of the fair valley of the Missouri, with its countless acres of fertile soil, unequalled, save perhaps, by the rich plains of Hungary, or the fat valley of the Nile; and looking off to the westward, upon a vast sea of waving green, leaping beneath the warm rays of a summer sun, to a rich and early harvest, unbroken but for a network of iron bands, which radiate from Omaha like the silken threads of a spider's web; and looking beyond to where the mountains of the West, with their rich treasure of coal, oil, silver and gold, rear their proud crests to the sky, I am struck with the belief that nature recognizes your pre-eminent location, and that here, in the next quarter of a century, a great inland city will be reared.

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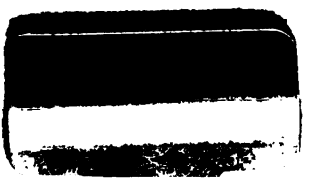
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